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NOTES ON THE C A THAYER

Compiled by
Ted Miles
Karl Kortum

1988

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE C. A. THAYER

The C. A. THAYER is typical of the lumber carriers developed on the Pacific Coast during the last great days of sail. Big for a three-masted schooner--measuring 156' in length, 36' in breadth, 453 tons, and with a cargo capacity of 575,000 board feet--the C. A. THAYER stands halfway in size between the little two-masters that scuttled into Mendocino "dog holes" in the '60's and '70's and the last huge four- and five-masters that slid down the ways to meet the shipping crisis of the First World War.

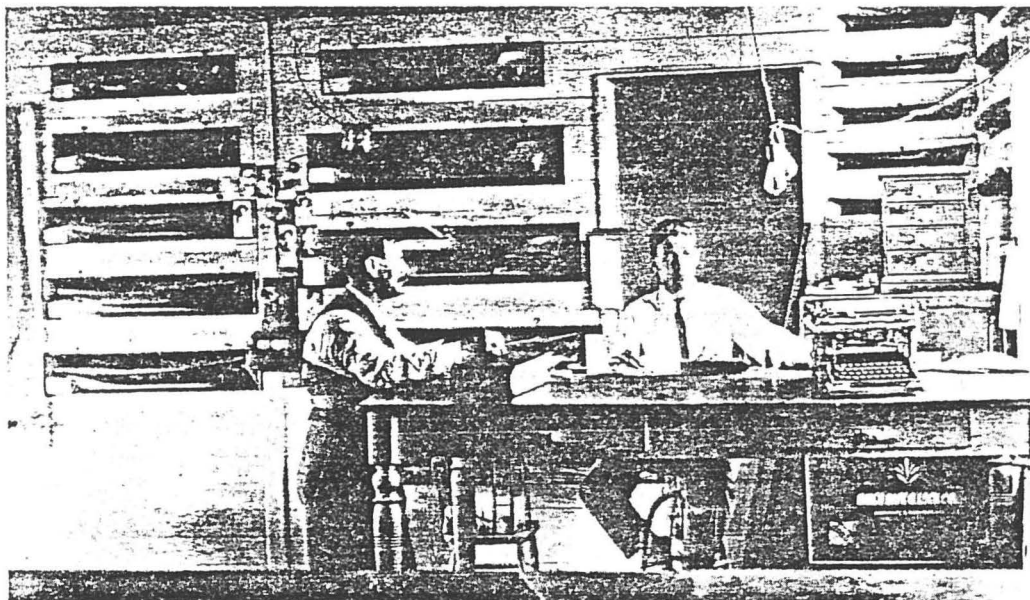
The THAYER was built in 1895 by Hans D. Bendixsen at Fairhaven, across the narrows of Humboldt Bay from the town of Eureka. Bendixsen was a major builder of sailing ships for the lumber and South Sea trade, and operated his yard from 1869 until 1901, building in all 93 sailing ships, including 35 three-masted schooners of the C. A. THAYER's type. In addition to many four-mast schooners, one five-master, and several barkentines and assorted small steamers.

The C. A. THAYER was named for a well-known lumber magnate, a resident of San Rafael, who was a partner with E.K. Wood in one of the largest San Francisco lumber yards in the first decade of this century. She was one of several schooners operated by this firm, including the heroically named four-masters, DEFIANCE, RESOLUTE, FEARLESS, DAUNTLESS and ALERT. There was a FRED J. WOOD and an E.K. WOOD as well.

In all, some 122 schooners with three masts were built to ply their trade on the Pacific Coast. They loaded lumber at Eureka, the Columbia River, Grays Harbor, and the Puget Sound ports, usually discharging at San Francisco, San Pedro or San Diego. From time to time they made a passage in the offshore lumber trade, usually to Hawaii or the South Sea Islands, returning with a cargo of copra. Few of the three-masted schooners got as far afield as Australia or New Zealand; usually these longer routes were reserved for the larger four-masted schooners and the barkentines. In earlier years square riggers such as BALCLUTHA and a number of Maine-built down-Easters later registered in San Francisco made these long lumber voyages.

The C. A. THAYER operated between E.K. Wood's mill on Grays Harbor and California making occasional offshore trips to Guaymas and Honolulu, under the command of such well-known Pacific Coast captains as E.W. Liljeqvist, "Ole Monsen, "Gus" Peterson, and Fred Scott.

She suffered near fatal mishaps when she was driven ashore at Grays Harbor entrance in 1903, and again when her aging seams opened up off Eureka early in 1912. Towed waterlogged into San Francisco Bay after this later disaster, she was promptly laid up on in Oakland Estuary. The last Pacific Coast sailing schooner had been built in 1905, and the cost of repairing the THAYER approached her total value--this in a day when the steam schooner was rapidly taking over the coastal lumber trade.

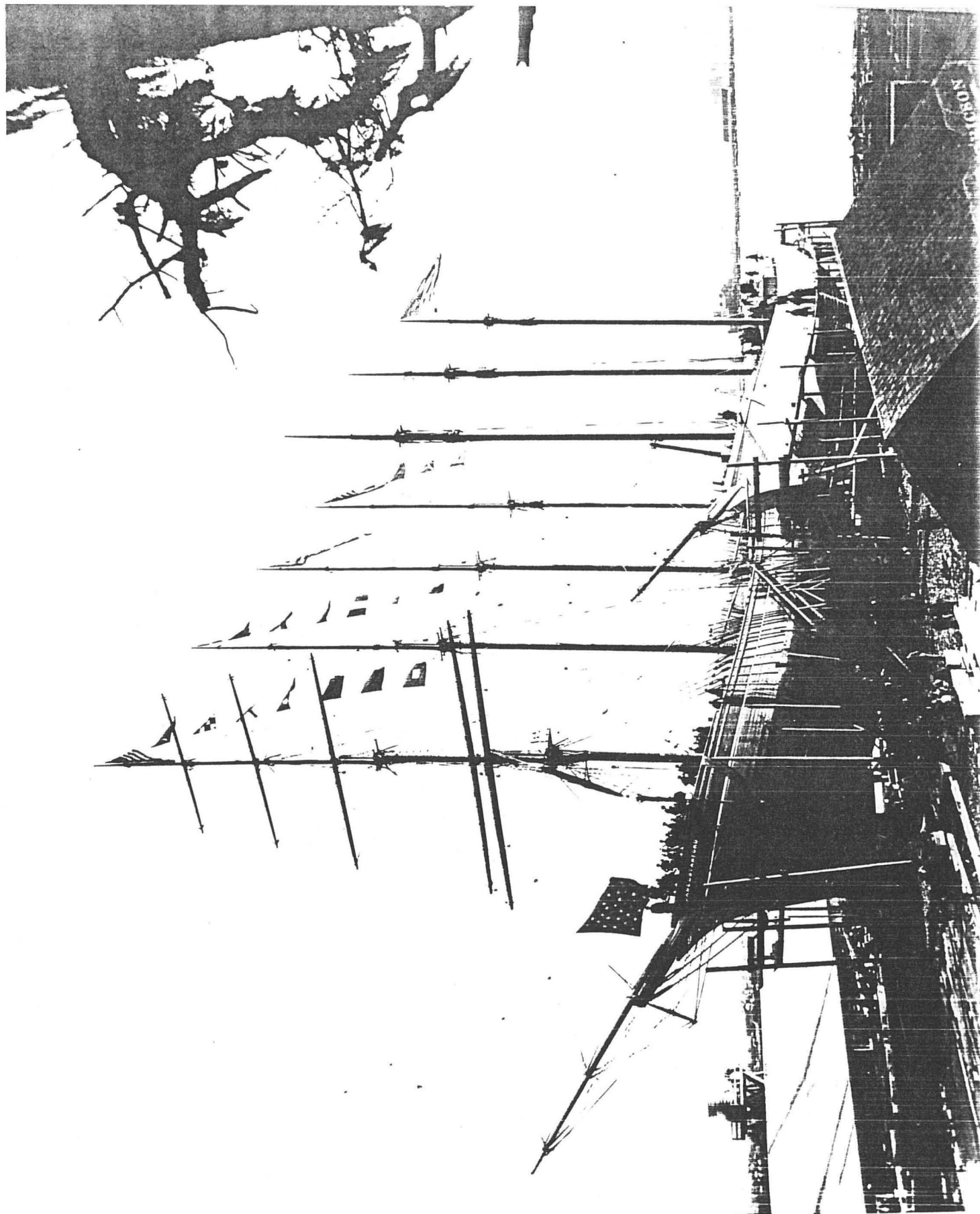


One hundred and ten wooden vessels, most of them schooners, came out of the Bendixsen yards at Eureka and at Fairhaven on the shores of Humboldt Bay. The shipyard office, seen above, was a working archive of lumber-carrier models. The *C. A. Thayer* was the fifteenth (and not the last) hull built from one of these half models, as it was common practice simply to vary the dimensions of a successful shape to meet the tonnage requirements of the customer.

At the left is Hans Ditlev Bendixsen, one of the Pacific Coast's master builders. Bendixsen was born in Denmark in 1842 and was as a youth apprenticed to ship-builders in Aalborg and Copenhagen. He came to San Francisco in 1863, worked in shipyards there, and in the late 1860's found employment in the yard of E. and H. Cousins at Eureka. In 1869 he started his own yard, building the little schooner *Fairy Queen* for the Sacramento River trade. He built a number of schooners for the Tahiti trade at Eureka, then moved across the narrow bay to a site he called Fairhaven.



E4 8636n



Barkentine JANE L STANFORD and schooner O M KELLOGG
at Bendixsen's Shipyard, Fairhaven, California in 1892.

From the *Daily Humboldt Standard*, July 9, 1895

"The bay boats were loaded with passengers this afternoon who went down to Bendixsen's shipyard to witness the launch of the new schooner *C. A. Thayer*. Soon after the boats arrived the ladders were taken in, and the work of removing the blocks was commenced. Miss Mabel Scott, of this city, christened the vessel, and as the crowd were waiting with bated breath the vessel started like a thing of life, and going faster and faster glided out on the water, its home for ever and ever. As the bow struck the water the bottle of champagne was broken and success and long life were wished the new-born vessel.

"The *C. A. Thayer* will be commanded by Captain Liljeqvist, formerly of the *Chas. Hansen*. The vessel was built for the E. K. Wood Lumber Company. She will run between Grays Harbor and San Francisco in the lumber trade. The length is 156 feet, breadth 36, and the depth 11.8. The gross tonnage is 452.29."

From the Daily Humboldt Standard, July 10, 1895

BENDIXSEN'S FIRST FOR '95. The first vessel to be built on Humboldt Bay in two years entered the waters from Bendixsen's shipyard at 2:09 yesterday afternoon, over the same ways from which the barkentine *Jane L. Stanford*, the largest wooden sailing vessel ever built in California was launched, December 30, 1892.

The launching of a vessel, at one time so common on our bay, has become almost a novelty now, and in consequence a large number of people were carried to the shipyard by the small bay craft and many enjoyed not only the maiden plunge of the handsome vessel while standing on her deck, but the hospitality of Captain Lilliquist and builder Bendixsen in the cabin.

The new vessel was christened the *C. A. Thayer* by Miss Mabel Scott, in honor of the secretary and one of the members of the E. K. Wood Lumber Company who are the principal owners.

She is a three-masted steamboat rigged schooner with the following measurements registered: Length 156 feet; beam 36 feet; depth 11.8 feet; tonnage, gross 452; net, 390.

The vessel is a handsome model, strongly built throughout, and in arrangement of deck houses and general appearance, although considerably larger, somewhat resembles the schooner *O. M. Kellogg*, also built by Mr. Bendixsen. She is supplied with all the latest marine appliances and among other things carries a steam donkey hoist built by the Humboldt Iron Works of this city.

The *C. A. Thayer* was built for the Grays Harbor lumber trade, and will be commanded by Captain C. W. Lilliquist, formerly in the schooner *Charles A. Hanson*, also built by Bendixsen. Her maiden voyage, however, will be made to the Fiji Islands, and when the finishing touches have been put on her she will leave here in ballast for Grays Harbor to load pine for those islands, of which lumber she is expected to carry about 560,000 feet.

The new schooner is the first built by Mr. Bendixsen since the launching of the schooner *O. M. Kellogg*, from this yard December 31, 1892. The last vessel launched on the bay previous to the *C. A. Thayer* was the schooner *John A.* June 21, 1893, built by Peter Matthews. (DHT 7-10-1895)

Schooner C. A. Thayer

1

The following arrival and departure information was copied from 7 ea. 4 X 6" file cards, the records of the Marine Exchange, Pier 45-D, San Francisco, California, by John H. Plimpton, in May 1963. This record covers the period, December 19, 1902 thru May 3, 1919.

C. A. THAYER, SCHR

CARD #1

Capt. Munsen

390 TCNS

<u>Date Departed</u>	<u>From</u>	<u>For</u>	<u>Last Reported</u>
Dec. 19, 1902	Fairhaven	Honolulu	ard (arrived) Jan 23, '03
Feb'y 4, 1903	Honolulu	Grays Harbor	ard Feb'y 26
Mar 29	Grays Harbor	Levuka (Fiji)	ard prior May 10
May 21	Levuka	Grays Harbor	Jul 12 lsd (sailed) Jul 27 ard Aug 1
Aug 10	SF	Fairhaven	Aug 24 Townsend ard Aug 21
Sept 11	Fairhaven	Honolulu	Ard Oct 7 sld Oct 19
Dec. 12	Grays Harbor	Winslow	Tatoosh ps (passed) Dec 31 In tow Tug T (?) Fairhaven ard Jan 9 '04 (Tug Traveler)
Jan. 24, 1904	Fairhaven	SF	Feb'y 1
Feb'y 12	SF	Grays Harbor	Feb'y 17 sld Mar 3 SF ard 15
Mar 26	SF	Fairhaven	
Apr 22	Fairhaven	Honolulu	May 14 sld 28 ard Grays Harbor June 14.
June 26	Grays Harbor	SF	July 2

Reverse of Card #1 has the following entry:

Haquiam, Nov. 8th 1903 went ashore on outside beach north of entrance of Harbor Saturday night, Nov. 7th. Both anchors, rudder, and rudder-post gone, leaking lightly, lying in good position for removal, sandy bottom. Crew Saved.

Nov. 9th. Remains in same position, too rough to do anything.

Dec. 2d. Has been floated and is now at Grays Harbor, slightly damaged

Mar. 15, 1904, at San Francisco, lost Jib and mainsail in heavy SE gale

Card #2 Capt Munsen Peterson

July 11, 1904	SF	Grays Harbor	July 22
Aug. 5	Grays Harbor	Guaymas	Sept 8 sld 21 Ard Gray harbor Oct 28

Nov. 14, 1904	Grays Harbor San Pedro	San Pedro Grays Harbor	Grays Harbor ard Dec 24
Jany 8, 1905	do	SF	Jany 18
Feby 1 1905	SF	Grays Harbor	Feby 8 sld Mar 3 SF ard 14
Mar. 25 1905	SF	do	Apr 6 sld 17 SF ard Apr 26
May 3 1905	SF	do	May 16 sld 26 SF ard June 6
June 13 1905	SF	Grays Harbor	June 25 sld July 7 SF ard 1
Jul. 19 1905	SF	Grays Harbor	Aug 3 sld 20 SF ard 26
Sept 2 1905	SF	Grays Harbor	Sept 17 sld 30 SF ard Oct 1
Oct. 20 1905	SF	Grays Harbor	Nov 5 1sd Dec 1 San Pedro ard Dec 13
Dec. 28 1905	San Pedro	Grays Harbor	Jan 16 sld Feby 1 SF ard 17
Feby 27, 1906	SF	Grays Harbor	Mar 7 sld 15 SF ard 31

Card #3

Capt Peterson

Apr. 8, 1906	SF	Grays Harbor	SF ard May 4
May 22 1906	SF	Bellingham	SF ard June 18
July 3 1906	SF	Grays Harbor	SF ard July 30
Aug. 11 1906	Sf	Grays Harbor	Sept 2 SF ard Sept 25
Cct. 6 1906	SF	do	Oct 19 sld Nov 3 SF ard 16
Nov 25 1906	SF	Do	sld Dec 29 SF ard Jan 6/07
Jany 21, 1907	SF	do	Jany 29 sld Feby 12 SF ard Feby 21
Mar. 6 1907	do	do	Mar. 14 sld Apr 1 SF ard 13
Apr. 22 1907	do	do	sld May 20 SF ard May 26
June 6 1907	SF	Grays Harbor	June 17 Aberdeen sld July 19 San Pedro ard July 28
Aug. 6 1907	San Pedro	Grays Harbor	Aug 28 sld Sept 7 Honolulu ard Oct 4
Cct. 16 1907	Honolulu	Grays Harbor	Nov 15 Aberdeen sld Dec 5 sld Dec 6 SF ard Dec 19
Dec. 29 1907	Sf	do	Jan 3/09 sld Feby 31 Honolulu ard Feby 22

Card #4 Capt Pederson

sld Apr 16 San Pedro May 2
 May 12, 1908 San Pedro Grays Harbor June 4 sld June 17 SF and June 25
 July 12 1908 SF Grays Harbor July 26 sld Aug 21 Honolulu
 and Sept 16
 Sept 29 1908 Honolulu Grays Harbor Oct 18 sld Nov 12 Honolulu and
 Dec. 9

Card #5 Capt Petersen- Ingman

Dec. 24, 1908 Honolulu Grays Harbor Jan 26 sld Feby 11 SF and Feby
 23d
 Mar. 5 1909 SF Grays Harbor Mar 18 Apr 1 Barbound
 Apr. 2 1909 Grays Harbor Honolulu Apr 26 sld May 11 Grays Harbor
 and June 1
 June 18 1909 Grays Harbor SF June 23
 July 1 1909 SF Willapa July 12 sld Jul 24 San Pedro
 and Aug 3
 Aug. 13 1909 San Pedro Astoria Sept 5 sld Sept 25 San Pedro
 and Oct 7. (?)
 Oct. 20 1909 do do Nov 12 sld Dec 3 SF and Dec 18
 Dec. 28 1909 SF Grays Harbor Jany 26 Barbound 27-28-29-30-31
 sld Feby 3/10SF and Feby 14
 Mar. 3, 1910 SF Grays Harbor Mar 17 Bar bound 29-30-31 sld
 Mar 31 San Pedro and Apr 17
 Apr. 26 1910 San Pedro Grays Harbor May 13, sld June 4 SF and June
 June 18 1910 SF Grays Harbor July 6 sld July 28 SF and Aug
 Aug. 10 1910 do do Aug 29

Card #6 Capt Ingman Petersen Seett Jacobson

Jany ? 1911 Aberdeen San Pedro Jany 10 anchored at Westport
 sld Jany 12 Jan 21 sld Feby 9
 Aberdeen and Mar 7
 Mar. 16 1911 Aberdeen SF Mar 25
 Apr. 3 1911 SF Grays Harbor Apr 11 Aberdeen sld Apr 22
 Westport, Wash. sld Apr 23 SF
 and Apr 26
 May 3 1911 SF Grays Harbor May 15 sld May 25 SF and June
 12
 June 9 1911 SF do June 27 Aberdeen sld July 18
 Honolulu and Aug 10

COPY

Aug. 24, 1911 Honolulu	Grays Harbor	Sept 15 Aberdeen sld Sept 28 Westport sld Sept 28 SF and Oct 10
Oct. 19 1911 SF	do	Nov 1 Aberdeen sld Nov 10 Barbound Nov 10-11 SF and Nov 24th
Dec. 5 1911 SF	do	Dec 25 /Aberdeen sld Jany 4/12 sld prior Jany 16 SF and Jan 16
Apr. 28, 1912 SF	Bristol Bay	SF and Sept 5
Apr. 18, 1913 SF	Bristol Bay	SF and Sept 11
Apr. 23, 1914 SF	Bristol Bay	Uminak Pass ps Aug 17 SF and Sept 6

On the reverse of this card was:

On Oct. 10th 1911 while coming into port of San Francisco from Grays Harbor drifted close into Gravel Beach, was assisted by Tug Restless and towed to anchorage off Meiggs Wharf.

1912, Eureka, Jany 13th. Strm President reports by wireless that vesse is 20 miles SW of Humboldt with pumps broken down and vessel leaking badly. Wants tug immediately .

Jany 14, was picked up Jany 14th, 9 PM, 25 miles off Cape Mendocino by Strm J. B. Stetson leaking badly and short of water. 15th, noon, south Cape Mendocine. Jany 16/12 towed into SF by J. B. Stetson and reports.

A newspaper clipping, undated and name of company missing was also attached to the back of Card #6, it read as follows:

Jany. 16, 19 12, C.A. Thayer, schr. - Sailed from Grays Harbor, Jany. 5th , on Jany 7th, when 30 miles west of Columbia River, struck a heavy SE gale and cross sea, vessel plunging and rolling heavily, causing vessel to spring a leak and taking water about 8 inches an hour and had to keep all hands at the pumps continually. Hardships were added by pumps becoming disabled; the donkey pump was disabled five days and man pumps four days and couldn't make repairs on account of water in hold. On Jany 14th, 10:30 PM Strm J. B. Stetson took her in tow when we were 20 miles NW of Erueka: four men from the Stetson were put aboard the Schooner to help keep pumps going. Vessel had 26 inches of water in hold on arrival at San Francisco.

Card #7 Capt. ~~Jacobsen~~ John-E.-Andersen- Oscar Jacobson

Apr. 22, 1915 SF	Bristol Bay	Ugaskik sld Aug 2 SF and Aug 23
Sept. 3	Chartered Grays Harbor to Newcastle, Aust., P.T. American T Co.	
Sept. 15 SF	Aberdeen	Sept. 19 Tow Cheholis

- 5 -

Oct. 4, 1915	Aberdeen	Newcastle, Aust.	Dec 12 sld Dec 24 SF and Marl
May 5, 1916	SF	Bristol Bay	SF and Aug. 26
Sept. 7 1916	SF	Tatoosh Tacoma	Sept 14 Tow Hercules Sept 15 Eureka ps Sept 10 Tatoosh ps Sept 27
Sept. 30 1916	Tacoma Port Angeles	Sydney, Aust	Dec 8
Jany 8, 1917	Sydney	SF	Mar 25
Apr. 28 1917	SF	Naknek	sld Aug 7 off Pt. Arena Sept Sept 8 10 AM SF and Sept 9
Sept. 22 1917	SF	Mendocino	Sept ? In tow Noyo
Oct. 4 1917	Mendocino	Melbroune	Passed Dec 22

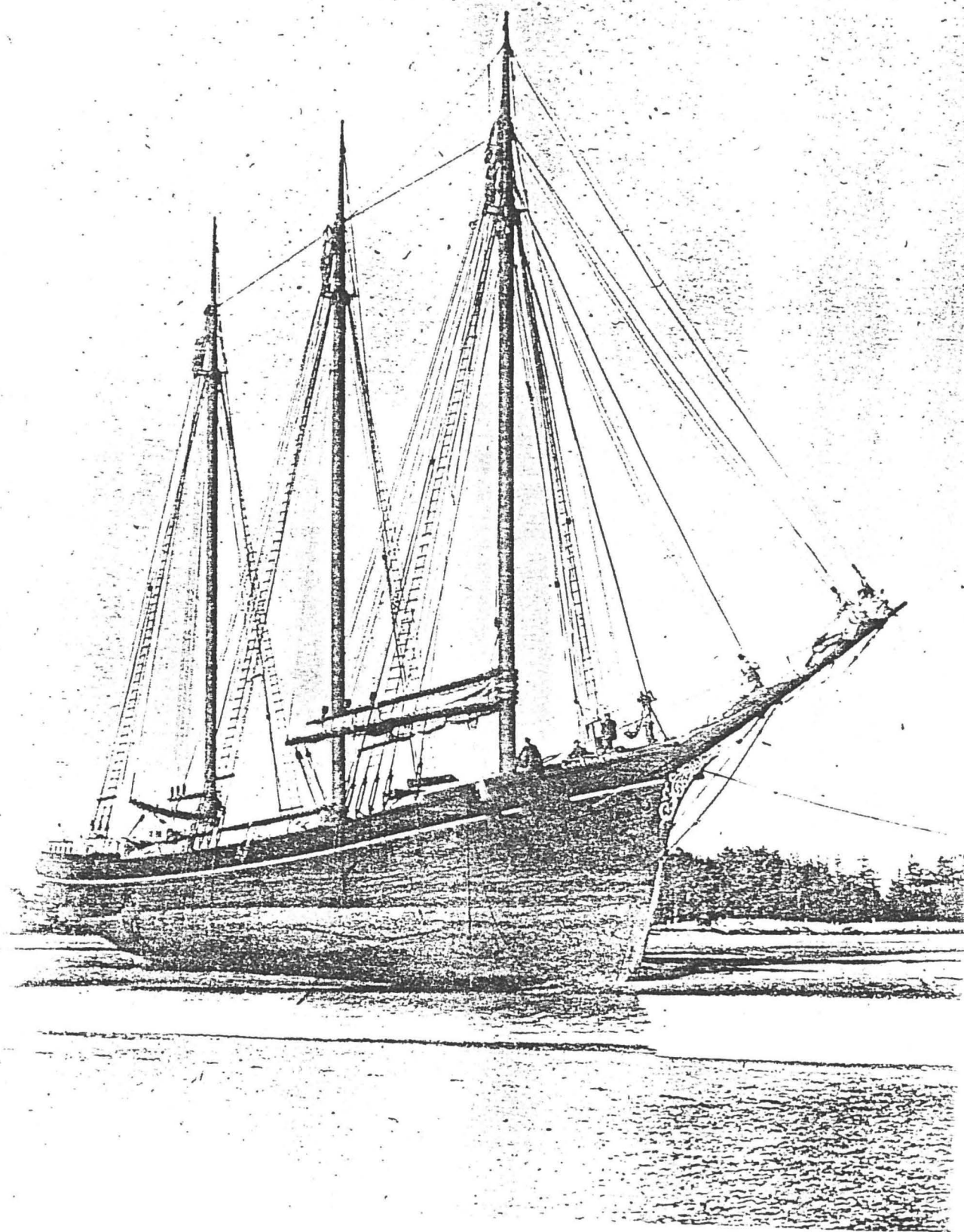
On the back of Card #7 was entered the following:

1917, Bound into San Francisco, Mar. 25th when off Mile Rock was becalmed - was towed into port by Strm. Vanguard.

Card #8 G.-Jacobsen- V Jacobson

Jany 7, 1918	Sydney	SF	Apr. 25
May 3 1918	SF	Bristol Bay	June 13 SF and Sept. 8
Oct. 1 1918	SF	Ft. Bragg Sydney	Dec 16
In Port			Copra
Dec. 30 1918	Sydney	SF	
Jany 9, 1919	do	SF	Apr 21
May 3 1919	SF	Nushagak	June 12 SF and Aug 23

COPY



*The C. A. Thayer ashore after a bad pounding in the surf
at the entrance to Grays Harbor in November, 1903.*

Seattle, Washington April 13th 1963

Mr. Karl Kortum, Director,
S.F. Maritime Museum,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Mr. Kortum :-

I have your letter of March 14th. Thank you very much.
I shall mail the 6 copies under separate cover first chance.
The price will be \$7.00 plus 25 ¢ for postage, handling etc.
The book retails here for \$5.00

On the C.A. Thayer

I joined the Thayer in January month 1903 at Bellingham, Washington where she was about to load a cargo lumber for Honolulu H.T. Her master was one Ole Monsen -- Think his name was Ole but I'm not quite sure. The crew consisted of Master, 2 mates, Cook, Steward and 4 ABs, 7 men all told. She being a "baldheaded" schooner accounted for the small crew, see my book, page 77. When loaded with a deckload of 12 feet and more her main sails were shortened with removable bonnets that were laced to the footropes of the same.

When sailing light, on the wind, no ballast was used, the wheel was lashed and she steered herself. The Thayer had good lines and she was capable of speeds up to 10 - 11 knots with a favorable wind.

The Thayer was my first ship after arriving from Australia on the 4 masted Barkentine James Johnson, Captain Benneche. As I recall it, she was a wet ship, when loaded, and if she had not had a "ramp" from the fore-castle head to the top of the house where we lived with a door in forepart, we would have been washed out of our quarters. She had no donkey boiler - later she had - hence we had to push the lumber on board from trucks on the dock, on to rollers laid on the vessel's rail, the same when discharging, all for the munificent wage of \$25.00 a month. Read this you "sailor" of today!

The master had his wife with him - the children were ashore at school - she fitted in well aboard ship and all in all she was a happy ship, and though we didn't have hot running water our sojourn on her was pleasant one. I believe I am the only living Thayer survivor of that era.

Apropos of women and children aboard ship: Recently Capt. Daniel B. Huthings, former Local Steamboat Inspector and later Officer in Charge with the Coast Guard, here, got together to reminisce and compare notes.

In December 1903 he, too, wanted to ship on the Florence for a trip to Honolulu, to get away from the rain and the cold of the northern winter, the same as myself. He went to Tacoma where she was loading coal. When he looked down on her from the dock-side and saw the broad, white band painted across her deck just abaft the mainmast, he knew there was a woman and children aboard and being superstitious about the presence of such aboard ship, he sadly wended his way shoreward again. The white band was to keep the children from crossing forward of it. That saved Hutching's life because, the Florence sank in a winter storm outside Cape Flattery with all hands. Both Hutchings and I had guardian angels working for us !

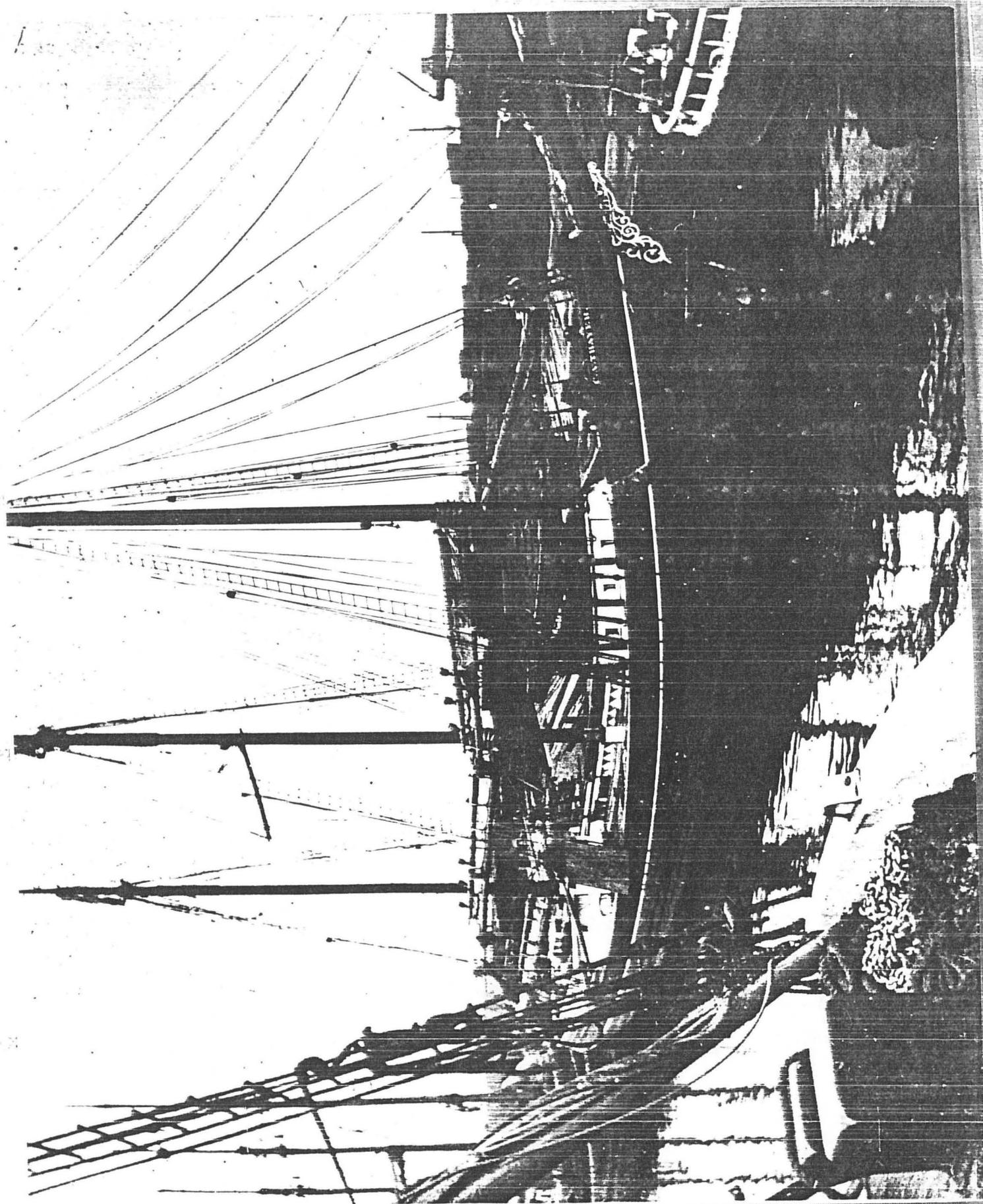
Returning to the coast, on the Thayer, we made Grays Harbor. The Bar when we crossed it seemed like a boiling cauldron, the tide and a following sea pushing us across, the tops of the seas feathering and forming a mist and wrack above it. Even though we were light we hit the Bar a few smacking blows but it did not damage our vessel to any extent, luckily. Thus, ended our 4 months "cruise" on the C.A. Thayer, now a Saga only. All hail to San Francisco and her progressive people for making the past live in the present.

Very sincerely yours,

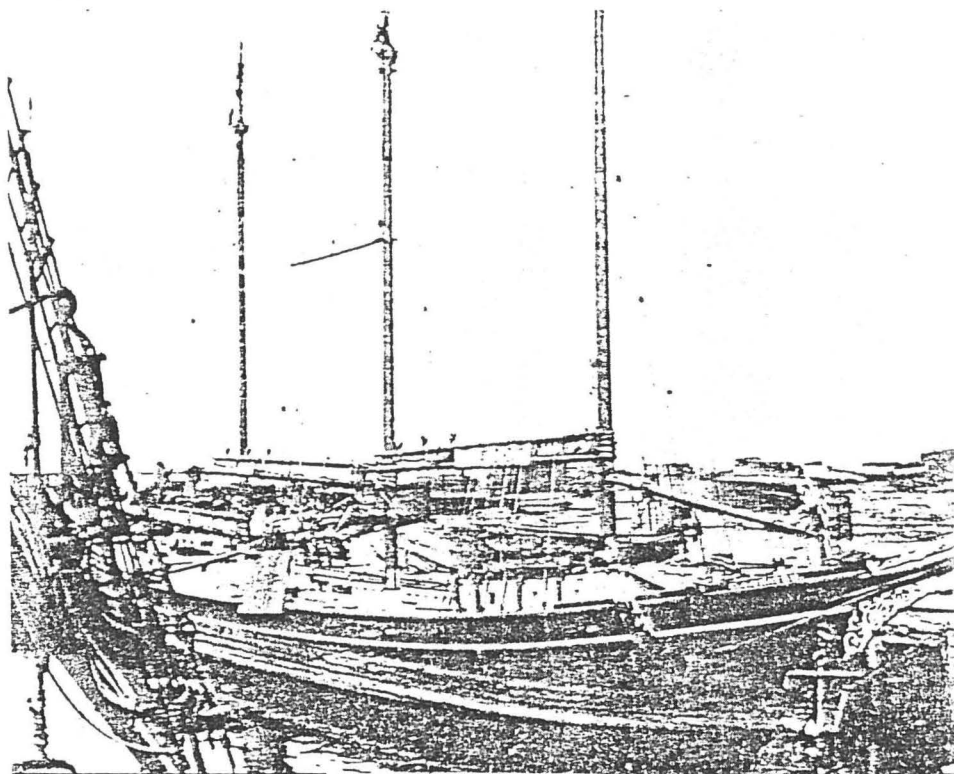
Otto M. Bratrud

Otto M. Bratrud

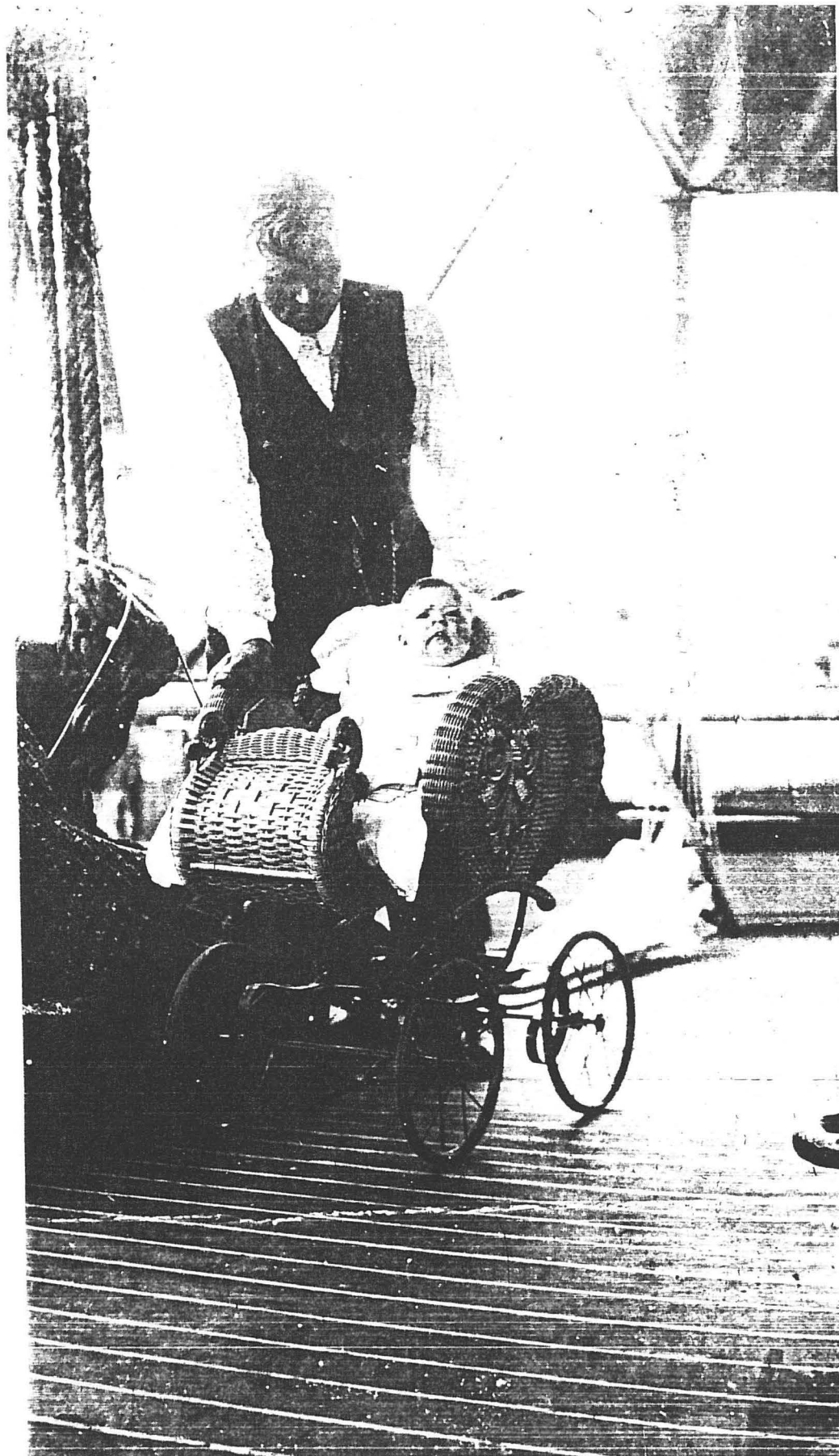
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Seattle 16 Wash.



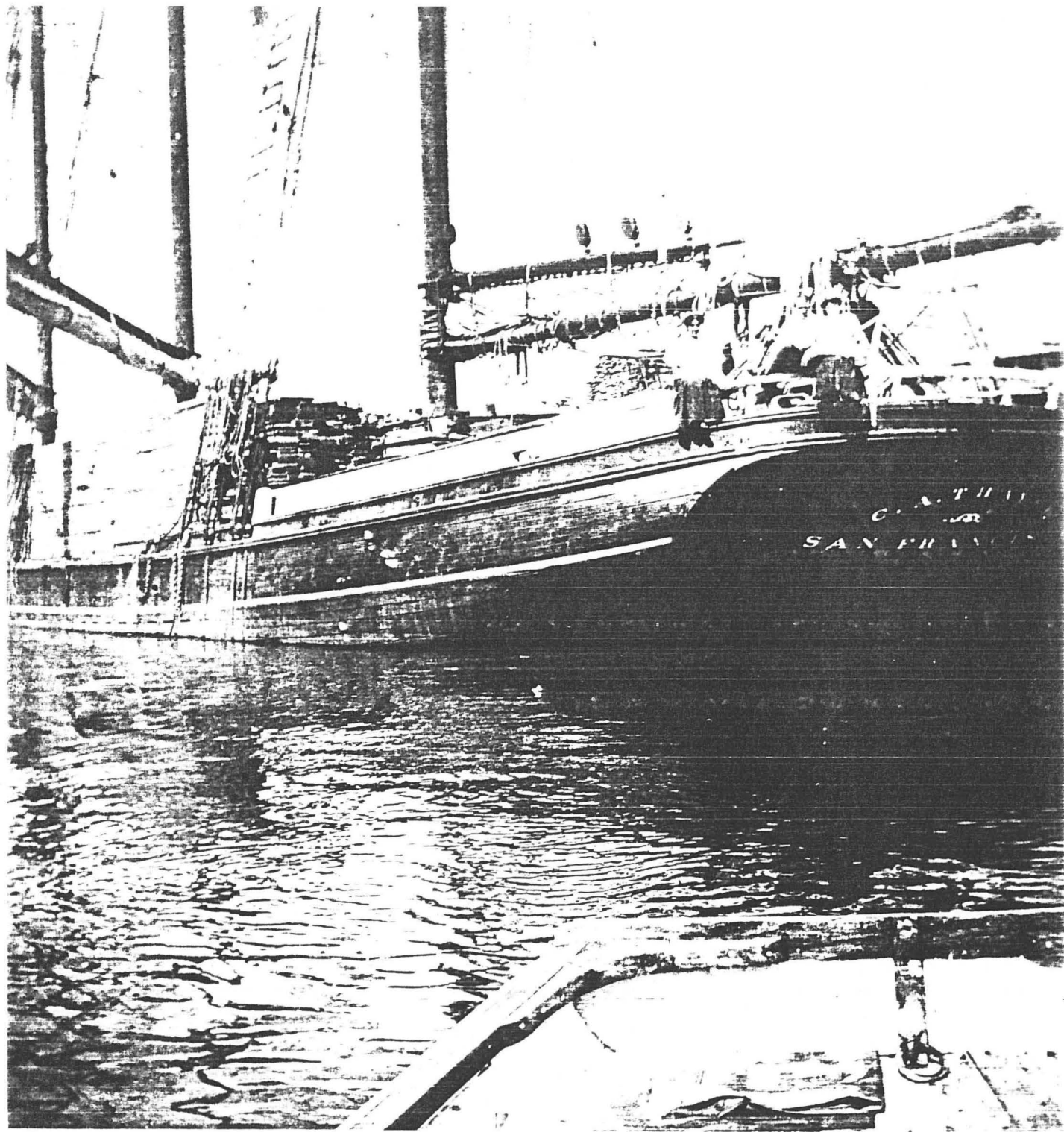
C. A. Thayer discharging lumber in San Francisco Known variously as Third Street Channel, Channel Creek and Mission Creek, the dredged inlet into what once was Mission Bay was the site of the hay wharf, the brick yards and the lumber wharves. It was a favorite haunt of the coastwise lumber schooners, like *C. A. Thayer*, bringing their cargoes from Eureka, Bandon, Coos Bay and Grays Harbor. *Thayer* was one of 35 similar three-masted schooners built for the lumber trade by Hans Bendixsen at Fairhaven, on Humboldt Bay, near Eureka. She was named for a partner in the E. K. Wood Lumber Co. Of all her sisters, *C. A. Thayer* alone survived until 1956, when she was purchased by the State of California to be restored to her original condition and preserved as a symbol of what was once a great maritime trade. (Courtesy Allen Knight.)



H 9. 7387 n



Capt. G.T. Peterson and daughter aboard C.A. THAYER at Honolulu, 1907.



C. A. THAYER loading at Hoquiam, for Honolulu, 1911.
Capt. Scott, Mrs. Scott and friend aboard ship.

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Exam
10/17/57

E.K. Wood Lumber Co. Quits

The E. K. Wood Lumber Company, a major West Coast lumber producer and dealer for more than 50 years, announced here yesterday it will terminate operations.

The decision to dissolve the corporation was approved by stockholders at a special meeting yesterday.

STATEMENT ISSUED.

A statement by Warren Wood, president, said:

"In compliance with this decision, the sawmill at Reedsport, Oregon, will be shut down and the yards in Southern California closed just as soon as existing commitments to customers are fulfilled and inventories sold."

Charles E. Ridenour of San Francisco, a vice president, said the company had about 350 employees on its payroll.

He reported the major stockholders in the firm, a closely held family operation from its start in 1895, apparently mutually desired to get out of lumber operations.

FOUNDED 1895.

The E. K. Wood Lumber Co. was incorporated in California in 1895 out of a business originally started as a partnership in Michigan in 1888. Partners with E. K. Wood included Clarence A. Thayer and Orson M. Kellogg.

During its heyday the firm operated a large fleet of lumber schooners. One of these, the C. A. Thayer, arrived from Seattle this month to become a part of the San Francisco Maritime Museum.

OFFICERS LISTED.

Officers of the liquidating firm were Warren E. Wood of Pasadena, president; John B. Wood of Oakland; Frederick J. Wood of Pasadena, George D. Kellogg of Hoquiam, Wash., and Ridenour, vice presidents.

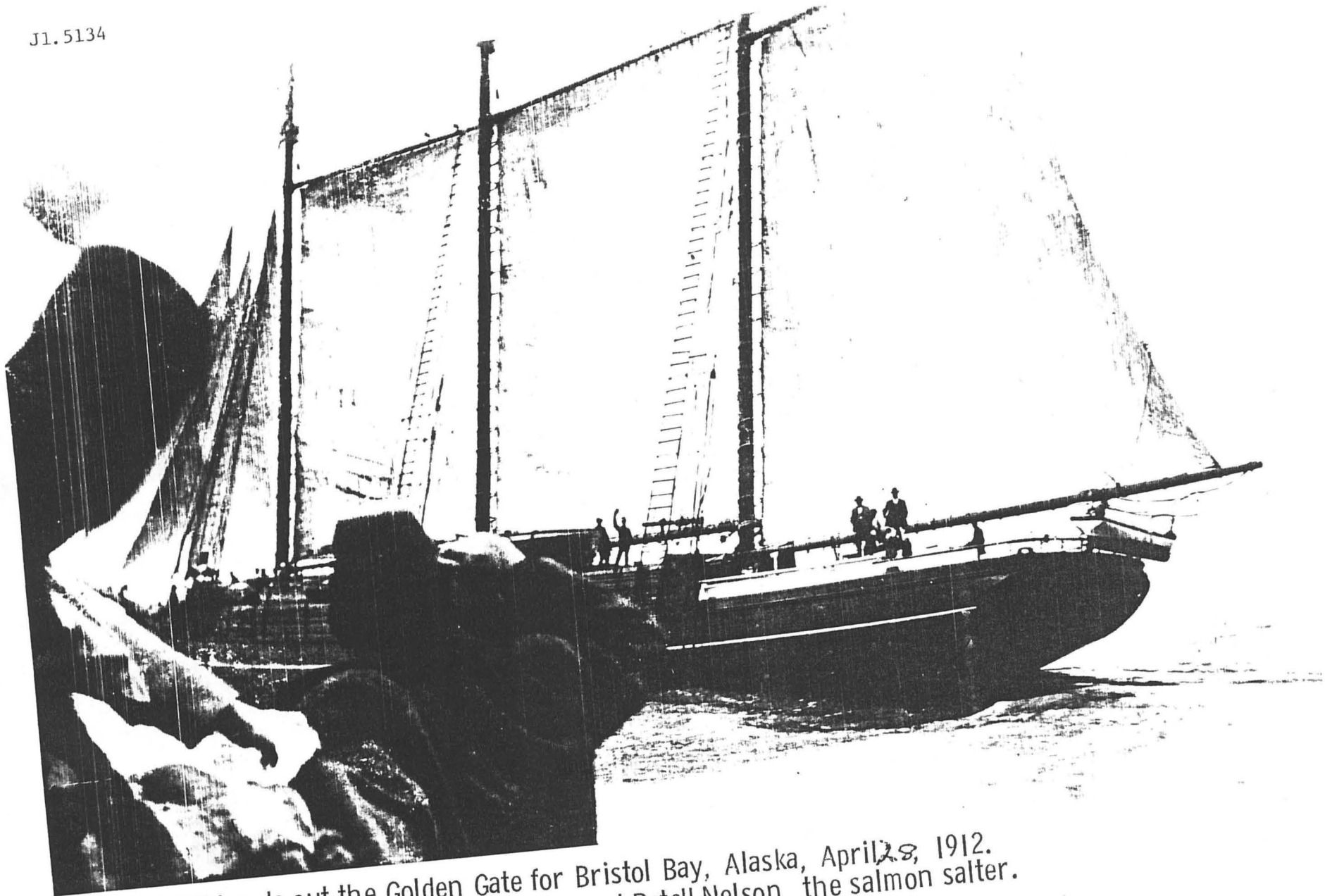
Mrs. Marion Wood Fee of Orinda, was secretary-treasurer, and O. C. Kellogg of Portland, Ore., assistant secretary-treasurer.

lumber
schooners

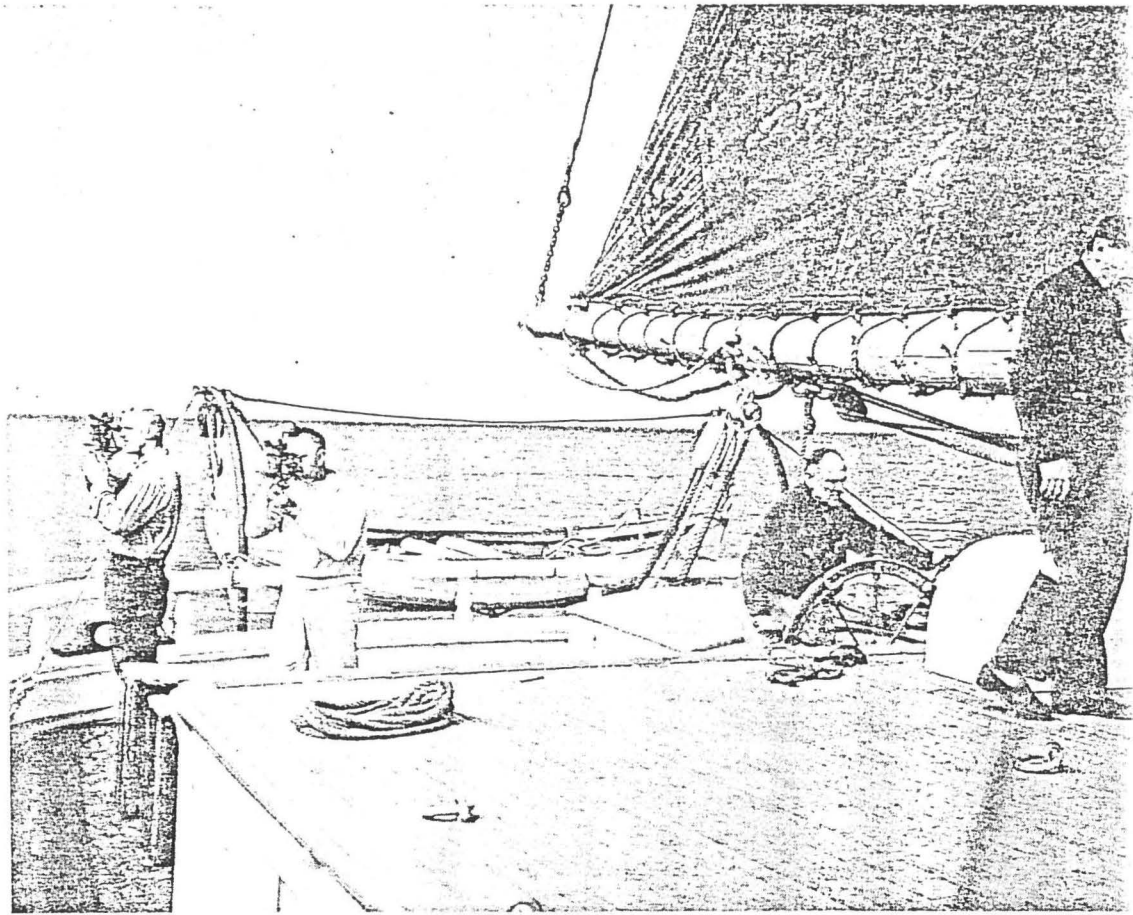
SALMON PACKET

Second Career: The THAYER had come to the end of only her first career. She was sold to Captain Peter Nelson of San Francisco in 1912, and thereafter made 13 annual voyages to Bristol Bay in Alaska in connection with her owner's salmon saltery. "Whitehead Pete" Nelson and his wife Hilda and their salting station on Squaw Creek (the salmon was put up in barrels) constitutes a colorful period in the THAYER's life. It is captured in a chapter in Harlan Trott's Book, "The Schooner That Came Home", (Cornell, Maritime Press, Cambridge, MD 1958) World War I occurred during these years and with bottoms scarce, the C. A. THAYER made ~~four~~ winter voyages in the off-shore lumber trade all the way to Australia. She summered in the upper reaches of Bristol Bay, Alaska, in company with the great square rigger fleet of the Alaska Packers Association and other major cannery operators.

J1.5134



C. A. THAYER heads out the Golden Gate for Bristol Bay, Alaska, April 28, 1912.
She is under her new ownership-- "Whitehead Pete" Nelson, the salmon salter.



"Fancy navigatin' ain't for these old tar pots" . . . Said the mate, as he turned to study his art of sheets and halyards.

Such tautness, too, makes startling contrasts with what life must have been like aboard the *C. A. Thayer* in her Alaska salmon salting days—an interim outwardly less taut and trim than that of her timber drouthing period.

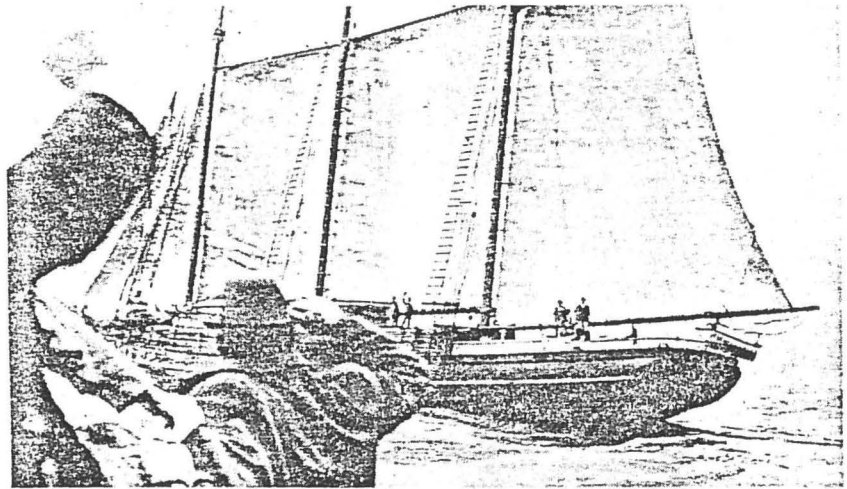
Capt. "Whitehead Pete" Nelson had been a shrewd business man, but he was never her captain. That title was a courtesy conferred on a managing owner who wasn't afraid to bear a helping hand anywhere around his ships or salteries.

It isn't hard to imagine the contrast between the present poop load of "celestial" wizards and the scene that Whitehead Pete's widow recalls aboard the *Thayer* some 46 years ago, when the schooner went sloshing up to Alaska with a clumsy wooden scow slung outboard of the mainmast and, of all things, a cow munching hay down the main hatch.

"Pete made a padded stable for her," Hilda Nelson remembers, "just big enough for the cow to go in."

Thrifty Pete Nelson had three vessels at different times in the northern trade, nibbling around the corporate fringes of such cannery giants as Alaska Packers and Libby, McNeill & Libby.

U. S. Bureau of Fisheries records show that Peter Nelson's salmon saltery was an important industry unit in the early part of the century, although the salt salmon trade as a whole "was so overshadowed by its giant brother, the canned salmon trade, that it is frequently lost sight of or swallowed up in the latter."



Underway for Bristol Bay . . . "Whitehead Pete" Nelson bought the *Thayer* in 1912 to supply his salmon salteries in Alaska. The schooner gets a good slant and a rousing sendoff outside the Golden Gate.

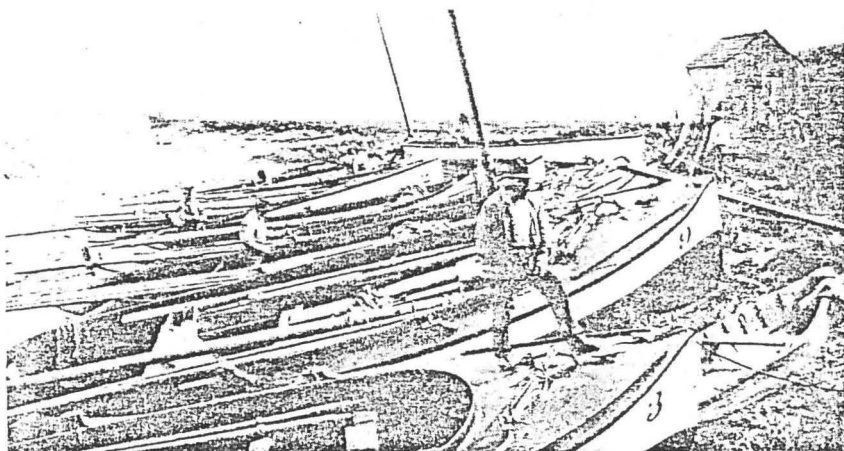
As early as 1902, Nelson had a salmon saltery about 10 or 12 miles above the place in the Igushik River where it enters Nushagak Bay.

The drift gill net was the favorite gear in this bay. Occasionally traps were used. The fish run was known to begin very early in Nushagak Bay. Kings usually appeared about June 5; reds about June 5 to 8; cohos either late in June or early in July; dog salmon around the middle of June; and humpbacks about the same time.

Fishery bureau reports for 1913 noted that "this year Peter M. Nelson, whose former salting station on the Igushik River was

absorbed by the Alaska Fishermen's Packing Company in 1910, built and operated successfully a small plant of similar character near Koggiung. Some of the material for this plant was brought from the old Bear Creek saltery near Port Moller."

And in 1918, bureau reports noted that "all the losses that year in the western district of Alaska were sustained by Peter M. Nelson at the Kvichak saltery, and consisted of 3,300 barrels of pickled salmon, valued at \$75,000, and damages to the wharf of \$2,500."



Squaw Creek: "Whitehead" Pete's salmon boats . . . This photograph made in 1923 by Harry Nelson, the *C. A. Thayer's* chief mate, shows the type of boat used in Alaska. John Englund, the owner's nephew, standing in the foreground, was winterman at the saltery. The *Thayer* can be made out moored in the distance.

There were six sailing vessels tending the western Alaska salteries that year; 189 sail-and-row boats were used; 26 launches under 5 tons, and 23 power vessels over 5 tons. Alaska produced 56,890 barrels of pickled salmon in 1918 as against 36,390 the year before. The value of the Alaska salmon pack that year was \$1,079,881.

It was a bad year for ice in the subarctic fisheries. While the *C. A. Thayer* weathered it successfully, the Bureau of Fisheries steamer *Roosevelt* (Peary's old Maine-built polar ship) extended aid to a number of cannery ships distressed in the ice. The

Roosevelt rescued 21 men from the *Tacoma* who had been encamped on the ice for some days after the ship sank.

The *Thayer* left San Francisco April 28, 1912, on her first salt salmon quest, carrying, beside the Nelsons' cow and the ungainly scow, a big deckload of lumber for a second salting station. The schooner also carried enough salt to pickle two cargoes of salmon and shooks enough from Carl Cooperage Company of San Francisco to hold them.

After nearly 50 years, Whitehead Pete's widow recalls vividly that the "veather vos ver-r-ry bad. Ve had a dicken of a time to make it. In the *Thayer*, ve had to go this vay, and that vay, and that vay, and that vay—and sometimes ve couldn't go at all. . . . They call it 'Heave to' . . ."

When she visited the *Thayer* after nearly half a century, Hilda Nelson surveyed the schooner's after cabin and reflected: "There vos a sofa and a rocking chair and a kind of byu-rrow and there vos everything there—nice furniture. And they got loose, and they came roaring in. And I cried. And little Rudolph says, 'Ma-ma, don't you cry! I'll dance the klip-klop for you' . . ."

A native son of Sweden's shoe-string shaped Oland Island, Whitehead Pete Nelson landed in San Francisco in 1890. Working his way up in the salmon business, he became beach boss for the Alaska Packers at Nushagak. "If you're so good for the Packers," Hilda told him, "if they like you so much to make you beach boss, you are good enough to work for Pete Nelson."

At the time, Nushagak was crowded by the Alaska Packers Association canneries and a colony of Moravian Missionaries, selflessly bent on civilizing Eskimos from May to September. Pete cocked an eye toward Igushik. At the same time, the Nelsons sounded their savings and brought up \$7,000 to buy the old Matthews-built four-mast schooner *Salvator*. They spent another \$10,000 fitting her out. The first season, though, they chartered the *Salvator* for \$300 a month. When business flourished, Whitehead Pete opened a second station at Koggiung—on the other side of the bay from the Alaska Packers' big canneries and the Moravian Mission at Nushagak. Later, Pete set up a third and final station at Squaw Creek.

Most of these cannery and salt salmon stations lay near the head reaches of Bristol Bay. The Fisheries steamer *Albatross* found that "the winds and weather in Bristol Bay and the other parts of Bering Sea visited . . . from the last of May to the first of September may be summarized in a few words. . . . It was boisterous weather nearly all the time, but seldom rough enough to interfere with our work."

In 1890, the *Albatross* reported: We had several summer gales of moderate force, but no severe storms. Fog and mist prevailed, and a clear day was the rare exception."

Beside the *Salvator*, chartered for the first Alaska venture, Whitehead Pete commissioned Billy Cryer in Oakland to build five launches, the *Hilda*, the *Aletha*, the *Olga* and a couple of others whose names do not come so readily to Hilda Nelson a half century later.

But it is the 1912 salmon season the Whitehead Pete's widow remembers above all the rest. Nelson's saltery fell into the hands of a cookhouse faker, a Norwegian who had a flair for ingratiating himself with unwary Alaska proprietors, and for inciting mutinies by palming himself off as a cook.

Hilda Nelson recited the bill of particulars from memory: "That Norwegian, he gave them all sour moush and sour bread and sour everything—except eggs. He couldn't sour them up. So he done away with all the eggs. Ve had to go to the Alaska Packers to get eggs."

All this fanned resentment in the Nelson camp that burned like a slow fuse leading up to a barrel of salt codfish. That the fuse was tied to a barrel of fish instead of gunpowder seems all very natural as Mrs. Peter Nelson tells it after all these years.

"My husband used to catch some codfishes; and then he salted them and barreled them—lov-ely codfish; and then he comes back to the station with it, and opens the barrel. Then here comes the cook, that Norwegian, Johansen, and lays a board right across the open barrel and puts his vash basin right there, and vashes himself good.

"Then my husband comes and says that I don't know that ve ate codfish in soap suds. He says, 'I never know that. That's the first time I ever saw.' Then the cook, he took off he apron, and

rolled it up, and slings it in my husband's face, and. . . 'I kvit!' he says.

"Vell, my husband, he comes to me, and he says, 'Now, vaht do ve do?' So I says, If you 'll give me a little help like he had, I vill cook. Ve had two great big stoves side by side. They didn't get no more sour moush."

One woman cooking for 47 hungry men! "Fishermen, fishermen, fishermen, that's all I saw that summer," Mrs. Nelson recalls. "I didn't bother about the fellows. I say, Hello, Nels, or Hello, Carl; Hello, Larz; Hello, Oscar . . . and that ended it. If anybody said to me, 'That's good bread you've got. Nòw it isn't sour,' I said, 'I'm glad you liked it.'"

Whitehead Pete's spunky better half wasn't the only woman on the beach at Nushagak the summer of 1912. The Nelson saltery had chartered the old Bath bark *W. B. Flint* to help carry the season's pack to market, and Captain Smale's wife went north for the season. But somewhere protocol got its wires crossed. The wife of the proprietor of Nelson's salteries found herself playing second fiddle to a woman whose husband was in Pete Nelson's employ. When asked were there any other women up in Bristol Bay that year, no wonder Mrs. Nelson quickly replied: "None at all, except when we had that bark, the *W. B. Flint* . . . there were Mrs. Smale . . . She vos . . . she vos . . . she vos high-toned."

The crew of the *C. A. Thayer* are, almost to a man, collectors of sailing ship lore. They have signed on to sail the schooner to her new destiny as a State maritime historical monument for the satisfaction in what is the schooner's last voyage, wanting no wages out of this sentimental journey, save in the meaning Masefield sang—

To give her beauty, though
ourselves have none,
And let the others have the
wealth that's won.

"This is something beyond my wildest dreams," admits Dr. Roderick A. Norton, husking corn for the crew's supper. The Tacoma pediatrician has been purse seining up to Ketchikan for



United States Department of the Interior

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

GOLDEN GATE NATIONAL RECREATION AREA

FORT MASON, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94123

IN REPLY REFER TO:

H30 (WR-GOGA)

June 1, 1988

Memorandum

To: Maritime Museum Staff

From: Ted Miles

Subject: C. A. THAYER Voyages

Between 1912 and 1925 the THAYER was used to transport men and supplies from San Francisco to Bristol Bay, Alaska for the salmon fishing operations. With the end of summer, she would be filled with barrels of salted salmon and sailed back to San Francisco.

During these years the shipping shortage caused by World War I had an effect on the C. A. THAYER; she returned to the lumber trade instead of laying up for the winter. The schooner made four voyages to Australia with lumber from various West Coast mill towns.

Voyage One

Leave

Arrive

Aberdeen, Wash.
Oct. 4, 1915

Newcastle, N.S.W.
Dec. 12, 1925

Leave

Arrive

Newcastle, N.S.W.
Dec. 24, 1915

San Francisco, Ca.
March 12, 1916

Voyage Two

Leave

Arrive

Port Angeles, *KASH*
Sept. 30, 1916

Sydney N.S.W.
Dec. 8, 1916

Leave

Sydney N.S.W.
Jan. 8, 1917

Arrive

San Francisco, Ca.
March 25, 1917

Voyage Three

Leave

Mendocino, Ca.
Oct. 4, 1917

Arrive

Sydney, N.S.W.
(passed Melbourne Dec. 22)

Leave

Sydney, N.S.W.
Jan. 7, 1918

Arrive

San Francisco, Ca.
April 25, 1918

Voyage Four

Leave

Fort Bragg, Ca.
Oct. 1, 1918

Arrive

Sydney, N.S.W.
Dec. 16, 1918

Leave

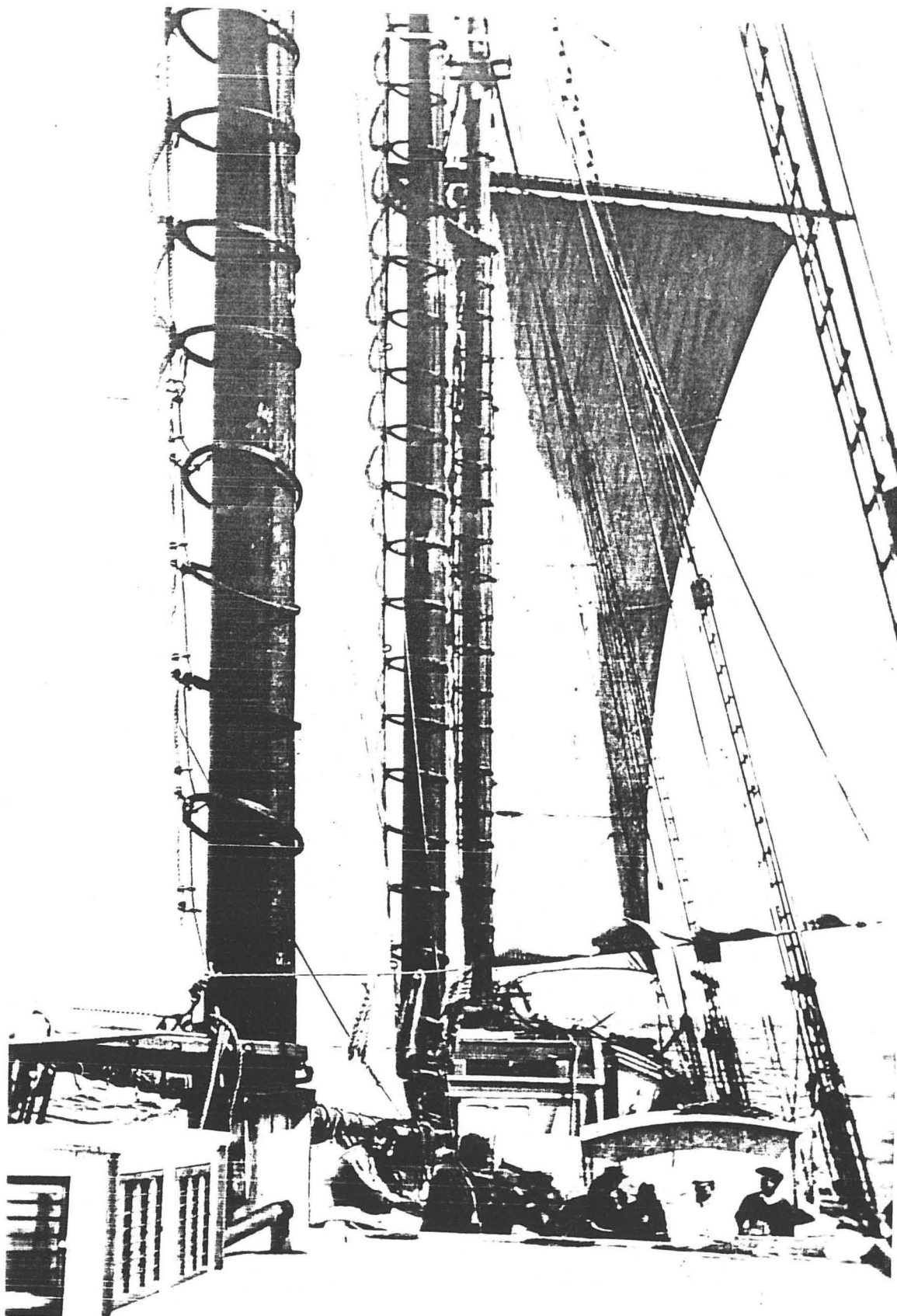
Sydney, N.S.W.
Jan. 9, 1919

Arrive

San Francisco, Ca.
April 21, 1919

Source: Marine Exchange File cards
in the J. Porter Shaw Library

J 9. 23813 n



Headed for Squaw Creek, Bristol Bay, Alaska, c. 1914.
A squaresail is set on the foremast.

H30 (WR-GOCA)

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Arrive

San Francisco, Ca.
April 25, 1918

Voyage Four**Leave**

Fort Bragg, Ca.
Oct. 1, 1918

Arrive

Sydney, N.S.W.
Dec. 18, 1918

Leave

Sydney, N.S.W.
Jan. 9, 1919

Arrive

San Francisco, Ca.
April 21, 1919

Source: Marine Exchange File cards
in the J. Porter Shaw Library

COD FISHERMAN

Third Career: Both salt salmon and sail were on the way out when in 1925 the THAYER retired to that last haven of West Coast schooners--the Bering Sea codfishery. J.E. Shields, of the Pacific Coast Codfish Co. of Poulsbo, Washington, outfitted her with dories and a large under-deck forecastle for fishermen and for seven seasons sent her north under the command of John Grotle, dean of the Pacific codfishing skippers.

But the C. A. THAYER ceased to go codfishing in the Great Depression. She was laid up throughout most of those years in Lake Union, Seattle and it was not until the outbreak of World War II that she was put back to work. The schooner was taken over by the U.S. Army, shorn of her masts and employed as a towing barge. The Army renewed portions of her decks and carried out other needed repairs.

At the end of her war service the THAYER was purchased by her former owner, Capt. J.E. Shields (of Pacific Coast Codfish Company) of Poulsbo, Washington, and sent to Alaska as a codfisherman for five more voyages. Capt. Shields had operated the four-masted schooner SOPHIE CHRISTENSON in the codfish trade since 1929, but the THAYER was found to be in better shape. The CHRISTENSON was not sent back to sea; her masts were lifted out and stepped in the THAYER. The SOPHIE was sunk as a breakwater.

The THAYER was by this time a real anachronism, whose every movement was reported by a history-conscious press. When she returned from Bering Banks to the codfishing village of Poulsbo in the fall of 1950, her hold filled to capacity with 700,000 pounds of salted codfish, she closed out the eighty-year history of the American codfishery in the Pacific--and the age of commercial sail on the Pacific Coast.

FISH and SHIPS

by

RALPH W. ANDREWS

and

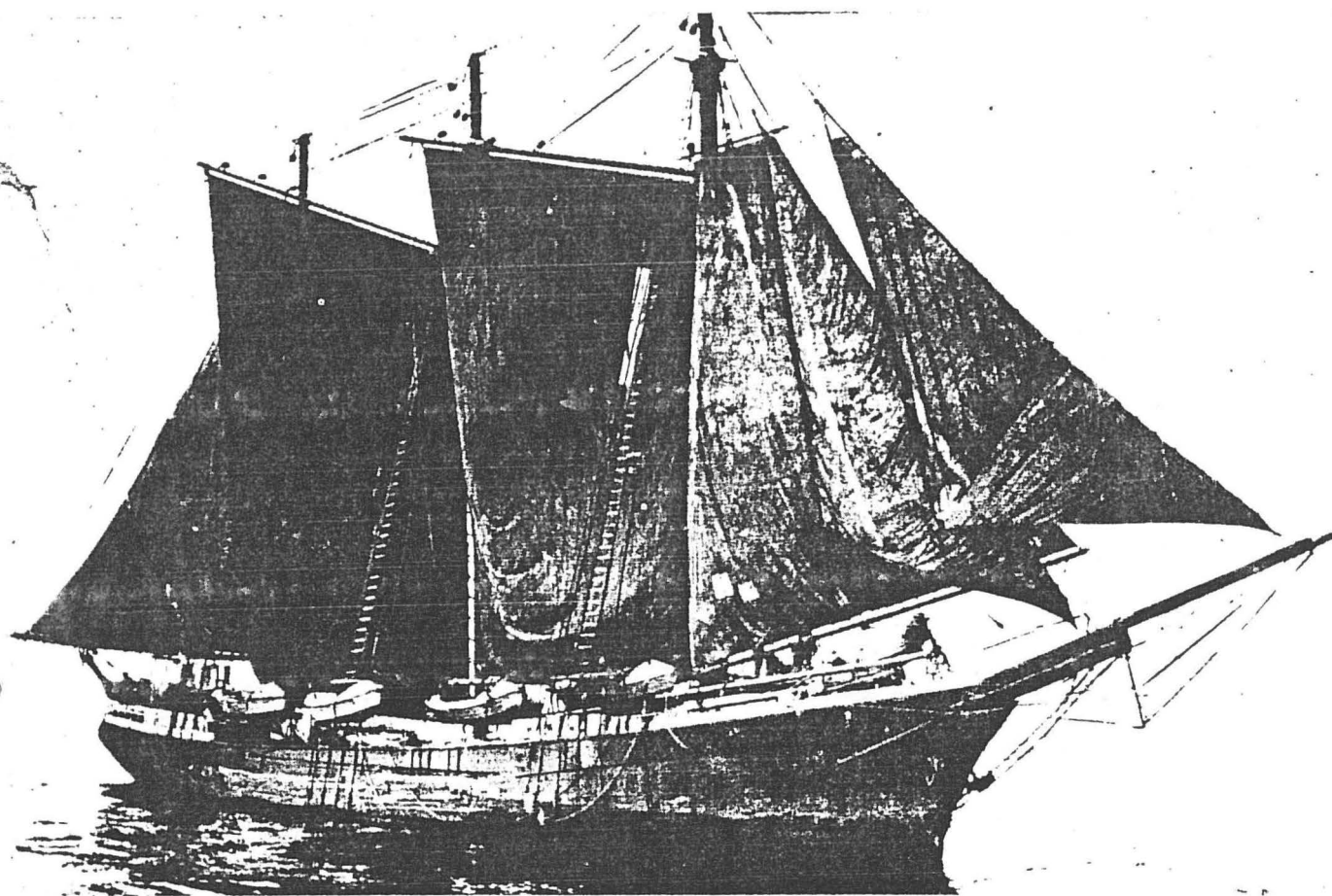
A. K. LARSEN



BONANZA BOOKS • NEW YORK

1959

PICKING FISH (opposite) Freeing fish from meshes of gillnet was just plain work; doing it fast an art. With the big run on, with hundreds of thousands of salmon crowding together in the river, headed for their spawning beds, the speed at which a fisherman can "pick fish" may mean hours of fishing time and hundreds of dollars. (Courtesy E. E. Murray.)



CODFISHER C. A. THAYER sails for Alaska waters in the early '30s with 36 men under Capt. John Grottle. She had capacity for 600 tons of fish to be caught by hook and line by men in 18 power dories. The Thayer was owned by Pacific Coast Codfish Co. and is now being restored by San Francisco Maritime Museum. (Seattle Times)

ate Cove on Popoff Island in the Shumagin group, which fishing grounds—the Simeonofsky bank—had been discovered in 1867 by the schooner *Minnie G. Atkins*. In a few years the company established another at Pavlof Harbor, Sanak Island, a third at Kasatski on the southern coast of the same island. By this time other codfishers were active in the Shumagins, among them the *Amborn* under Capt. Morse, the *Porpoise* under Capt. Turner and the *Sarah Louise*, Capt. Holcomb—these three schooners making most of their catches on the west side of Nagai Island.

Other companies came into the business and by 1907 a great number of shore stations were in operation. The Alaska Codfish Company had harvests at Company Harbor and Moffat Cove, Sanak Island; at Unga, Squaw Harbor and Jelly Rock, on Unga Island, and at Dora Harbor Unimak Island.

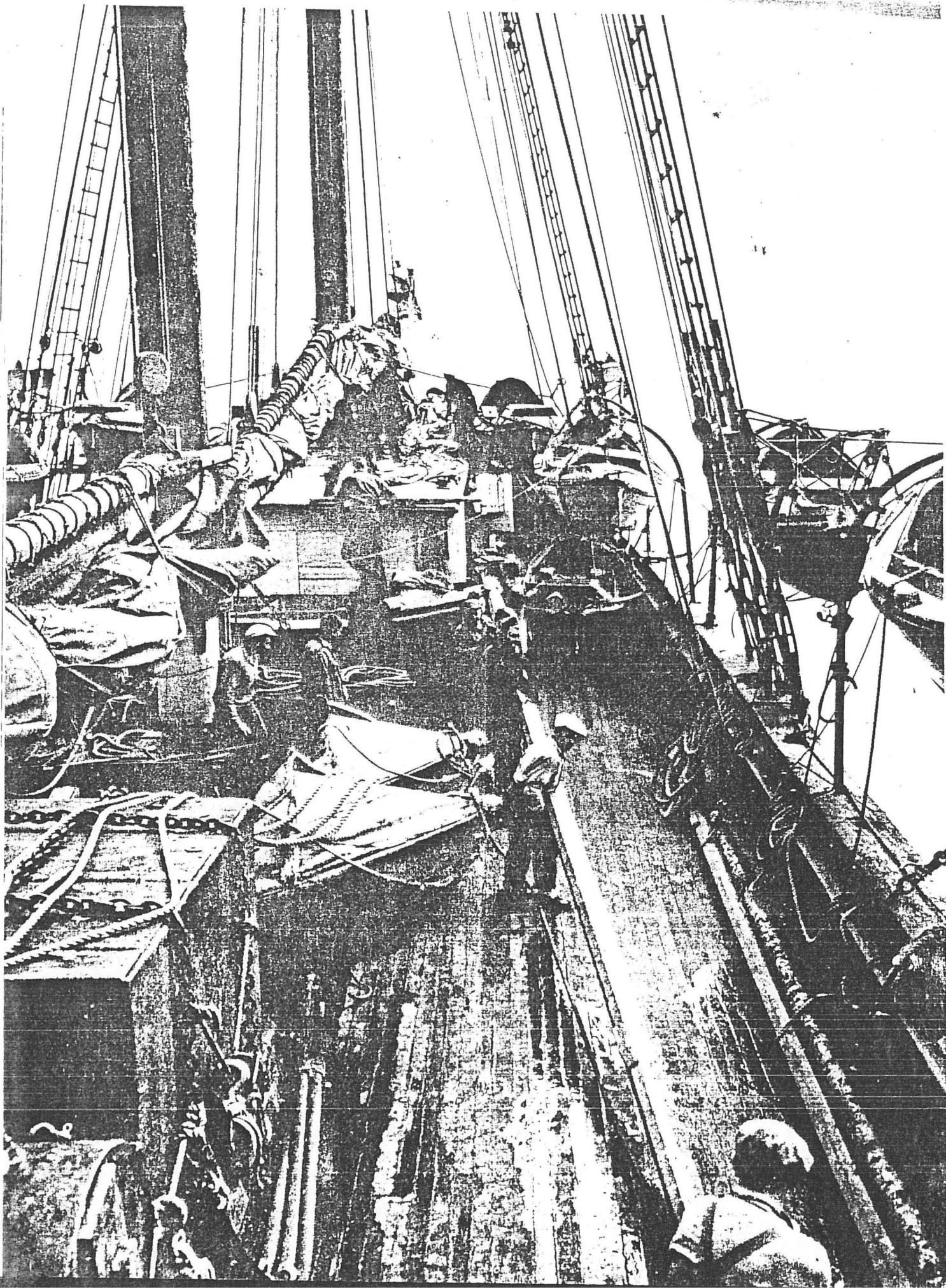
(opposite) READY SCHOONER FOR CODFISH BANKS — The C. A. Thayer, shown here, *Sophie Christenson* and *Wawona* were the stalwarts of the codfishing fleet in the early '30s. Dory men average 450 fish a day and made from \$1000 to \$1500 a season. (Seattle Times)

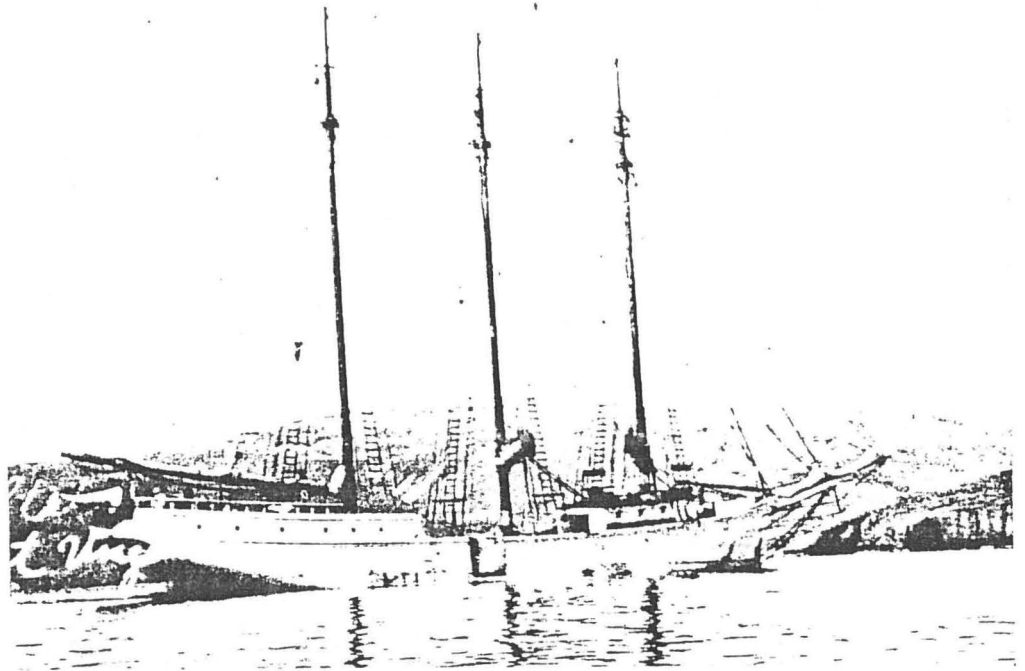
The Blom Codfish Co. operated a station in Eagle Harbor on Nagai Island; the Pacific-States Trading Co. had two—in Northwest Harbor on Little Koniuji, and at Ikatik on Unimak Island.

In the Bering Sea's latter codfishing days the three-master C. A. Thayer was a colorful voyager out of Puget Sound. Reprinted from the Seattle Times of April 18, 1930, is this account of the schooner's sailing day.

"Aksel Hakestad, bo's'n of the three-master C. A. Thayer, had a puzzled expression on his weather-beaten face as he watched his crew mates come over the side and head for the fo'castle. The Thayer was ready for sea. The tug was alongside. Soon they would be heading for northern waters for another long battle with the elements.

"But Hakestad was not thinking of gales or mountainous waves which might swallow up the Thayer's dories and drown her fishermen. He was studying the seventeen men of brawn, veterans of the codfish banks, and wondering if he would retain his crown as highliner of the C.





GOLDEN STATE loading salted codfish at Unga, Alaska. (Courtesy Ralph Soberg.)

A. Thayer. The words of J. E. Shields, president of the Pacific Coast Codfish Company, owner of the schooner, raced through his brain. Shields had said:

"They're the finest fishermen from Greenland to the Bering Sea. All are old-timers on the banks."

"Hakestad had a snug winter ashore, for last season he caught nearly 25,000 codfish during the cruise of the *Thayer*. It meant a fat purse, but more than that, he was proclaimed the champion fisherman of the stout little three-master, the highliner of the C. A. *Thayer*, the finest schooner of the Bering Sea codfish fleet. Could there be a greater honor, he thought, but the owners of the *Thayer* immediately recognized his prowess. They promoted him to bo'sn, a position of authority over the hardy crew of sailors who man the *Thayer*. However, Hakestad must defend his crown and when the schooner reaches Bering Sea he will put out in a dory day after day in an effort to beat or at least equal his record of 25,000 codfish.

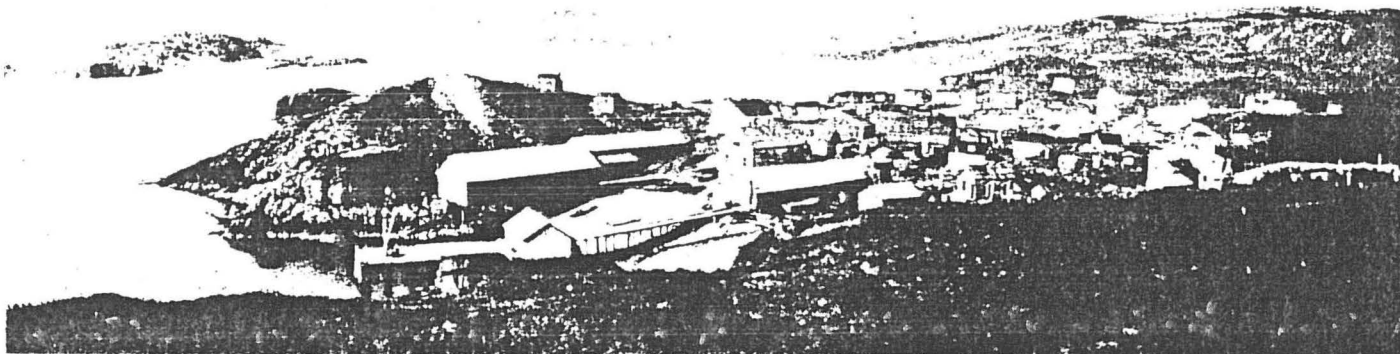
"Among the seventeen fishermen who will make an effort to win the title of highliner of the *Thayer* are Ben Shanahan, fifty years a fisherman, and John Markie who, as Shields expressed it, 'has spent forty-nine years in a dory.' Neither of these men has missed a season since they started cruising to the banks. Shanahan was highliner several seasons and hopes to lift the crown from Hakestad.

"However, the tallyboard will tell. Every fish is counted as it is taken aboard the schooner from the dories but payment to the fishermen is not made until the catch is landed in port. Highliners of the fleet have made more than \$1,500 during a season, some of them averaging between 400 and 500 fish a day. Codfish are caught with hook and line with one man in each dory. A line with two baited hooks is thrown over each side.

"Capt. John Grottle, veteran fishing vessel master, commands the C. A. *Thayer*, Thomas Felstad is mate. The schooner carries thirty-six men all told and has capacity for 600 tons of fish. She was towed fifteen miles off Cape Flattery last Thursday by the tug Sonoma, spread her sails and headed for the fishing banks.

CODFISH DORIES at Union Station dock, Unga, Alaska. (Courtesy Ralph Soberg.)





VILLAGE OF UNGA on island of same name, in Shumagin group, Alaska, was the site of several codfishing shore stations. (Courtesy Knut Knutsen.)

"If all goes well the *Thayer* will be back in port early in September. She has eighteen power dories, is equipped with electric lights and ranks as the most modern vessel ever sent to the banks. One other codfishing schooner, the *Wawona* of the Robinson Fisheries, is on her way to the Bering Sea fishing grounds. She left for sea last Wednesday in tow of the tug *C. C. Cherry*."

The cod fisherman's workday began in the small hours of the morning, between 3 and 4 o'clock in spring and summer, an hour or so later during fall and winter. Around 10 in the forenoon the first dories would begin to straggle in to the station, loaded to the gunwales with shiny, fresh cod. By noon the last dory would be in and the fishermen gathered in the messhouse for a hearty meal.

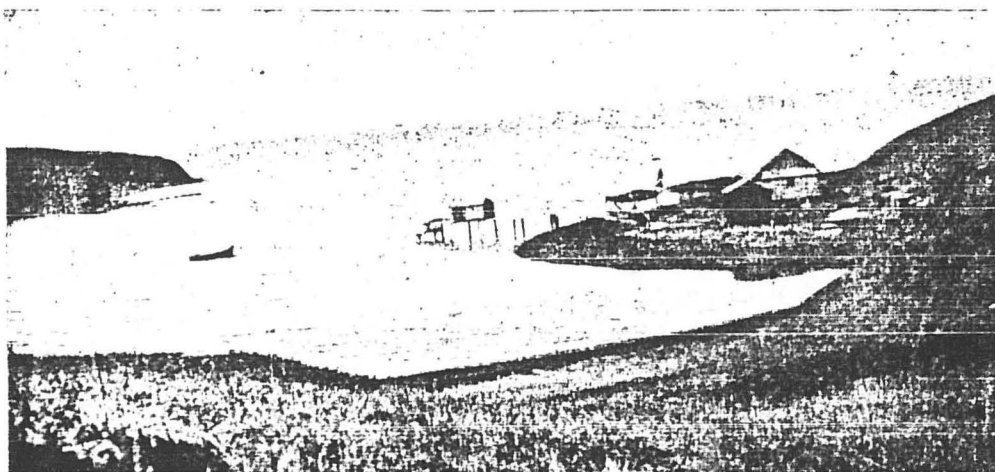
Next came the work of taking care of the day's catch. The crew would divide into "dressing gangs", each gang consisting of a "throater", who cut the cod's throat and opened its belly with a couple of swift strokes of his dressing knife, a "header", who separated the cod from its head and entrails, a "blackskinner", whose job was to remove the black membrane inside the cod's belly.

Other men with wheel-barrows moved the dressed fish from dressing house to saltery where the fish was split, washed and salted.

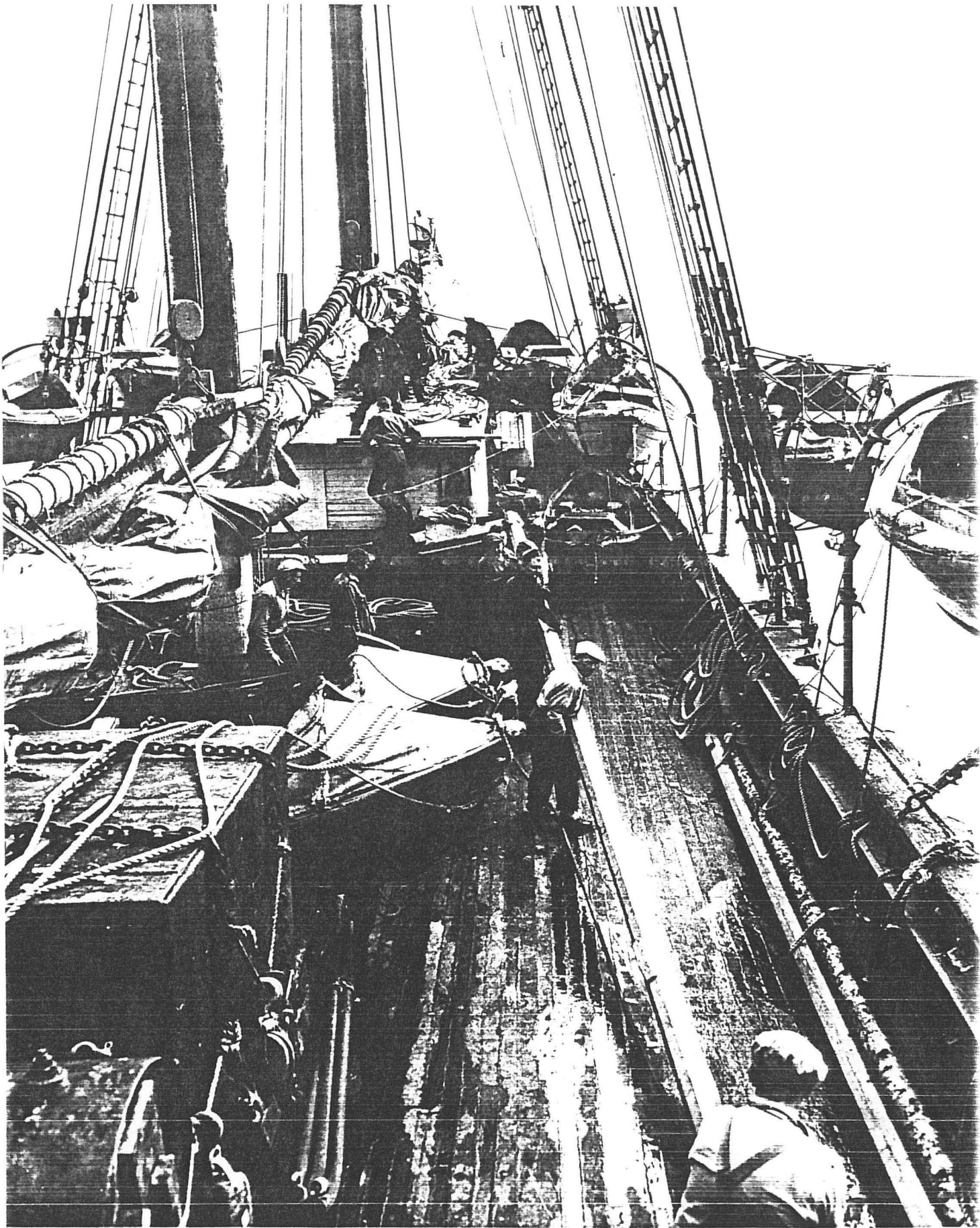
The dories were of the "eastern" or Grand Banks type, 14 to 15 feet in length, bottom measure, and capable of carrying 180 to 220 codfish. The small size dory was preferred because the larger ones, when loaded, were too heavy to row if a breeze should spring up while the boats were on the ground.

The station fisherman was furnished boat, housing and grub, and for his catch he received 25 to 30 dollars per thousand fish—that is, fish over 28 inches long. Smaller cod had to be counted "2 for 1" or half price.

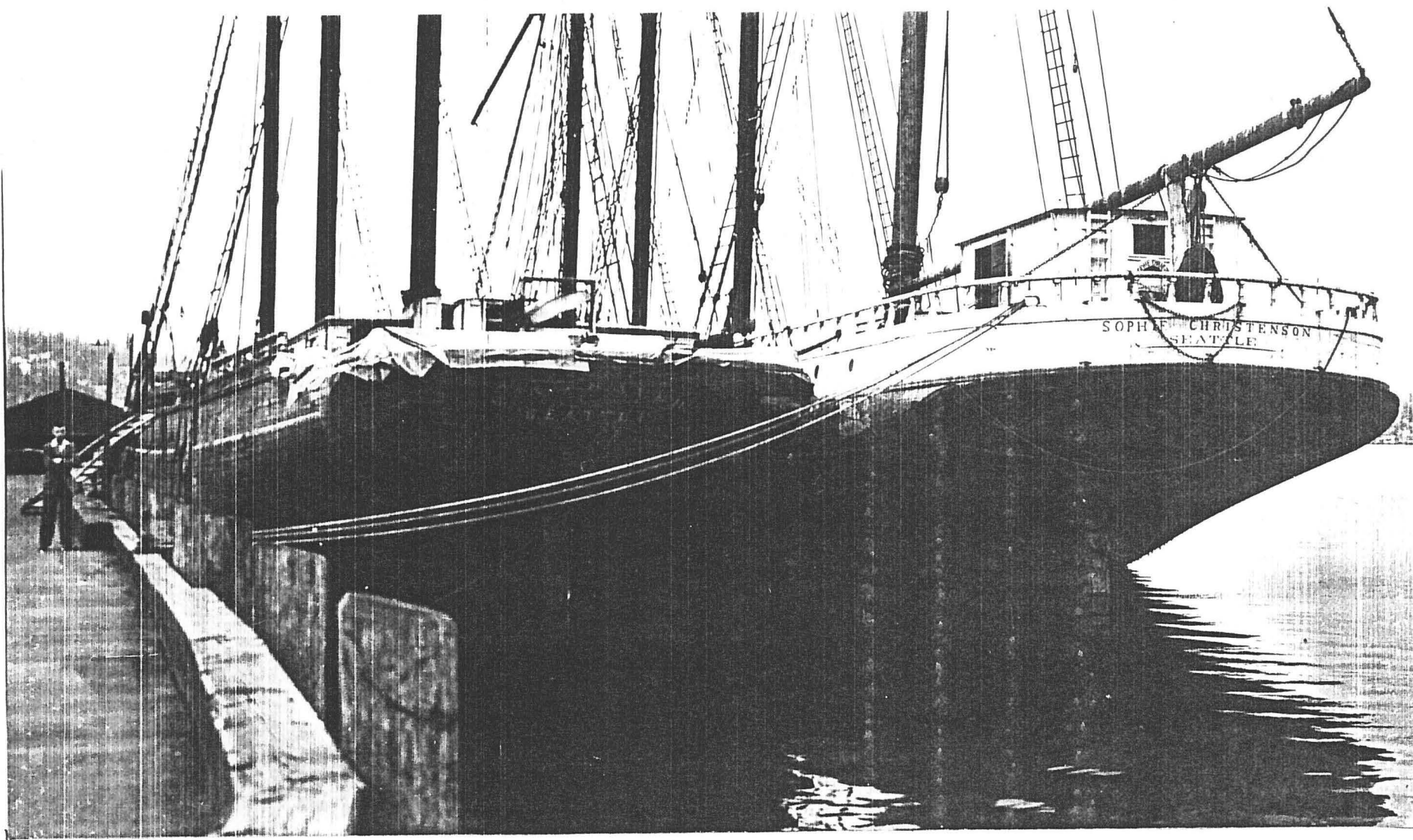
Hand lining for cod was "rugged work for rugged men"; shore stations and codfish schooners were fields where the weak and the lazy found no place to linger—only the tough and the rugged ones could survive and make a living. The cod fishermen were accordingly generally looked upon within the fishing fraternity as a "tough breed of cats" and could boast a great number of "characters"—both lovable and otherwise.



COAL HARBOR CODFISH STATION—Unga Island, Alaska. (Courtesy Ralph Soberg.)



Deck view a board C A THAYER outfitted as a cod fisherman post World War II
Note the dories, each equipped with an outboard engine



C. A. THAYER after almost a decade of lay-up in Lake Union, Seattle, September, 1941. The SOPHIE CHRISTENSON is alongside. Harry Dring of the bark KAIULANI crew (loading lumber at Grays Harbor) stands on the wharf.

Karl Kortum photograph

SEATTLE TIMES (1951)

Poulsbo: Codfish Center for 40 Years

by: Edward R. Lucas

Hand lines and a sailing vessel--and men to work them--bring in the annual codfish catch which keeps Poulsbo's noted Pacific Coast Codfish Company in full-scale and profitable operation. The plant, now in its tenth year of operation, is Kitsap County's third-largest enterprise. Its employees share a \$100,000 annual payroll.

Captain Ed Shields, plant manager and skipper of the schooner C.A. THAYER, points out that the codfish company is the only plant on the Pacific Coast that produces and markets American codfish.

Hand line fishing from dories is still the most productive method of fishing yet to be devised, says Shields. With a crew of 30 men in the three month fishing season, the schooner brings back a cargo of 2,000,000 pounds of codfish "in the round" in an average season's catch. The cured weight of the fish brought in at the end of the season actually amounts to about one fourth of that. The term "in the round" refers to the weight when freshly caught. All fish brought in by the dories are cleaned and put into cure within ten hours after being caught.

The original plant of the Pacific Coast Codfish Company was built in 1911, and was about one fourth the size of the present buildings. The company largely was owned by residents of Poulsbo and the vicinity.

J.E. Shields was part owner, and served as salesman and manager until 1928 when he acquired ownership of the firm. After learning seamanship and navigation, he was granted his master's papers, and sailed as Captain the season of 1933. He made the trip as Captain almost every year thereafter until 1941. His son, Ed Shields, has captained the THAYER its past two seasons.

Two events of major annual interest in Poulsbo are the departure and return of the codfish schooner. The schooner leaves as soon after the first of April as possible, last year on April 10. It is towed by tug through the Strait of Juan de Fuca from which point it proceeds under sail to the fishing banks in the southeast part of the Bering Sea, a journey of about 2,000 miles. The voyage to the banks requires about 30 days, while the return trip, with westerly winds, takes about three weeks. From the time it leaves until it is home again, the schooner does not touch at any port. For the men, there is no such novelty as shore leave.

The schooner's equipment includes 14 Cape Cod dories, 19-1/2 feet in length. Fishing is entirely done from these dories with one man to each boat. Until 1927, these dories were rowed by hand. Since then, outboard motors have been used, the codfish plant being one of the pioneers in the use of outboards for fishing dories. This is the most rugged use to which an outboard can be put, declares Ed Shields.

from "The Sea Chest," Journal of the Puget Sound
Maritime Historical Society, Sept 1970

CAPTAIN J.E. SHIELDS

By Capt. Ed Shields

There were two salt codfish plants in West Seattle shortly after the turn of the century. One, the King and Winge Codfish Company, was located near the Alki Point lighthouse. This was the same King and Winge partnership which operated a shipyard and built the KING and WINGE the TOM AND AL and other vessels. The other firm was the Seattle-Alaska Fish Company which had a plant about a half mile east of Duwamish Head, near the old West Seattle ferry landing. Owners of this second codfish company were Drs. Elif Jansen and Ivor Jansen, George Helgeson and Capt. John Grotle.

About 1910, a Mr. Tillman from San Francisco bought out both companies as well as the Union Fish Company of San Francisco. The following firms also engaged in the production of salt codfish in Alaska: Robinson Fisheries Company of Anacortes, with the JOSEPH RUSH; Captain J.A. Matheson of Anacortes, with the FANNY DUTARD; Pacific States Trading Company of San Francisco, owned by Mr. Woodside; Alaska Codfish Company of San Francisco, owned by Alfred Greenbaum.

Most of these companies had shore plants in the small towns of western Alaska, including Unga, Pirate Cove, Squaw Harbor, Sarak, East Anchor Cove, Unalaska, Akutan, Caton Island and other points in the Shumagin Islands, and westward. At these shore stations the fishing was done primarily during the winter months when the fat cod approached the coast to spawn. Each station had a bunk house, cook house, tank house, where the cod were salted in large wood vats, and a small wharf or pier where the dories were kept. If the weather were favorable the men launched their dories after breakfast and with one man to the dory, rowed and/or sailed a mile or so to the fishing grounds. In mid afternoon they all returned, forked the fish on the pier, and then secured the dories. After this the fish were cleaned and salted in the wood vats before turning in for the night. This work was carried on in mid-winter, often in snow storms.

These shore stations were served by the sailing vessels of the respective companies. The Seattle-Alaska Fish Company owned the small schooner NELLIE COLEMAN. This vessel had loaded the catch of the company's shore stations and was bound for Seattle in the winter of 1910, 11 when she was lost with all hands. She had cleared the last of the small islands and was never heard from again. Possibly this was the reason for selling out the Seattle plant.



Capt. J. E. Shields operated many well-known codfish schooners out of Puget Sound for more than 35 years.

Kirwin photo

In the fall of 1910 the former owners of the Seattle-Alaska Fish Company formed a new company and incorporated under the name, Pacific Coast Codfish Company. They sent Capt. John Grotle to San Diego where he purchased the three masted schooner, JOHN A.

Captain Grotle sailed for San Francisco where a quantity of bulk salt was loaded and then proceeded to Seattle. The JOHN A. was then fitted out for codfishing in Seattle and sailed in the spring of 1911 to the banks off Sanak Island, Siminoff Island and other well known grounds for the cod.

While the JOHN A. was in Alaska the owners proceeded to acquire a site for the new plant. As the owners were of Norwegian descent, the plant was located in Poulsbo, a small community on the west side of Puget Sound where most of the residents were from Norway. The shore plant was constructed and parts of it may still be seen today on the shores of Liberty Bay south of Poulsbo. Mr. Bjermeland was the chief carpenter, constructing a small deep water wharf, two sheds containing large wood tanks, and a two story frame building about 40 by 50 feet where the salt cod would be finally packed for shipment to market.

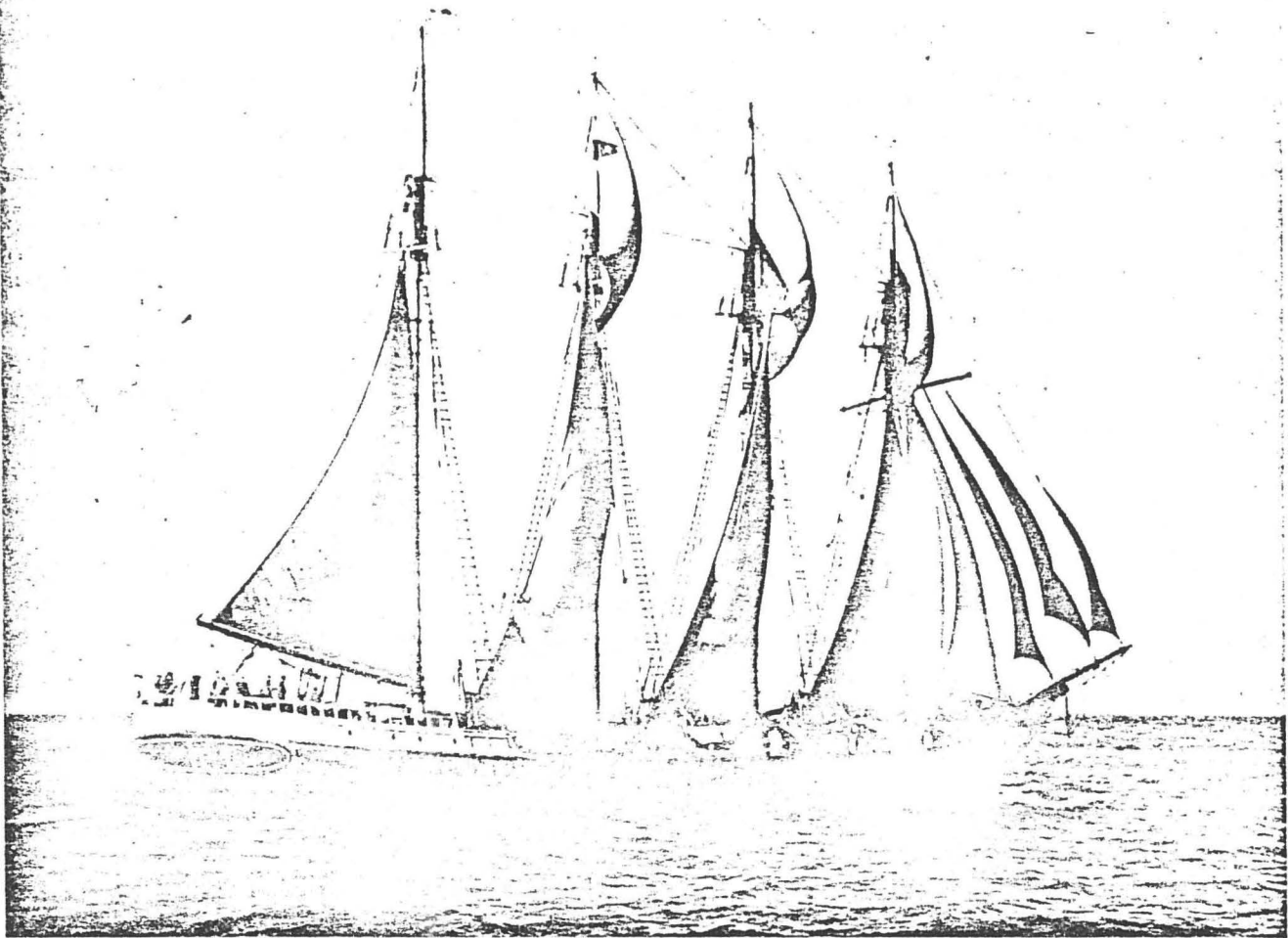
The JOHN A. was towed to Poulsbo and the salt cod unloaded by pitching the fish out of the hold to deck and then to the dock. There was neither electricity or other power for unloading. The fish were then loaded into carts, wheeled into the sheds and placed in the tanks. Salt and water from the bay were added to cover the fish with a salt-brine until needed to fill orders.

Difficulty was encountered with the fish sales and J. E. Shields, who had offices on Colman Dock in Seattle, also bought some of the stock and was given the agency for the sale of the fish. The first venture of the new firm proved profitable and in 1913 the three masted schooner CHARLES R. WILSON was purchased and added to the fleet. In 1914 an additional vessel, the two masted schooner MAID OF ORLEANS was purchased. Captain Grotle had recommended either the WAWONA or the AZALEA, which were then purchased by Robinson Fisheries of Anacortes. In 1915 the schooner FORTUNA was chartered from the Blum Codfish Company of Quartermaster Harbor in order to produce the necessary fish for the expanding markets.

The next major addition to the fleet was the purchase of the three masted schooner C. A. THAYER from "White Head Peet," Peet Nelson, in 1925. The MAID OF ORLEANS had been sold for trading in the Arctic and larger vessels looked more promising for the salt cod trade. The plant was enlarged several times with the addition of more warehouse space, sheds, an addition to the packing building, the addition of an artificial fish dryer and a new sail loft where the necessary sail making for the fleet could be carried out.

As the years went by, Capt. Shields bought the stock of those wishing to sell until by 1927 he had acquired all the stock and the company was entirely his. Then in 1928-29 he converted the large four master SOPHIE CHRISTENSON, which he had been operating in the off shore lumber freighting trade, into the largest codfisher on the Pacific Coast. In 1929 and 1930 he landed the cargo of the CHARLES R. WILSON and the SOPHIE CHRISTENSON in the plant of the Alaska Codfish Company on San Francisco Bay.

The Alaska Codfish Company had lost their schooner MAWEMA in 1928 on St. Paul Island in the Pribilof Islands when homeward bound loaded with fish. There was no loss of life or



SOPHIE CHRISTENSON, largest of Capt. Shields' fleet, is shown here under full sail.

injury in this mishap. Captain Bob Firth had sailed the MAWEMA for years and with the loss of his vessel, his San Francisco owners did not replace the MAWEMA, so Captain Shields hired him for the SOPHIE CHRISTENSON and he came to Seattle with his old high line crew of dory fishermen. The CHARLES R. WILSON was skippered by Captain Jack Kelly who had sailed with the ship for many years.

During the years 1930, 31, 32, etc., the country was in the grip of the great depression and the San Francisco interests did not need more fish than they could produce with their own vessels, so the SOPHIE CHRISTENSON and CHARLES R. WILSON were idle as well as the JOHN A. Only the C.A. THAYER operated and delivered her cargo to Poulsbo. In 1932 the SOPHIE CHRISTENSON was sent in place of the C.A. THAYER as she was a larger vessel, thus 1931 was the last year for the THAYER until her reconstruction in the winter of 1945-46 after her war service under the ownership of the U.S. Army. The WILSON was laid up until 1938.

In 1933 Captain Shields took the SOPHIE CHRISTENSON himself and so continued until 1941 when the vessel was requisitioned by the Army also. During this time he reached the

highest point of his colorful battle against the Japanese when he sent the famous telegram ordering rifles for the SOPHIE CHRISTENSON and the CHARLES R. WILSON. This period is well remembered by many on the waterfront for this is the only time within memory that the Japanese retreated from the fishing banks off the American coast.

During these years of the 30's many fine cargos of salt codfish were caught and landed by the dory fishermen in the sailing vessels from Puget Sound. It should be noted these men were the hardest working lot known, departing in early April when the tow boat cast them off somewhere west of Cape Flattery and from where they were entirely on their own until the return in September. During this time the vessel would never touch land. She carried all her supplies for the five month voyage and was therefore entirely self sufficient. She would even carry sufficient fresh water for the entire voyage. Needless to say, it was not wasted!

By 1938 the demand for salt cod had increased until it was necessary to call the CHARLES R. WILSON again into service. She operated along with the CHRISTENSON until 1941 when the Army requisitioned her for barge duty in Alaskan waters. The WILSON continued throughout the war years except for 1944 when permission to sail could not be obtained. The year 1945 was the last for the CHARLES R. WILSON.

The C.A. THAYER was returned by the Army, along with the SOPHIE CHRISTENSON after the war. The THAYER having the best hull, and only one vessel being required, the masts, rigging, tanks, etc. from the SOPHIE CHRISTENSON were installed in the hull of the C.A. THAYER. The SOPHIE was a topmast schooner but only the lower masts were installed in the THAYER, thus the "sawed off" look that she had. The C.A. THAYER continued until she completed her last voyage in 1950. This was the last time the American flag was carried on the high seas from a U.S. west coast port under sail on a commercial voyage and marked the end of the tall ships with the white canvas on the waterfronts of Seattle. The author commanded the ship on her last commercial voyage.

The end of sail was occasioned by many factors too numerous to list here. However, for many years sail proved its ability to compete in the world of trade. There has probably never been any other vessel used in the commerce of the country where the vessel was able to land as large a cargo in comparison to the size of the ship. No space being required for engine or fuel, the entire capacity of the vessel was devoted to the salt fish cargo except for a small space set aside for the crew's forecastle. Everything else was carried on deck. Thus a vessel the size of the C.A. THAYER has many times landed a cargo of over 500 tons of salable salt fish. This is amazing for a ship of only 165 foot length.

Just a word in passing as to why the salt fish trade itself came to an end. This was a normal development with the advent of mechanical refrigeration in every supermarket in the country; this ended the need for salt preservation of food. From here on out, Mrs. Housewife demands a product that she can take home and drop into the frying pan for supper. She will not spend the time required to soak the salt out of the fish for 24 hours. There is also the matter of shrinkage, for it is possible to produce one pound of frozen fish fillets from four pounds of fresh fish whereas seven pounds of fresh fish are required to make one pound of salt fish fillets.

There is still a large demand for the salt cod in the Latin Countries, especially those where mechanical refrigeration and large cold storage warehouses are unknown. The Portuguese are still conducting dory fishing for cod on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland and Iceland. But as far as this country's salt cod production was concerned, Captain Shields rode the tide to the end, and when he hung up the last sail there were no others remaining to carry on.

On June 29, 1962, the sails were set for the last time for the crossing of the bar to that distant harbor from where no traveler returns. There the anchor was cast for the last time and the final mooring made.



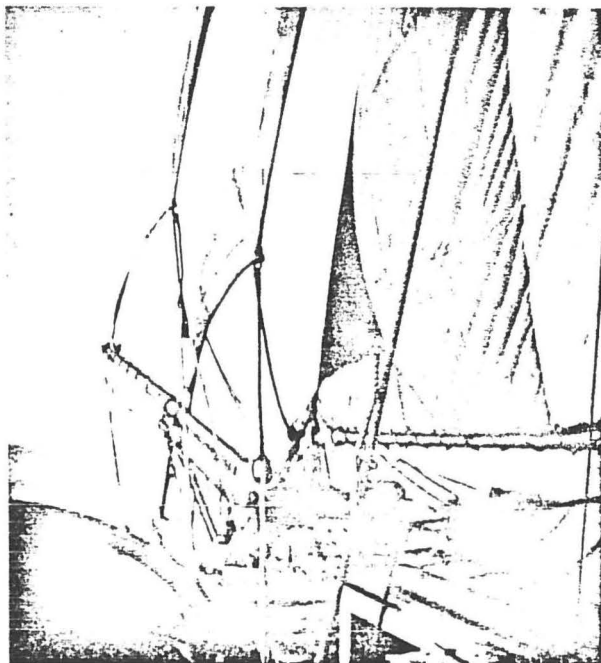
The Pacific Coast Codfish Co. plant at Poulsbo about 1912 or 1913.



Cod salted down in the THAYER'S hold.



Hoisting dories at day's end.



Bowsprit and headsails of the THAYER.

Cover photos as well as all photos used in this article are courtesy of the author.

The crew performs the dual operation of catching and dressing the fish. To process the catch brought in by 14 fishermen, a dressing crew of 12 is required.

For the fishermen, a typical day begins with breakfast at 4:00 in the morning. At 4:30, the dories are launched and the fishermen fan out from the parent ship to the spots where they drop their lines to begin the day's fishing. Two lines are used from each dory, one on each side of the boat. Hooks are baited with halibut if it is available.

The banks where the C.A. THAYER operates are the best codfish banks on the Pacific Coast. The ship anchors about 10 miles offshore, and dories fish as far as five miles from the ship. The method used is bottom fishing, the depth of water at that distance from shore being about 150 feet.

At 9:00 in the forenoon, the dories start coming in for dinner, which is served any time from 9 until 11 o'clock. This is the heaviest meal of the day, as the fishermen still have a full afternoon's work ahead of them. They return at the end of their second trip for supper at 5 o'clock in the afternoon which concludes the day's work for the fishermen.

The dressing crew starts to work as soon as the first dory or two arrives with a reasonably good catch about 9 o'clock. If the fish are biting well, they work from that time on at top speed until the last of the day's catch are put into cure. If the fishing crew is exceptionally good, they must work well into the night, since the catch for each day must be processed completely to clear the work for the succeeding day's catch.

In the three month period the ship lies off the codfish banks, there usually will be only three weeks or so when both the weather and fishing are good. During only 60 to 70 days the weather will permit the dories to go out.

The Bering Sea codfish are true, or gray cod, only distantly related to most Puget Sound varieties of codfish.

By the time the schooner has returned with her cargo to Poulsbo, the cured fish have lost 73% of their weight, so that one pound of dried fish equals four pounds of fresh. Additional weight is lost in later processing, by removal of the skin and bones, so that the one pound package of codfish is equivalent to six pounds of fresh codfish.

An innovation this year will be the use of the motorship NORDIC MAID, which is being outfitted for king crab fishing. It will work the same grounds as the C.A. THAYER in the Bering Sea. The NORDIC MAID is a 149-foot vessel and will carry a crew of 20-25 men. All processing will be done at sea.

Ed Shields took his first trip to the Bering Sea as a crew member in 1934, and took other subsequent trips, meantime attending the University of Washington, where he studied engineering. He was graduated in 1939, then took a year of graduate engineering work at Harvard. He put his engineering training to use in the Bremerton Naval Shipyard during the war. Since obtaining his master's papers, he skippered the THAYER during her 1949 and 1950 voyages.

Shields would like to put an end to the constantly recurring rumors that the sailing vessel has made her last trip to the Bering Sea banks. The company has operated successfully for the past 40 years with its present methods of fishing, he points out, and he sees no reason why it will not continue to do so. Work already is under way on the vessel preparing her for next season's visit to the Far North fishing grounds.

Lucas, Edward R. Poulsbo: Codfish Center for 40 Years. The Seattle Times, Sunday, January 21, 1951.

DGN/11-83

1957 VOYAGE

Fourth Career: A couple of years later the C. A. THAYER was purchased by Capt. Charles McNeal, operator of a waterfront resort at Lilliwaup North on Hood Canal, for display as a "pirate ship".

A few years before, in 1948, Karl Kortum had formulated a concept for a monument in San Francisco devoted to preservation of the maritime heritage of the Pacific Coast. The idea was backed by Scott Newhall, an editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, and by the mid-fifties two elements were well established, the Maritime Museum proper and the BALCLUTHA. Kortum's plan included the steam schooner WAPAMA and one or the other of the last two sailing schooners left on this coast, the C. A. THAYER or the WAWONA.

By 1955 when this broader plan stood a chance of being realized by the availability of tidelands oil royalty funds in the State Division of Beaches & Parks treasury, McNeal was willing to sell the C. A. THAYER for \$25,000. A San Francisco Maritime Museum sponsored bill for \$200,000 to buy and re-fit the WAPAMA and C. A. THAYER was passed by the legislature in 1956. The THAYER was purchased by the State of California in 1957 and the WAPAMA in 1958. The C. A. THAYER was readied for her sail south to San Francisco by Capt. Harold Huycke and on arrival was restored for display by Harry Dring.

In 1978 the National Park Service took over the Hyde Street Pier with its collection of historic ships from the California Parks and Recreation Department. As a component of the National Maritime Museum, San Francisco the schooner is now part of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, the most popular park in the National Park System.

The C. A. THAYER was made a National Historic Landmark in 1984.

An Account

of a passage in the schooner C.A. Thayer from Seattle
to San Francisco, September, 1957

- September 15, 1957 At 4:50 pm we cast loose from pier 58 and were soon under tow of the tug Trojan of the Puget Sound Tug & Barge Co. 1400 feet of towline. 9:00 p.m. off Port Townsend. 12:00 midnight, Port Angeles abeam.
- September 16 At 5:57 a.m. we were abeam Cape Flattery, almost at the end of the 120-mile tow. It was misty and we could not see the cape. At 8:30 we cast off the tug after having set all sail. The Trojan came alongside to take off the mail. The tow bitt on the forecastle head had worn considerable on the corners from the towline; the protective ironback had not been carried below the level of the deck on the pawl bitt. At 10 a.m. we were sailing SSW with little wind off port beam. 10:15 a.m., the fore gaff jaw parted, allowing gaff to ride free to port. 2nd. mate John Gruelund went aloft to inspect the damage. Lowered sail and mate Jack Dickerhoff ordered "handy billies" from three directions to control the slat of the gaff on the house deck. Carpenters installed new gaff jaw (had a spare) with help of deck watch. At 1:15 p.m. we hoisted the foresail again. Used the gypsies, had to "ride" the halyard so those on deck could make fast. At 9:30 p.m. after having little wind all day were all but becalmed. A strain on the gear because of all the slatting and hanging with each roll of the ship.
- September 17 (Tuesday). 12:15 a.m. Rolling in almost dead calm. John Davies, waist watch on deck, tells me we have drifted 3/4 mile in the last six hours. Top hamper groaning and slatting, fore beam heel banging against mast, sound travels into the forecastle. 5:30 a.m., came on port tack and noted several small tears in the mainsail. Lowered and repaired. 10: a.m., Gordon Fountain noted that the fore gaff jaw had cracked—the new one we had installed just yesterday, with each swing of the gaff it could be seen. Dickerhoff ordered the sail lowered. Fred Fischer and I doubled up on it, reinforced it with plywood (and Elmer's glue, I believe). Set all sail at 1 p.m., the patched main first. Gold Finch, Wrens and sparrows, apparently blown to sea, have alighted on the ship, 40 or 50 of them, and are dying about the decks. Appear hungry, thirsty and exhausted. ??? We spoke a troller out of Astoria. Saw two others. The weather has cleared and wind is picking up. Fine sailing in the afternoon, 5 or 6 knots. Huyoke catches three Albacore. Went aloft to take some pictures. At midnight, the taffrail log shows 62 miles since leaving Swiftsure.
- September 18 Wednesday. Awoke at 7:15 a.m. Mainsail was on deck and Harold, the mate and Gordon Riehl were making patches. Sail had been lowered about 5:30. Bright, sunny weather, light breeze. Hoisted the main with the winch after patching

and wore ship around to port tack. Wind freshens in afternoon and we are having fine sailing. Passed Gray's Harbor at noon, lat 47.01 N, long. 126.10 W. Good sailing all afternoon, course SSE. At 6 p.m. log reads 135 miles from Swiftsure. Fine sailing into p.m. Speed, 6-7 knots. Gruelund let me take the wheel for a spell.

September 19, Thursday. Course SSW. Awoke to fine, clear weather. Wore ship to port tack after breakfast. Run on port tack, course SE, all day long. Sunny and clear all day. Beautiful sunset. Ship running better than 6 knots most of the day. Mate says we've run a little better than 100 miles noon to noon. Yesterday we had seen a few Portuguese Men of War. Today, we are sailing through, literally, thousands of them. Caught a big one in a bucket and Gordon Riehl and I took pictures of it. A beautiful light blue. Cast it adrift again. All hands, including Captain Raynaud, busy cleaning and painting the ship. The Captain tells me that he talked with his wife on the radio phone and told her we are all o.k. She will notify wives of those of us from Seattle. Talked with Mr. Dickerhoff concerning the pendant used to control the swaying of the gaffs on schooners. He says they were tried and found to be unsuccessful because any line strong enough to control the gaff would also break that spar from force of wind in the sails.

September 20, Friday. Another beautiful day. Sun rose over a lively sea, ship logging 7 knots. Went aloft to watch sunrise and see if any land visible. None—that's the way we want it at this point of the passage. To prevent the peak and throat halyards from chafing or wearing too heavily in one spot, the morning watch heaved them in a little, relieving the standing part (jig end). A selvegee strop of marlin is used as a means of hooking a handy billy to the shroud. A small rope sling is hooked to the bulwark below and the tackle rove between the two. Will finish repairing the top tread leading to the stairs at break of the poop. 2nd mate says we logged 130 miles noon yesterday to this noon. About 7 p.m., skipper says Cape Blance abeam. Water today has been green—yesterday it was a bright blue. No sign of Portuguese men of War today. Cook reported chafing aloft to "Smiling Jack". The halyard was chafing on the gaff jaw—the lead was wrong. Dickerhoff ordered Huycke aloft after inspecting it himself. It was triced away from the spot with a shackle to the swifter. Wind is increasing steadily and we are running 8 knots at 7:30 p.m. Keeps up until about 11 p.m. and slacks off a bit with the coming of mist. Ship running fine, rolling along. Rain, between 11 and 12 p.m.

September 21, Saturday. The ship ran 10 knots in the 12-4 a.m. watch—averaged 9½. The chop quiets down after breakfast. A gray day, sails all drawing well. 1:15 p.m. wore ship on the port tack, presumably the last tack into San Francisco. Made 158 miles good till noon. Position at 7 p.m. 41.08 N lat, 128.09 W. long. Fine sailing. At 11 p.m. removed the electric fixture from the binnacle—was causing compass error.

September 22, Sunday. Awoke to find the mainsail on deck. It had burst in several small places. Crew busy at work repairing it. Very little wind all day and we roll back and forth ship gradually turning around to the North and we make sternway to the South and East. Huycke puts out in gig to take pictures.

Water blue again today. Repaired port side step to break of poop. About 4 p.m. mainsail was repaired. Spanker was dropped to bring head around and we finally brought the wind over our starboard side after being in irons most of the day--vessel unmanageable. Finally sailing close-hauled on starboard tack. 8:30 p.m. we observed a rosy glow to the NE, the Aurora Borealis. It increased in brilliance and became finally a rosy red, overcoming the last two stars in the Big Dipper. This evening, once we were under weigh and as the sun was getting low, Karl Kortum pointed out the sun's rays dipping down toward the horizon--"old sailors used to say 'the sun is setting up its backstays'". A fitting expression. 9 p.m. wind slacks off again but we are still close hauled on the stbd. tack.

September 23, Monday. 38th. birthday today. Awoke to find schooner still close-hauled on the stbd tack, making about three knots. Skipper reports we are about 100 miles off the coast, heading in SE off Mendocino. Morning is clear to the West, overcast to the East. Clears by 11 a.m. and we are still sailing close hauled, stbd. tack. We averaged 3 knots midnight to 7 a.m. this morning. 1:15 p.m. wind freshens and we now heel slightly. Sails have been drawing well despite light winds and being close hauled. Cleaned and painted ship all day. Carpenters busy as usual filling in and repairing rotten spots. Decks cleared by 5 p.m. at which time we sighted a ship off stbd. beam. She came up fast and proved to be an Essex Class CVE modernized carrier. She came within about 2 miles of us and passed astern. The cook, Clark Turner, surprised me with a good cake and I had just cut it for dinner when "Give us a pull, fellas, huh!"--the mate called in at 6:30 p.m. All hands went on deck to wear ship to the port tack. Headsails were dropped and spanker swung over to bring the stern around. 207 miles from the Farallon lightship at 7 p.m. Course S by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Eleven p.m. two white lights were sighted off the port beam. Believed to be fishing vessels. 58 miles logged.

September 24, Tuesday. Very light winds. Dead calm at 2 a.m. and wheel was lashed, unattended for short periods. 2nd mate Gruelund says we made 13 miles 6 p.m. until 2 a.m. Drifted around heading N. Tried to wear her around before breakfast but she stayed in irons. Mate told us to eat; we would let her along, see what she would do. We have sighted a couple of fish boats on the horizon to the South. 8:10 a.m. we spoke the troller WESTY of S.F. He didn't want any wind, we did. Still in irons. 8:45 tacked ship to stbd tack. Wind freshening and we are sailing SE. Lat 39.39 N, long. 125.40 ", noon. Run 37 miles noon to noon. Very light breeze all day, died out after dinner. In the afternoon, while belaying some running rigging on the upper pin rail in the shrouds (to clear main rails free for painting), the mate leaned heavily on the rail, bruising himself. Second mate asked doctor to take look at him about 9:30 p.m. Doc says he may have broken his 6th rib. Still about 200 miles from San Francisco lightship after having drifted off course during the night. Captain talked with David Nelson in San Francisco and he tells us a tug can come out to get us for a reception on Thursday.

September 25, Wednesday. Rained during the night. Tacked ship to port tack at 7 a.m. and now sailing S by W to gain Southing. Other tack puts us into the beach. Dickerhoff says we are gaining too much Westing and that our course "Would be just right if we was going to Pedro." "We'll get there," he added, "and you'll come on deck some morning, see the Farallones off the beam and they'll look as big as the whole United States." We're sailing about 4 knots now and making

a bone in her teeth. Coffee break at 10 a.m. USCG plane circles close aboard and flying low. It's a "privateer" land plane. Karl Kortum says a whale came up close astern as he was steering last night. The wind is picking up and blowing about 15-20 mph. Making about 4 knots with a real bone in her teeth. At 1:38 p.m. attempted to tack ship to starboard but she would not come over. Still trying at 3:30. On the mate's watch we attempted it again but would not come. Wore ship around and under weigh on stbd. tack at 4:30. The attempts to tack were accompanied by much disorganized running back and forth, letting headsails go on the run etc. As we came up on one occasion the inner jib pendant parted--sister hook's mousing slid around and slatting shook it loose. Wind is freshening all the time. At 4:08 p.m. mate's watch, we got her flying on the port tack again, took down the spanker to play it safe as the wind cam over her stern. Outer jib was also down. We sailed across the wind and wore ship to the stbd tack. Hoisted the spanker, jiggered up the slack and set the outer jib. The jib sheets had to be hauled in with a handy billy and stopper set up because in the confined area forward alongside the house there is insufficient room for more than three men on the hauling part and one or two on the forecandle head. The jib tackle consists of two double blocks rove thru with half or five/eighths diameter manila. Wind is still freshening and the mate notices that the lee standing rigging is very slack. We pull (2nd mate and I) out the sheer poles and tighten the rigging screws. Whitecaps all around now and visibility about three miles what with mist on horizon. After about one hour's running, making 5 knots close-hauled on the starboard tack the word is given to take in the outer jib--it is doubtful that the stay, which is said to be under-size, will hold the load and may give way. The sheet is slacked away gradually as three hands haul away on the downhaul up on the focsle. The sail comes down hard, being full of wind, and the 2nd. mate goes out on the bowsprit to help her down. He takes care to keep clear of the chain sheets which sometimes thrash around. Sail down, H. Dring, Don Shannon, H. Huycke and John Davies go out to muzzle in the sail. Work proceeds slowly, vessel pitching and wind blowing hard. They call in for some extra gaskets and I walk one out, pass it to Harry Dring. A little later they call for another and I'm up in the weather rigging taking a picture of the boys fighting it out ahead. It is getting dark now, about 5:30, and the dories--hauled away from the rails yesterday so the rails could be painted, are re-lashed. Decks cleared. SE storm warnings 25-35 mph at Cape Blanco and Pt. Arena. Skipper picked up storm warnings on radio. Wind here is estimated at 40 mph by the mate. We are sailing close-hauled, course E-by N, at 7 knots. Ship behaving very well--not working and taking no water. A sea breaks under the bow and splashes on the focsle occasionally. Rain at 11 p.m.

September 26, Thursday. Radio transmitter is still out but Captain Raynaud received weather report which says gale is blowing between Point Arena and Cape Blanco. We are in a position to believe it! Sailing close-hauled on the stbd. tack and sails seem made of iron, or marble, the wind holding them pressed firmly to leeward. We are constantly taking seas over the bows now and water is POURING into the forecandle. Several bunks are wet but I am fortunate in having a fairly dry one. It feels, lying in my bunk early in the morning, that we sometimes suddenly drop as much as twelve feet as we charge into a trough. Our vessel shakes and shudders but not nearly so much as I had expected for a ship 62 years old. At 5 a.m., I just heard the lookout ring three bells in quick succession and call "light off the port bow!" above the gale. Knowing we were heading on an inshore tack, I climbed out of my

bunk, dressed hurriedly and was alarmed by the call "Light dead ahead." Were we being run down? Such a call, in the dark and driving rain is enough to bother even the best of sailors. I came on deck and joined the mate's watch which was attempting to take in the foresail. The sail was lowered gradually and five of us tailed on the gaff downhaul to keep it from swinging, jerking so wildly as the sail was lowered. A turn was taken on the pin and as the gaff swung toward us we took in the slack hurriedly. So fast, in fact, that in our haste the line slipped off the pin. By that time the gaff was on its return arc amidships and knocked two of us along the deck, flinging three more of us across the fore hatch. Harold H. by this time had the loose end again and tried to snub it but the force of the outboard-swinging gaff threw him wildly against the bulwark, stunning him momentarily. As he raised up, his head came above the rail just in time to be struck by the downhaul as carried amidships again by the inboard swing of the gaff. The heavy manila line knocked him to the deck, striking him alongside the head and neck. The mate and I were standing by the lowered portion of the sail, very close to the downhaul, now completely free and having no control whatsoever over the swinging gaff. The downhaul threatened to ensnare us in its wile, coiling path thru the air and we both ran forward to the shelter of the house to escape it. The mate, an excellent sailorman of the old school, calmly slacked away on the fore peak halliard, causing the swinging gaff to come down over the rail where it was secured with a bull rope. "Up forward now, eh!" he said, "and take in the inner jib." (The outer jib had been furled all night). "Two of you go up and tail on the downhaul" he called. Johnnie Gruelund, the second mate, and I ran up to the focsle head and it was then that I saw the flashing light of the headland thru the heavy gray mist, 2 or 3 points off the starboard bow and apparently not over two miles distant. (The ship was gradually swinging around, wearing, so the light was bearing differently than when first sighted.) The sail came down finally and three went out on the bowsprit to muzzle it in. Eventually, the main was lowered, also the spanker, and the vessel's head was forced around seaward, by the jumbo or forestaysail, on the SE gale. The next job was to reef the spanker, hoist it, and lie to under reefed spanker and staysail. We rolled in the trough of the sea, our trucks describing wide arcs against the dark sky. Gradually, the fore was reefed and hoisted and she began to make a little weigh. The main had many small holes in it and had to be sewn. We knocked off for lunch, a fine unusual meal under these circumstances! of roast and potatoes. Breakfast had been hot oatmeal and coffee, a very good meal, standing up, made by a sick cook, Clark Turner, best in the business. When almost through lunch, the skipper brought a bottle of rum forward and we spliced the main brace. Rolled heavily. In the afternoon the inner jib was set (wind slackening) the reef taken out of the foresail and spanker and the main hoisted. All work was done by hand as the gas engine forward was wet through and wouldn't run. 3 or 4 hands down seasick. I am thankful I was not affected; I have been in the past and know how miserable one can become. Had to go aloft and clear the peak halliard (main) which fouled for'd of the crosstrees. Had to go up the lee side. About 5 p.m. after having been on deck 12 hours, had sail set and sailing again. Still roll occasionally, bouncing all of the time.

September 27. Friday. Awoke to find weather gradually clearing but seas still heavy. Cross swells making it still rather rough. The ship rolls considerably even tho she is carrying all but the outer jib. By 10 a.m. the sun is out with a clear sky all around. All the wet sleeping bags and clothes appear on deck and are hung up to dry. I am cleaning and oiling my tools. After lunch we attempt to tack ship

without success, so have to wear, completing the maneuver and coiling down by 2 p.m. Now sailing ESE which is as close to the wind as we can come, even though it is N. of the desired course. Before wearing we were going too far W. of Wouth. The swells are long and deep, the ship riding them like a duck. To stand on the poop or foscle head gives one the sensation of being on an elevator—you ride up and down alternately, 20 or 30 ft. as the ship climbs or glides down from a crest. Clark Turner, the cook, fixes the radio transmitter today; the dynameter relay was not closing, he reports. At 7 p.m. range lights of a steamer sighted off the starboard quarter. She comes up fast, running a little S. of a course parallel with ours. There is very little wind now and we are making barely enough steerageway to keep vessel on course. Sails begin to swing idly, side to side. It is a beautiful night, however, with a new moon coming up on the SW. The soles of my feet have been sore all day from having been in wet shoes all day yesterday during the storm. I believe the water, fresh and salt, softened the soles of my feet to the point where even cotton socks feel rough.

September 28, Saturday. Got little sleep last night, what with the wind's slackening and ship rolling. The gear slatted back and forth all night and the mainsail was lowered at 6:30 a.m. for patching. At 8:15, after breakfast of 2 eggs, dry cereal and grapefruit juice, the mate informed us that a tug was going to be called. We are more than 150 miles from S.F., still N. of Point Arena. Drifted all day, becalmed, rolling heavily at times. 7 p.m. USCG was contacted and informed us it would arrive at 23:15 (11:15 p.m.). Its tug Avoyel is bound for San Francisco and will tow us till we get wind. Avoyel arrived early, about 10:30. Saw white light coming over horizon and then mercury vapor lamp shown bright to light up the area for the transfer of some supplies. We had quite a rousing "last day of sailing" party in the galley during the evening. The C.G. whaleboat came alongside (our flares burned from the poop) and took the heaving line. All secure by 11 p.m. under tow of Avoyel, and with 2 sacks of groceries aboard. Foggy, closes in as soon as we get under tow. Doctor tends Huycke who still feels rough from his pasting on deck during the storm.

September 29, Sunday. Awoke to clear day. Towing at 6 knots by Capt. Raynaud's request. Abeam Pt. Arena at noon. The Avoyel, W150, is ex-navy ATR, about 1800 HP diesel-electric, accoring to Phil Luther. Sea is much smoother now. Calm—no wind, and had we stayed out we'd be slatting around today as well, with gear banging etc. 2:30 p.m. saw first sea-gulls since leaving Cape Flattery. Gooney birds have been with us the whole trip. At 2200 (10 p.m.) abeam Pt. Reyes light, Farallon light on starboard bow (26-mile light). Bodega Head light visible off Port Bow. 11:15 p.m. Drake's Bay abeam. It is a clear, starry night, calm and we had a beautiful sunset. My last job, just before sundown, was to box my carpenter tools. Borrowed a small brush from Gordon Riehl and lettered my tool box--Harold is going to send them up to Seattle with some of the things being shipped back.

September 30, Monday, 1957. At 4:30 a.m. off San Francisco lightship. 4:50, shortened towline. 6:30, in Bay and heaving in towline. (700 feet of 8-inch circ. nylon! out for main part of tow). 7:40 a.m. docked and tied up astern of full-rigged ship Balclutha after having towed 190 miles. Bill Mills on cutter Primavera (Parma, 1954) (1934) and Ken Glasgow met us.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

The San Francisco Maritime Museum rescues another ship from oblivion. Let the ship's carpenter (right) fill in details as . . .



The C. A. Thayer goes home

BY GORDON P. JONES (SHIP'S CARPENTER, 1957)

Photos by S. C. Wilson

UP in Puget Sound, in a small cove flanked with snow-capped Olympic mountains, lay a tourist attraction, the pirate ship Black Shield. Her ring bolts had once held captives from enemy ships; her iron-barred brig had contained the more unruly cutthroats; various notices about her explained some of the various equipment used in enslaving any who would oppose this dragon of the sea. Or so the signs said.

A closer inspection, however, revealed an official number carved deeply into a deck beam ahead of the forward hatch—127097, 390 net tons. The veil was lifted; here on the beach rested the three-masted baldheaded schooner C. A. Thayer, built in Fairhaven, California, in 1895 for the E. K. Wood Lumber Company. She and the Wawona (lying in Lake Union and not for sale) were the only representatives of a large sailing fleet built by that able Dane, Hans Bendixen, in Humboldt Bay around the turn of the century.

With the passage of time, and war, each vessel went its own way, closing out a chapter of seafaring—a type of seafaring that deserved to be remembered to future generations. Many realized this, and lamented the fact. But Karl Kortum, director of the San Francisco Maritime Museum, was among the first to do something about it. He and other museum scouts had their eyes on the Thayer after her return from the Bering Sea banks. Capt. J. E. Shields kept her until November 1954, when he sold her to Charles McNeal's 101 Attractions, a tourist spot on Hood Canal, an arm of Puget Sound.

With the assistance of \$200,000 appropriated by the California State Legislature for the purpose of buying and reconditioning old ships, no time was lost in contacting McNeal. A price of \$25,450 was agreed upon and on a cold, frosty morning in mid-February of 1957, the C. A.

Thayer was hauled off the beach and into a dredged channel by the tug Trojan.

Harold Huycke, representative of the State of California for the division of beaches and parks, was placed in charge of reconditioning the old vessel. She was towed to Seattle where bids were received for the performance of the dry-docking and work to make her ready for the tow to San Francisco. The balance of the restoration work was to be accomplished in the Bay area.

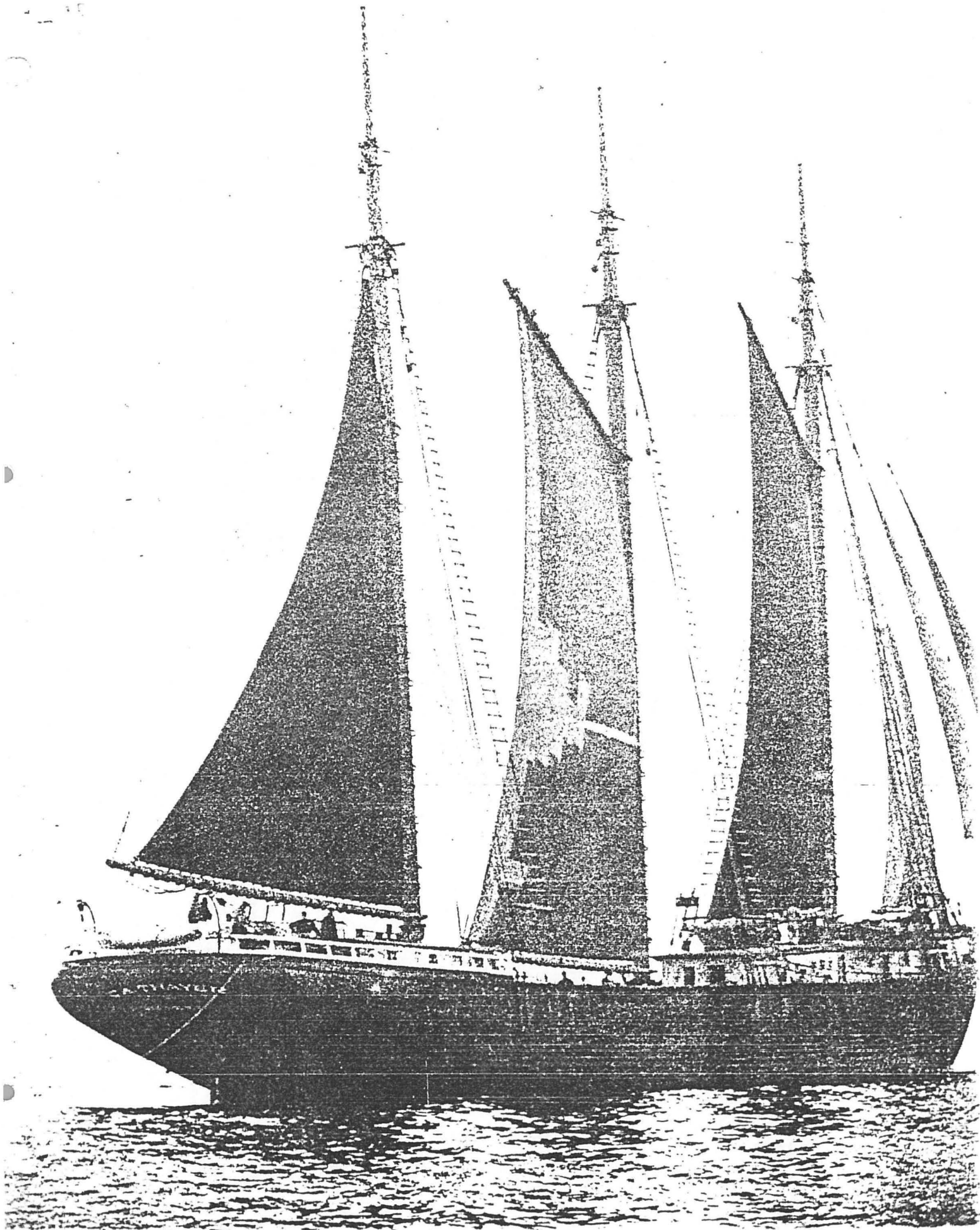
After the replacement of two planks around the starboard bilge forward, a graving piece in the forefoot and some "corking," the bottom was painted and the schooner went back into the water.

One day, while working near the bilge pump aft, Huycke accidentally discovered considerable rot in the mizzen mast at the deck. It was doubtful that the stick would stand much rolling in this condition; heavy weather would no doubt send it by the board. The jib boom had been broken during the ship's layup one year when she served in a Port Gamble pioneer days celebration; the head rigging was slack with its attendant lack of staying effect on the foremast. To be fit to tow, the mizzen would have to be replaced and preventers rigged on the fore.

While this discouraging information was forwarded to Sacramento, the Thayer lay idle at the drydock. Huycke did a few odd jobs to keep the work going ahead. Waterfront idlers came and went, very often telling bits of history about the vessel, and asking questions. Was she going back in service? Would she sail again? Huycke was asking himself the same questions, and even sometimes wondering whether or not the project would really go ahead. The masts had come out of the Sophie Christenson after the war and were rather odd looking without that



in Gordon P. Jones.





Jackets and shirts aren't needed in the cold gray dawn off Swiftsure Lightship, outside Cape Flattery, as sails on the Thayer are sweated up by hand.



Fred Fischer and Axel Widerstrom (right) help sheet in the main sail. Fischer was also a ship's carpenter, and Widerstrom was the electrician.



Small holes keep appearing in the sails, and sooner or later they are lowered for mending. Then comes the task of doggedly hoisting them again.



The day crew laboriously chips paint. One reason for sailing down from Seattle was to get restoration work started, so workers were carefully picked.

vessel's topmasts. After all, if the Thayer were to ever be faithfully restored to her original state, it would look doubly odd to have a baldheaded mizzen in company with two lower masts from a topmast schooner in the fore and main positions.

More soft spots were discovered in the stern. A deck beam in the forecabin head, the catheads and the pawl bitt also needed replacing. Contemplated expenditures for the complete restoration climbed steadily.

Towing costs were on the upgrade, too. Perhaps several thousand dollars could be saved if the vessel were to be sailed down by a volunteer crew. This idea, the germ of which everyone

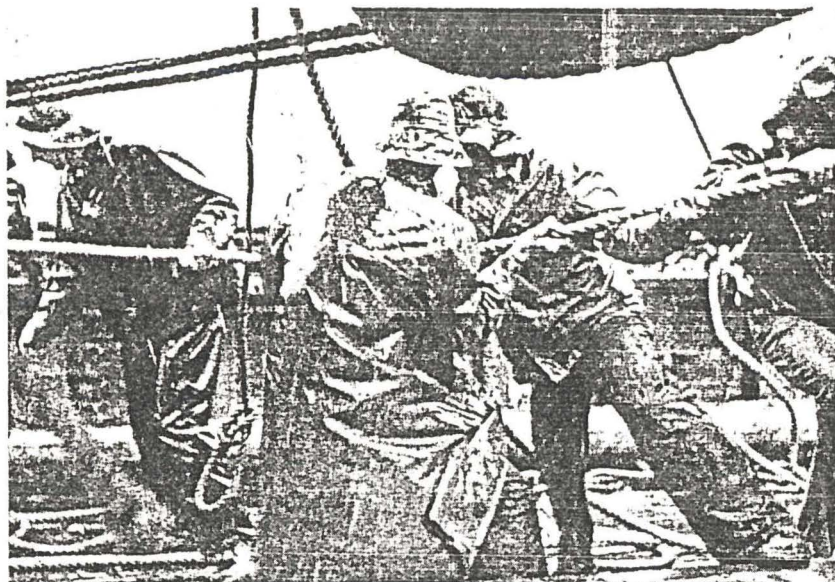
who was associated with the project had had since the plan's inception, gradually began to manifest itself in the communications rushing between Seattle and Sacramento. If the plan were to materialize, could Huycke round up competent officers and men to sail the 156-foot windjammer to San Francisco? And how long would it take to remast and rig her? Were there any sails available and in what condition were they?

The response from volunteer crew members was immediate. There were still several experienced officers who had served in this type vessel and who were enthusiastic about the idea. A nucleus of experienced A. B.'s, men

with considerable square-rigged time, offered their services to the old lady. Two shipwrights volunteered to ship and work their way south.

Local yards felt the work could be completed by mid-August or thereabouts. Captain Shields still had the sails, some of the dories and miscellaneous gear in his fish processing plant at Poulsbo. The canvas was fair, not bad after the use it had already seen. The mainsail was a borderline case — but, well, we'd take a chance. It would have to do.

The okay to rig for sailing eventually came, but with the request that the work proceed rapidly. We would try to get her to sea before the wester-



Point Cabrillo is about 12 miles dead ahead the morning of September 26; strong winds and heavy rain squalls force the ship to heave to.

lies, offering a good slant south, weakened in defiance of the southerlies of the equinox. There was much to be done.

Three giant Douglas firs were selected from the Olympic Peninsula for the masts; a shorter timber was taken for the 58-foot jib boom. The Spar Manufacturing Company of Seattle turned out the spars on its special lathe; their lengths finished out at 106 feet, diameters at two feet, and weight about 5½ tons each. They were stepped at the historic Winslow yard on Bainbridge Island, now under ownership of the Commercial Ship Repair Company. Late in August the rigging was completed and the Thayer was towed to Pier 58, Seattle, where all running gear would be rove and sails bent.

THE sails were on deck when Jack Dickerhoff, mate and boss rigger, arrived. He took one look and remarked: "Think I'll catch the next plane back to San Francisco." Backing him up, but not quite so pessimistically, was John Grueland, the second officer. Harry Dring arrived to occupy the third mate's berth, while Karl Kortum, Donn (Anchor) Shannon, John Davies and Gordon Fountain came aboard as A.B.'s from down south. These boys provided an excellent nucleus and dived into the work with a will.

Dickerhoff is from a Down East family with a long marine association. Dring and Kortum had been out to Australia during the war by way of Cape Horn in the three-mast bark Kaiulani, ex Star of Finland. Shannon and Davies had been under canvas in the Bay, and had soaked up

much sailing ship lore while spending almost every weekend for 18 months on the restoration of the full-rigger Balclutha. Fountain was in the old barkentine Bear with Byrd to the Antarctic in 1933-35. Gordon Riehl, also a Kaiulani veteran, later came up from Portland, Oregon, to round out the A.B.'s.

The clutter of miscellaneous blocks began to disappear from the hold as the running rigging was rove. The sails were originally from another of Shield's dory-toting codfishermen, the Fairhaven-built Charles R. Wilson. Some were ill-fitting, but Shields had successfully used them in 1950; with luck they'd work again.

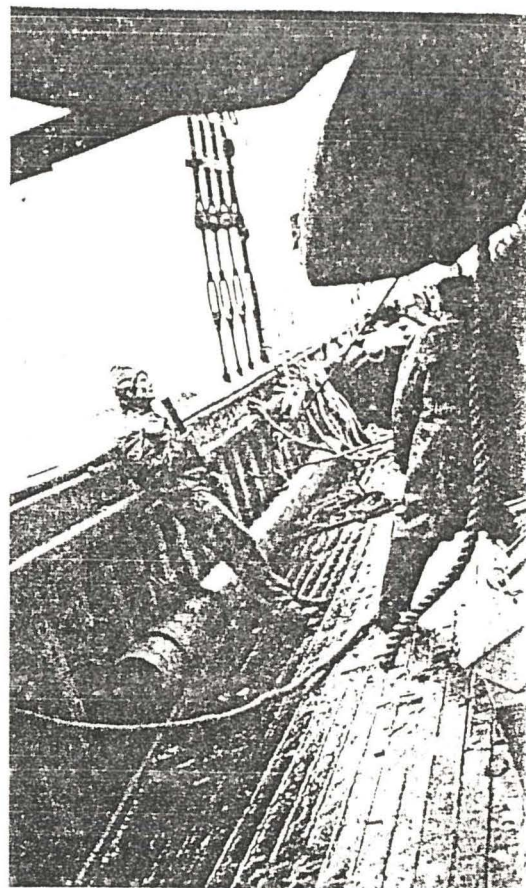
New line and gear arrived from San Francisco, borrowed from the Balclutha, a lady sympathetic to the cause. Electrician Axel Widerstrom was busy installing a light plant with which to keep the radio batteries up to full charge. This trip was the realization of a dream for Widerstrom.

Good weather aided the work and in a couple of weeks we were almost ready for sea. Two of the dories, formerly used for handlining codfish, were damaged when the hoisting slings parted as they were being lifted aboard. They were to be our lifeboats and had to be repaired before sailing.

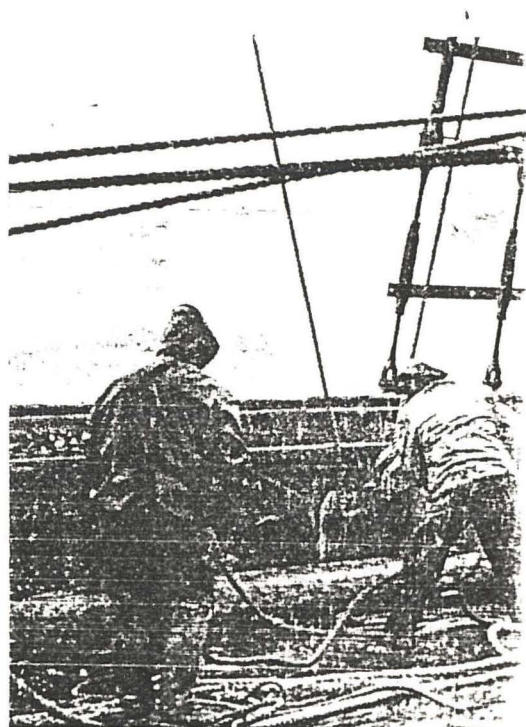
The cook was still miserably short of gear and had nothing for heating water, not to mention the lack of sufficient pans and utensils. There also was no coal box. The officers had one back aft . . . "Swipe it!"

One day till sailing time—with the radio yet to be installed. There was no time to stretch a sufficient antenna; one of the mizzen shrouds was

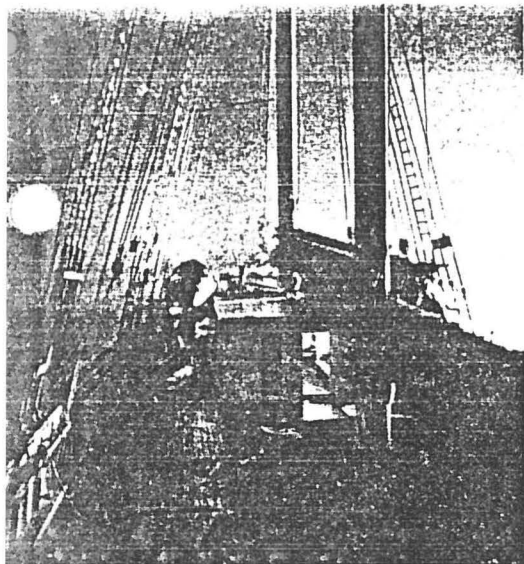
Continued on page 52



Toward noon the wind begins to moderate and the vessel is quite steady, considering it has no cargo nor ballast. Fred Fischer is at the lee rail.



The gear is finally coiled down and the deck squared away. Rough weather like this calls for an ancient observance—the main brace is spliced!



The brilliant light of the Avoyel throws a glow over the Thayer as the tug arrives to take her under tow.

tailed lustily onto the halliards — seven men each to the throat and peak halliards, and in a matter of a few short minutes decided we weren't the iron men we thought we were. The big sail went a third of the way up and gradually came to a standstill; we were literally pooped out. The mate cracked a wry smile, folded his hands behind his back and paced slowly back and forth across the deck. "All right, boys! You ain't the men your grand daddies wuz! Take a rest." He then advised us that these vessels were usually run with only four A.B.'s before the mast! We felt pretty small, but swore that we'd do better.

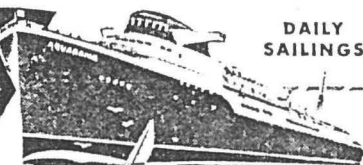
Gradually the fore, main and spanker were hoisted; there was barely enough wind on the port beam to fill them. At 8:30 a.m., the tug cast us loose and came alongside to take off some mail. Our course was SSW and there wasn't enough steerageway to maintain it.

We rolled with the swells off the cape. The gear slatted and banged uselessly, the great sails cracking as the roll of the vessel brought them taut. At 10:15 a.m., a glance aloft revealed that the fore gaff was riding to port of the mast. The second mate went aloft and reported that the starboard hardwood jaw had split from the excessive working. The sail was lowered, the gaff triced into position, and the carpenters replaced it with the help of the deck watch.

Other than the small light plant, the only motive power aboard was the 1910 Hercules horizontal-stroke gas engine forward, used for weighing anchor. This required two or three men to start it, but once going it advertised its tremendous power by vibrating the forward part of the ship.

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Aground off Singapore

I am enclosing these photos of the Isbrandtsen ship *Flying Endeavor* hoping you can use them in your fine magazine. In the course of a 'round-the-world trip we had this accident in Singapore just after midnight December 28, 1957. At first I thought we had run down a sampan, but found we were on a reef called Nipa Shoal where we stayed until January 4. In one of the photos you will notice a Siamese ship with us but she was ashore only two days, then got off on the spring tide. In the air photo, you will notice to the right of us the bow markings of the *Star Betelgeuse*, which was ashore for 36 hours some weeks before.

The cause of these shipwrecks seems to be the signal light. Sometimes it blinks at regular intervals; other times it's a steady light often mistaken for a fishing boat, as happened with us.

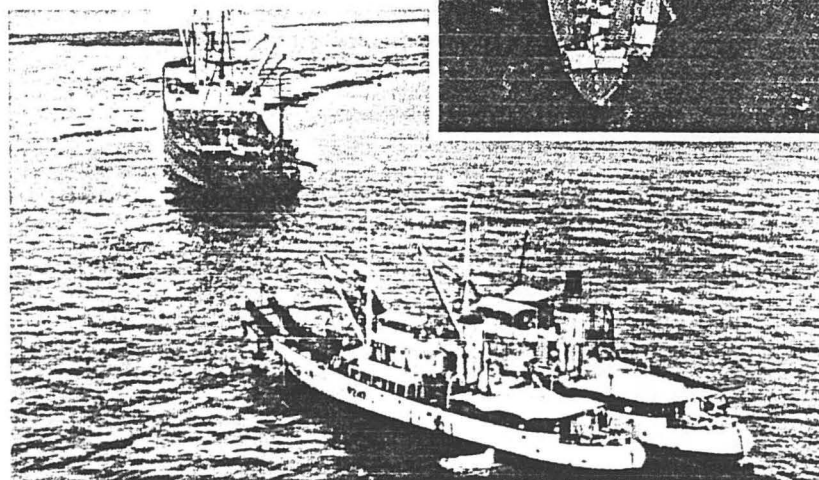
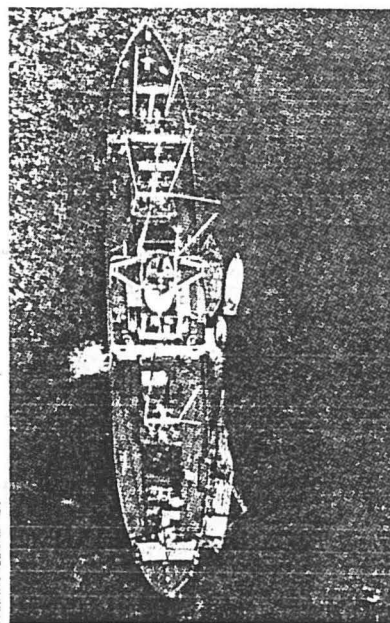
The other photo shows two salvage tugs which laid two stern anchors about a quarter-mile astern on six-inch cables to the ship. Then both our anchors were taken the full length of the chain toward the stern. At each tide it was my job to take in and let go the anchors with a jerking motion to try and free the ship. This

was unsuccessful until the thirteenth tide and attempt. If we had been unable to get off on January 4, we would have been there until January 7—that was the highest tide of the season—or early September.

After clearing the reef we went to Hong Kong dry dock for repairs, then continued the trip, the second this ship made for the company. She is the ex *Robin Tuxford*.

James Green.

Boston, *Flying Endeavor*,
Isbrandtsen Company, 26 Broadway, New York
4, N. Y.



More Ship's Mail on page 56

It was connected by chain drive to gypsies atop the house; these were now used for rehoisting the foresail. When the sail was aloft, three or four men held the halliards, one by one, and they (peak and throat) were removed from the rotating gypsies and "rode" across the boat skids to a position over the pin rails where they were belayed by those on deck.

We slatted and banged all day Monday, finally rolling out of the haze, however, and into sunny weather. At night it was the same, with the sound of the gaff's driving into the foremast reverberating down the tall spar into the galley and forecabin. From dinner until midnight we had drifted three fourths of a mile!

On Tuesday morning, several small holes were noticed in the mainsail. Down it came and out came the palms, needles, twine, canvas and beeswax. Gordon Fountain noticed that the new jaw we had installed on the fore gaff was cracked. The foresail was lowered again and we were able to repair the crack before a complete break occurred. We cursed the shipwright who had run the grain parallel to the gaff, never allowing for the cutout around the mast. This made for a weak jaw—very short grain across the vital section. Nevertheless, we reinforced it with two products of the modern age—plywood and resin glue—and it held very well for the rest of the trip.

After lunch we reset the fore and the main. The breeze was now picking up a bit, and we were able to hold her on course. At midnight the taffrail log registered 62 miles since leaving *Swiftsure* Lightship outside Cape Flattery. We were sailing steadily along at five knots.

Early on Wednesday morning, the mainsail was again lowered for patching. The canvas had undoubtedly lost much of its strength and was partially rotten. It didn't rip or tear, it just had a bad case of chicken pox: small holes about the size of your finger kept breaking out in various places.

In the afternoon, with the main aloft again, we were having fine weather and good sailing. Our noon position was off Grays Harbor in latitude 47° 01' N; longitude 126° 10' W. The taffrail log at 6 p.m. read 135 miles from *Swiftsure*. Now we were sailing six to seven knots.

On Thursday, the 19th, we awoke to fine clear weather once again. Course was SSW, but after breakfast we wore ship around to the port tack and put her on SE. At noon we had run a little more than 100 miles since noon Wednesday, and ran steadily at six knots most of the day.

ONE of the selling points for sailing, instead of towing, the vessel south had been that considerable work could be accomplished by the volunteer crew toward the final restoration of the Thayer. While structurally sound, she looked a mess. Consequently, what with the fine weather holding out, the gang was busy scraping and painting under the watchful eye of "Hardcase" Huycke. He was instrumental in selecting several of the crew members, and screened them thoroughly, weeding out any "sojers" or slackers. He wanted sailing ship enthusiasts but he also wanted—and got—good workers.

Fore and aft the theme had but one purpose: get as much work done toward the restoration as possible. Officers and men alike turned to. The ugly tall wheelhouse, added in later years, had been removed while the vessel was still in Lake Union. It was now replaced by the traditional crowned wheelbox, and had only the prime coat on it when we sailed.

The semicircular binnacle, mounted on top of the house, was another authentic addition. During her later cod-fishing days, the vessel had had a smooth brass wheel for steering. She now carried the traditional cast-iron spoke wheel from the codfisherman Azalea, now rotting on the flats at Sausalito. The spanker sheet "horse," or deck iron, came from another old-timer lying next to that vessel, the Beulah.

The codfish green was gradually covered with black on the rails and white inside the bulwarks. Deck ironwork and waterways also went black, but the ironwork aloft was painted steamboat buff. The booms and gaffs were also buff. The masts were oiled, of course, and looked beautiful spreading a full suit of canvas. Capt. P. A. McDonald, last American skipper of the famed Moshulu, visited the ship during her remasting and said the new sticks were the best he had ever seen in a baldheader.

At this stage of the vessel's life and purpose, there were certain concessions. Instead of utility, looks came first. A few places, where good-sized graving pieces would have been justified had she still been going to sea, the old maxim "putty and paint make the devil a saint" was practiced. Considerable putty—and even cement—was used.

So, with the work progressing favorably, the days were a hubbub of activity. Evenings were restful, with many a gam on the poop, swapping yarns and listening to some of the tales of sailing in other days, on other ships.

The games were frequent, but lest anyone be misled into believing there

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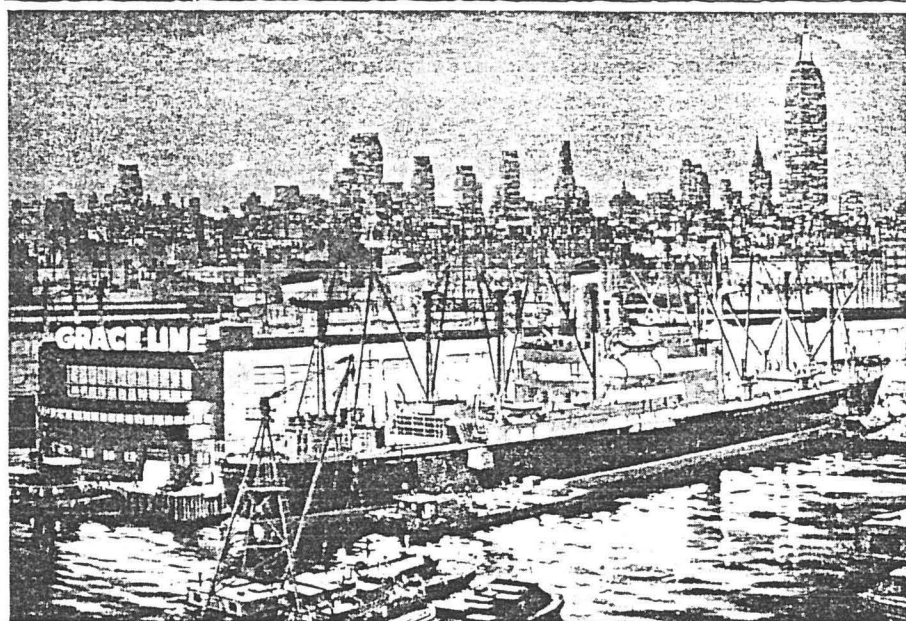
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Continued from page 54

They're not

The photographs of LST vessels such as the Carolina of the TMT fleet ["Best Service Till They Build a Bridge," Winter 1958 SHIPS AND THE SEA] do not, so far as I can see, indicate any sort of navigating bridge on the trailer ferries. Please satisfy my curiosity by telling me how such ships are steered.

Alfred Gray Reid.

163 Douglass St., San Francisco 14, Calif.

[We should have made it clear in the caption that the Carolina and her sisters are barges, not self-propelled vessels. They are towed by tugs. — Ed.]

Identified at last

I was extremely interested to see a picture of the TMT Carib Queen on page 27 of Winter 1958 SHIPS AND THE SEA. I remember seeing two similar vessels moored in the River Tamar off H. M. Dockyard, Devonport, England, in 1944 or 1945.

Inside the stern section of one of them I could see the mast and upper-works of what I believe was an LCT and I decided that they must be some type of seagoing floating dock. Due to the wartime clamp on information I was never able to find out more.

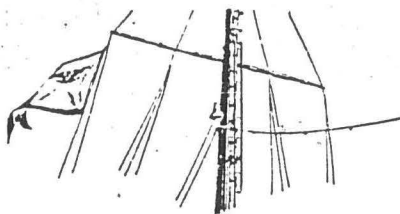
D. H. Nicholl.

9 Norris Gardens, Havant, Hants., England.

[The LSD's you saw in 1944 or 1945 were probably of the Ashland class. They serve as parent ships to landing craft and coastal craft. They can carry 18 flat-nosed medium landing craft (LCM) or three utility landing craft (LCT) in their well decks, which run three quarters of their 454-foot length. Each LCM carries a smaller vehicle-personnel landing craft (LCVP). — Ed.]

Vote for the Star

I read with interest the article "The Old Home Ship" in Fall 1957 SHIPS AND THE SEA. It gives a good picture of steamboating "down east." However, I would like to cast my vote for the Star of the East as the most famous Kennebec paddler. She was built in 1866 for the line and sailed the river alone for 23 years until the Kennebec came out in 1889. She was then rebuilt and renamed Sagadahoc (much to the disappointment of her patrons) and continued to run another 13 years until she was sold for service on Long Island Sound. She ran on the Sound for a number of years, then on the Hudson River as the Greenport. In 1916 she was rebuilt into a coal barge but was used only a short time and was laid up in the Harlem River. Only three or four years ago her remains were finally covered up to make way



for a new highway. Her long service on the Kennebec River built up an affection for her that was never equaled by the Kennebec.

I question one point made by the author—that Charles Marr was the Kennebec's long-time skipper. She was commanded by Jason Collins from the time she was built until he retired in 1902. In 1905 the Kennebec was sold to the Enterprise Line.

David Crockett.

25 Wachusett Rd., Needham 92, Mass.

More about rotors

In the Fall issue of SHIPS I noticed a letter from John Miller regarding rotor ships, and another reference to these ships in Winter 1958 SHIPS. It may be possible that the following information will be of help.

The ship in the photo was the schooner Buckau, built in 1920, of 455 tons gross. After conversion she was fitted with a 200-horsepower motor for propulsion, and the two rotors, 50 feet high by 9 feet in diameter, were driven by a 45-horsepower motor. It was never intended by Flettner to use the rotor as sole propulsion, but it was to be used as an auxiliary to the regular engines for greater speed and economy.

The first ship designed and built as a rotor ship was the Barbara, 2077 gross tons, which was powered by diesel engines of 1060 horsepower for a speed of 10 knots. She had three rotors, 55 feet high by 13 feet in diameter, driven by geared motors of 60 horsepower.

In service the Barbara could make six knots with rotors alone, depending on the power of the wind; 9 knots with motors alone; and 10½ knots with both. This was later increased to 13 knots.

The biggest drawback to this method was the high initial cost. The Baden-Baden was reconverted to a schooner and the Barbara had her towers removed.

John Smith.

1723 Glenview, Park Ridge, Ill.

... The death of the rotor project was attributed to overenthusiasm and misconception of principles, coupled with the postwar slump at a time when the development of rotors was just gaining recognition. ... They met the expectations of their inventor but not the overimaginative goals of some of their prospective backers.

Conrad Ross McCormick.

31 Sound Beach Ave., Old Greenwich, Conn. &

was any degree of revelry on the poop, perish the thought. The Thayer was proudly run sailing-ship style by sailing-ship men. There was no talking with the man at the wheel, nor was he to be relieved a minute too early—or too late. The chronometer was visible to the helmsman through the skylight window, and every half hour he would strike the ship's bell on the poop. The forward lookout, after checking the running lights, would answer by repeating the time by striking the bell on the forecandle and calling back, "Lights are bright." The officer in charge aft would acknowledge this with a grunt or a holler, depending on how hard the wind was blowing.

Friday, September 20, was another beautiful day, with the sun coming up in an orange blaze on an azure sea. I went aloft into the crosstrees to watch the sunrise. The sails were doing their work silently, drawing well and sending us along at five knots.

At noon we had run 130 miles since yesterday. Our position was somewhere abeam of Cape Blanco and the water had changed from a gorgeous blue to an inshore green. Toward afternoon the wind increased and by 7:30 p.m. we were running eight knots. The wind was rather fluky, for by 11 p.m. it slacked off somewhat and brought rain.

Early Saturday, in the midnight to 4 a.m. watch, the wind picked up again, and during that period the ship showed her old heels by averaging 9½ knots. For a while she did better than 10.

It was fine sailing all day Saturday. The run was 158 miles and at 1:15 p.m. we wore ship to the port tack—presumably the last tack into San Francisco.

It was admitted that the vessel was making considerable leeway, being rather flat-floored and having no ballast other than the water we carried. However, the dead reckoning and observed positions were different enough to suspect the compass of being off. An ordinary electrical outlet box had been mounted in the top of the binnacle to carry the light used to illuminate the compass at night. When this was removed, the compass needle showed a correction of several degrees!

On Sunday I awoke to find the mainsail on deck once again; it had burst in several small places and the watch was busy repairing it. There was very little wind anyway. The ship was unmanageable—insufficient way even to steer her, and she gradually turned around, heading north, while drifting to the south and east. In the afternoon, the wind began to blow lightly and at 4 p.m. we reset the main and were under way close-hauled on the starboard tack.

To the west there was a beautiful sunset, with the sun "setting up its backstays" as the low rays poked through holes in the clouds. About 8:30 p.m. we observed a brilliant rosy-red display of the aurora borealis to the northeast. At 9 p.m. the wind slacked off again and our spirits began to be somewhat dampened. This was our seventh day out and we thought we'd be in San Francisco by now.

It was the same on Monday — fluky winds — but we managed to hold her on the starboard tack. The cook surprised me with a birthday cake and I had just cut it when the mate hollered into the galley, "Give us a pull, fellas, huh!" We went on deck and wore ship to the port tack by dropping the headsails and swinging the spanker over with the boom tackle. The stern gradually came around and at 7 p.m. we were 207 miles from the Farallon Light, course S by W 1/4 W. We logged only 58 miles. The Frisco weather report didn't boost our morale: light coastal winds, 7 to 15 miles per hour.

On Tuesday, the wheel was lashed in becketts, unattended, for short periods. The Thayer drifted around, heading north once again as if trying to return to her birthplace, the old shipyard at Fairhaven, in Humboldt Bay. We were still about 200 miles from the San Francisco Lightship, after having drifted considerably off course.

At 10 a.m. on Wednesday, a modern innovation, the coffee break, was instituted in an effort to boost morale. It had the opposite effect, however, for it provided an opportunity to give vent to our grumbling about faulty winds. The God of Winds must have been listening, for by noon the wind was blowing between 15 and 20 miles per hour and the Thayer was sailing four knots with a bone in her teeth.

We were making too much westing, so after lunch we attempted to tack ship. She would not come. At 3:30 in the afternoon we were still trying. It wasn't difficult to understand the decided advantage a propeller-driven craft has when it comes to ease of maneuvering. The attempts to tack were accompanied by much running back and forth, letting headsails go on the run, etc. As we came up on one occasion, the inner jib pendant parted — the mousing on the sister hook slid around and the sail's slatting shook it off.

Finally, at 4:30, we wore ship and were flying on the starboard tack with the wind now blowing about 30 miles an hour. In trimming the jibs there was little room to haul because of the narrow deck space forward by the house. The wind continued to freshen and we noticed the lee standing rig-

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ON THE SKIPPER'S BOOKSHELF



ABOARD AND ABROAD by Harvey S. Olson. 1958 (4th edition). 672 pages, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{3}{4}$. \$4.95. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York.

IF I were planning a trip to Europe in the immediate future, I can imagine the innumerable lists I'd be making of things to do, and see, and not to forget. Or I would if I hadn't been lucky enough to have this book dropped off on the bookshelf. You can save a lot of paper and pencils—and eliminate worry about whether you're forgetting something you should be remembering—by getting a copy. It's subtitled "Olson's complete travel guide to Europe, 1958-59."

I can't think of anything that might have been left out of this book. Have you decided to go by sea or by air? You'll find discussion of both ways—and lists of steamships and airlines. Do you know what clothes to take, or not to take? Do you know how much to try to see in the time that's available for your trip? Several itineraries are suggested, both for those who have already been to Europe and for those going for the first time.

Suppose you are going by ship. There's sound advice here on what to wear, what to do, how much to tip—for first-class, cabin or tourist passengers. There are interesting chapters on dining out in Europe, with lists of restaurants and comments on what they're like, and whether they're for the extravagant or for the budget-minded. The book even tells you what you're eating when you order *cervelle de veau au beurre noir*. There are lists of recommended hotels—graded de luxe, superior and good—and shopping guides and miscellaneous directions aplenty.

Even though you're not going to Europe right away, you can have a lot of fun just reading this book. Next to taking the trip, the anticipation of it will be enjoyment enough.

I know what I'd do with my own personal copy—I'd make it a notebook and diary and reference work, even though the binding might be worn out when the trip is over. For there are thumbnail sketches of the countries you'll be visiting, and even shopping lists and currency information. The appendix lists holidays and special events in European countries, and addresses of steam-

ship, airline and travel offices where you can get further information. This is a book that will more than repay you the initial price in use, prepared by a man who has made traveling his business for 29 years. There's a lot of advice in these pages, but he's the first one to tell you to take it for what it's worth. You don't have to follow *Aboard and Abroad* to the letter, but you'll welcome it as a guide to how to get the most for your money—both in satisfaction and in the strict sense of the phrase.

* * *

Just for fun, if you know someone who's just about ready to push off on a trip, or even one who's just back, send him a copy of Bill O'Malley's latest cartoon book, *Bon Bon Voyage* (\$1, Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.). There's sure to be a few cartoons that will strike home, and there'll be many chuckles when they do.

PACIFIC TUGBOATS by Gordon Newell and Joe Williamson. 1957. 191 pages. 8 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$8.75. Superior Publishing Co., 2809 Third Ave., Seattle 11, Wash.

A TUGBOAT is something like a caboose—you always look for it, but it doesn't get your full admiration. In the case of the caboose, the honors go to the engine up front; in the case of the tug, to the liner it might be pushing around. A tugboat, of course, is a workboat. She's not supposed to be looking for glory. So it takes someone like the authors of this book to dig down into the history of seafaring and come up with the details of drama, comedy and tragedy in what seems to be a routine kind of existence.

Readers of *SHIPS AND THE SEA* know better, of course. The rescue of the Yorkmar by the seagoing tug *Salvage Chief*, included in this book, first appeared in the magazine. That served to give notice of what tugs can do. But even in their less-exciting everyday tasks, the smaller and stubbier-looking workhorses have adventures of one kind or another to tell. Not the least is how and where they got their start in life. For instance, the great Foss fleet traces its ancestry back to a rowboat, and a secondhand one at that.

The Beaver, first steamboat on the west coast, became the first tug as well. There have been many changes

Continued on page 60

ging was very slack. Being new, it had stretched and the seizings around the masts were being pulled into place. The sheer poles were removed and the rigging screws tightened.

With mist on the horizon, visibility was now about three miles. The wind was singing a weird song through the rigging, but the sails were taut, doing their work silently. Yesterday the two dories on deck were moved out of their lashings next to the bulwarks, so that part of the waist could be scraped and painted. There was now a scramble to relash them and to remove everything loose from the decks.

Darkness closed in. We were now a small, straining world unto ourselves. The radio transmitter ceased working.

And so this Wednesday, which began so disgustingly peaceful with very little wind, emerged finally as a lion. The darkness seemed to accentuate the vessel's motion. There was no slatting of gear aloft now under this press of wind—just the whine of the rigging and the occasional whipping of a belayed halliard.

The pin rails around the bulwarks were rotten in spots; therefore we found it wise to belay to two pins instead of one. Stoppers were also secured from ringbolts to the throat and peak halliards on the pin rail, just in case anything did give away.

Though the transmitter was out, we could still receive messages. Captain Raynaud received notice of southeast storm warnings with winds to 35 from Cape Blanco to Point Arena. It was blowing a good 40 or better at sea, and the schooner was sailing close-hauled on the starboard tack, course E by N, logging 7 knots. She was behaving very well, not working and taking no water. The rain descended upon us.

By midnight the ship was driving hard, taking seas over the bows. The lookout retreated from the forecandle head into the comparative comfort of the dory lashed to the boat skids in the way of the fore shrouds.

Little sleep was had by the watch below. The sudden jerking and straining of the vessel made it difficult to stay in the bunks. Solid water rushed up the hawse pipes and found its way into the forecandle, spilling into bunks and onto the deck. Curses and jerking oil lamps prevailed not a whit, as each man was trying to alter the course of the stream away from his bunk or find a dry spot. A 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -gallon foam fire extinguisher broke away and shot its wad unmercifully into the midst.

The radio then reported that a gale was blowing between Point Arena and Cape Blanco; we were in a position to believe it!

At 4 a.m. on Thursday, the barometer had fallen to 29.7. We were constantly taking seas over the bow, the forecandle had long since lost its comfort, and the dishes in the galley were making a horrible racket. I lay in my bunk, fighting for that last hour's sleep, when about 5 o'clock I heard the bow lookout call above the gale, "Light on the port bow!" The three bells in quick succession sounded strange, alarming after one has been used to bells in groups of two.

KNOWING that we were heading on an inshore tack, the forecandle seemed a particularly poor place to be. I dressed quickly and ran on deck. The dawn was pea green; the driving rain made everything have a certain sameness. The watch was in dripping, shiny oilskins, trying to control the gaff as the foresail was lowered. I tailed onto the gaff downhaul with four others; a turn was taken around a pin in the weather rail and we hastily hauled in the slack as the gaff swung toward us.

In our haste, the line came off the pin. The ship rolled to leeward and the downhaul came taut, throwing all five of us across the deck. The bosun was first man up and caught the line again as we rolled to windward. It came taut and slammed him into the bulwark, dazing him. As he stood up, it was on the backswing and caught him across the side of the head, almost knocking him down again.

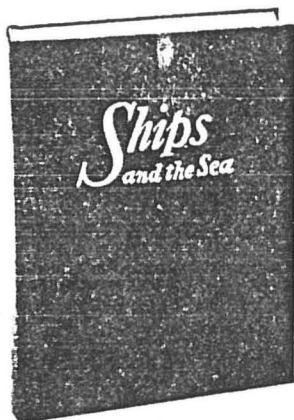
The mate's voice boomed out: "C'mon fellas, snug that gaff down before the sail blows outa her!" But the gaff would not be snugged, and it thrashed violently from side to side completely out of control, whereupon the mate calmly eased up along the rail, took the peak halliard coil off the pin and slowly lowered the peak of the gaff over the rail. A bull rope was thrown around it to secure it temporarily.

"Up for'd now, eh!" was the call, "and take in the inner jib! Two of you go up and tail onto the downhaul." I ran up to the forecandle head with the second mate. It was then that I saw the flashing light of Point Cabrillo, now on our starboard bow and shining brightly through the rainy dawn. This is a 15-mile light, and by this time we had probably run half that distance inshore.

"Haul your guts out!" cheered the Danmark man. Down came the sail and the watch went out on the jib boom to fust it in.

Gradually we got everything off but her "jumbo" or fore stays'l. This got the way off her, stopped her mad dash inshore, and wore the head around to the north on the southeast gale.

The next job was to reef the spunk-



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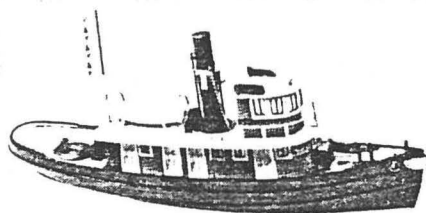
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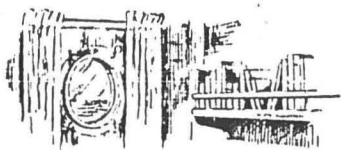
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ON THE SKIPPER'S BOOKSHELF



Continued from page 58

since then, not so much in hull form as in power—for the switch from steam to diesel changed the character of the tugs. This book is a fine tribute to the men who have manned tugboats on the Pacific from the Beaver on down.

SHANGHAIED by Alfred Fielding. 1957. 139 pages, 5½ x 8. \$2.75. Greenwich, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

HERE'S a novel with special appeal for boys from 11 to 16. The setting is Chesapeake Bay in the 1880's, and the plot revolves around the adventures of three boys just out of high school who go off on a summer cruise. Crisfield, Md., was a well-known fishing port even then, and hundreds of small craft gathered there to outfit ships for the brief fishing season. There was always a labor shortage in the oystermen, and some skippers were not above getting a crew any way they could. How Buck, John and Ells, of Baltimore, get involved in adventure with the fishermen makes exciting reading for youngsters.

U. S. STANDARD CARGO AND PASSENGER SHIPS 1938-1956 by A. Wetterhahn and H. Schunemann. 1957. 94 pages, 11½ x 8¼. \$4.50 (paper cover). Eckardt & Messtorff, Hamburg 11, Beim alten Waisenhaus 1 (Neptunhaus).

THE place of the merchant fleet of the United States within the world's merchant fleet is important enough to merit publication in Germany of this book. There are 192 side-view drawings of the various types of ships to 1:1000 scale. Nearly 5000 ships are listed in these pages, with explanations of the building program during and since the war. The lists in the book consist of all launched vessels during the dates specified, including war losses and vessels out of service. Addenda actually makes the publication complete up to December 1957.

Arrangement of the ships is by type—C1, C2, C3, etc.—and all vessels built by the same yard are listed in sequence. Alphabetical lists of the standard, Victory and Liberty ships follow the type classifications and drawings. Any German text is followed by the English translation. Gross tonnages are given in the al-

phabetical lists, and where this information does not appear, the ship is no longer listed in Lloyd's. The drawings are an important feature of this book and will prove of value to many readers.

Brief Book Notes

More and more attention is being given to containerization as it applies to transportation of general cargo on ships. As part of a study on ways to improve systems of carrying cargo, a partial bibliography has been compiled and is now available. For a free copy, write to the Maritime Cargo Transportation Conference, National Research Council, 2101 Constitution Ave., Washington, D.C., and ask for Publication 558—*Containerization in Maritime Transportation of General Cargo*.

* * *

Now available is the 15th edition of *The Bluejacket's Manual* (\$3, U. S. Naval Institute, Annapolis, Md.). This book is the basic source of information on all phases of Navy life for the enlisted man, and with this publication it has served the Navy for well over 50 years.

* * *

The Naval Architecture of Small Craft by D. Phillips-Birt (\$15; Philosophical Library, Inc., 15 E. 40th St., New York 16, N.Y.) specifically applies the fundamentals of naval architecture to ships of about 120 feet in length or less, and does it in a very practical manner. There are numerous types of craft which come under this classification, among them patrol, pilot boats, fishing, research vessels, and yachts. Many photos are of English craft, but of course the information applies to all small vessels.

* * *

You can cross the North Sea and sail down the rivers of France to the Mediterranean with Goran Schildt, if you enjoy armchair cruises in a small ketch. *In the Wake of a Wish* (\$3.75; John de Graff, 31 E. 10th St., New York 3, N.Y.) was translated from the Swedish by Alan Blair, and tells of a pleasant voyage through a part of France few people see.

Also from John de Graff comes another book on *The World Beneath the Waves*, this one by Dr. Gilbert Doukan (\$6), translated by A. and R. M. Case. The author reviews the past history of exploration of the deep, and shows that with recent developments and the growing interest in skin diving, future scientific research in this new world looks promising.

er. We were now rolling tremendously and all hands had difficult work of it, gathering in the excess sail—tough as rawhide—and passing the reef points through the grommets and under the boom. The sail was then reset, the wheel secured in becketts, and we hove to.

The mainsail required some patching and several men were designated the task. "All right, the rest of you get something to eat," said Dickerhoff. I still don't know how the cook did it, but there was hot oatmeal and coffee for breakfast.

And then another ancient rite of the sea was observed . . . and with reason. The skipper entered the galley with a damp grin on his face and a fifth of rum in his starboard paw. "Splice the main brace, boys! This'll warm your innards!" A jigger was poured in each coffee cup and we took on a little ballast.

Gradually the fore was reefed and set and the Thayer began to make a little way. Hercules, up forward, was wet through and wouldn't start. During the storm, consequently, all sail was set by hand.

"Well," wisecracked the mate, "you can write in your diary that you hove to in a full gale today . . . and I mean a full gale."

At noon, another miracle—roast and potatoes, with the cook standing guard against the oven door to keep it from swinging off.

In the afternoon the wind slackened considerably. The inner jib and the mainsail were set and the reef shaken out of the fore and spanker. We were sailing again offshore and it was 5 p.m. We had been on deck 12 hours muscling around with hardly a breather. Such is Jack's life under sail, Sputnik or no. Four or five hands were down sick, what with the beating we had taken all day.

FRIDAY, September 27, we awoke to clearing weather but a heavy sea; the cross swells were making it rough. The ship still rolled considerably and at noon we didn't have enough wind to tack. We wore ship and coiled down by 2 p.m. We were now sailing ESE, which was as close to the wind as she'd come, even though it was north of the desired course. Before wearing, we were headed too far west of south.

Mattresses, sleeping bags and wet clothing hung in the rigging. What little breeze there was fell to nothing in the evening and the gear aloft once again slatted, the sails swinging idly from side to side. A beautiful new moon greeted us from the southwest, but somehow it was no substitute for wind and by Saturday morning the mainsail—that old familiar sail—

was again on deck for more patching.

Our position, after almost two weeks out, was more than 150 miles from San Francisco, still north of Point Arena. Many of the volunteer crew were overdue on their jobs, had stretched their vacations to the limit, and our food was running low.

The cook, who doubles in electronics ashore, rigged a new antenna after discovering the one installed in Seattle had grounded out along the chain plate and wet hull. With the radio (both transmitter and receiver) working once again, we contacted the Coast Guard at Eureka at 7 p.m. and learned that its tug Avoyel, outbound to San Francisco, would gladly give us a tow until we found wind.

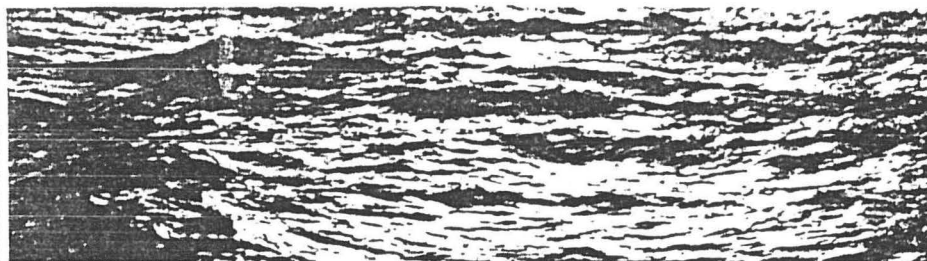
The vessel was contacted and stated she would be alongside by 11:15 in the evening. She arrived in the darkness with a brilliant mercury vapor light dispelling it and lighting up the area as if it were daytime. By the appointed time, one of her whaleboats had left two large canvas bags of grub with us and we were under tow on 700 feet of 8"-circumference nylon, well padded and turned around our pawl bitt. A heavy fog closed in.

The sea had had its turn; now it was the bosun's. After a poor night's sleep (he was still suffering from being thrown into the bulwark), he roused out the idlers Sunday morning and borrowed the deck watch to turn to again. The weather that day was bright and calm.

A clear starry night followed and the old familiar landmarks began showing up one by one. At 10 p.m. we were abeam Point Reyes Light, the Farallon (26-mile) Light glimmered on our starboard bow and Bodega Head on the port. Drake's Bay was soon abeam and on Monday, September 30, the Frisco Lightship was passed at 4:30 a.m.

The Bay City was awakening to a clear day as the Avoyel nosed us alongside Pier 43 at 7:40 a.m. Friends and relatives swarmed aboard; the womenfolk tested the cook's last batch of pancakes to see in what manner their men had been faring. All hands were called aft and Captain Raynaud signed off his volunteer crew by issuing each man a Coast Guard certificate of discharge and paying him one dollar. We were all thanked personally for our part in helping to restore the C. A. Thayer as a proud representative of the onetime large fleet of west coast windjammers.

I doubt that there was a man among us who will forget this passage of a windjammer on the Pacific Coast—nor who didn't take one last look behind as he toted his sea bag over the side to a waiting taxi.



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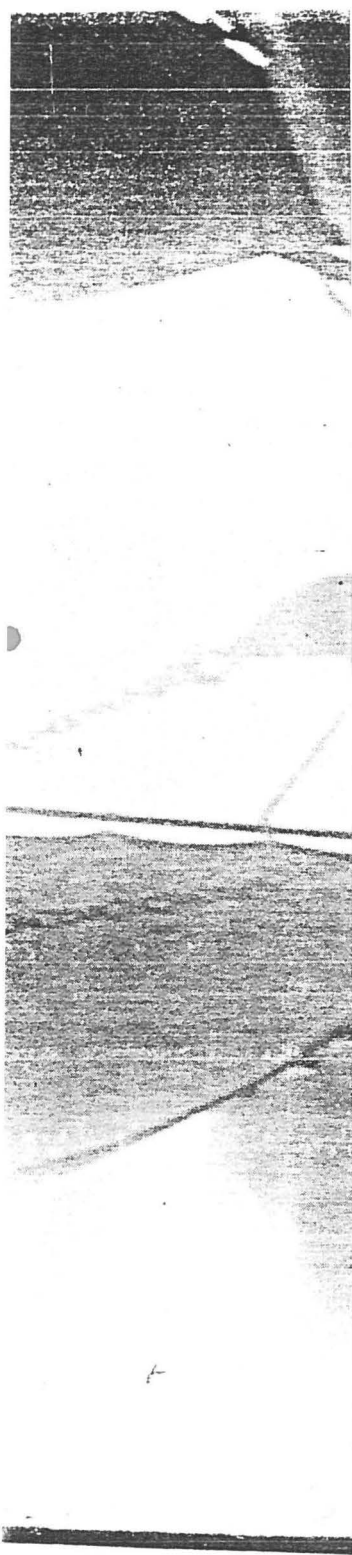
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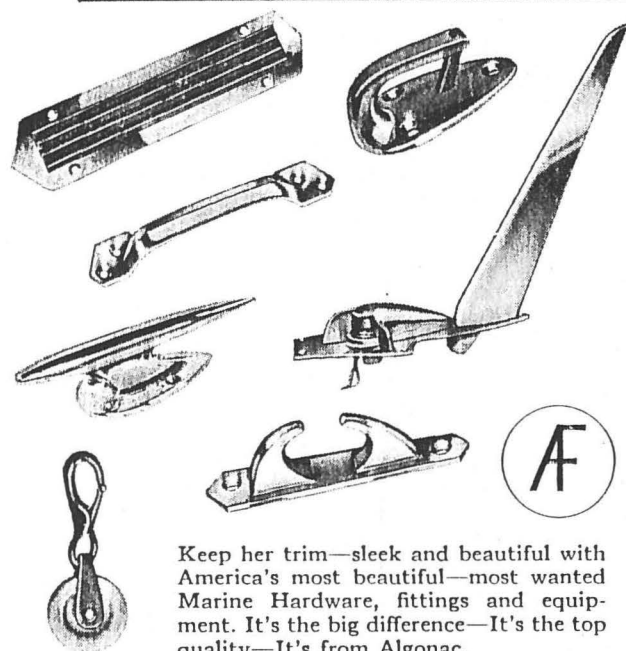
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TUSSLE OFF CAPE CABRILLO

(Continued from page 37)

keeping a weather eye out for the flailing chain pendant. Then four reinforcements joined him on the pitching head rigging and it was a slow, arduous task to pass the gaskets. All hands returned safely as darkness, mist and the wind made up in earnest.

Well, wind we had been asking for! in all the ways that sailors know. Since leaving Flattery our progress had been slow on unsteady zephyrs that were but the whim of the equinox. While but only two hours off the end of the Trojan's towline, our fore gaff jaw had split with the banging and slatting occasioned by little or no wind—but always the continual Pacific swell. It was not until the third day out, and in the latitude of Gray's Harbor, that we had our first afternoon of good sailing. The log read 135 miles from Swiftsure and the weather was bright and clear, our speed between six and seven knots on a SSE course.

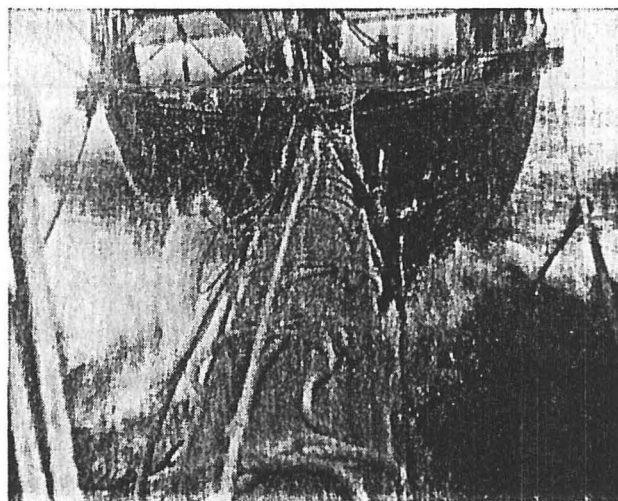
The fourth day out brought hopes of a fair passage when we ran a little better than 100 miles, noon to noon, and the weather held fine and clear but with the briskness a sailing ship deserves. Our fifth day showed a run of 130 miles and on Saturday, September 21, the C. A. Thayer showed her dusky heels by running ten knots in the 12 to 4 A.M. watch, averaging 9½!

And then we were left bobbing about the vast stretches of slick ocean as if we and our good ship had no place to go and nothing to do after we got there. The schooner became unmanageable. Absolutely no steerageway, senseless to stand a wheel watch. The wheel lashed in beckets. The wind had disappeared as quickly as it had come!—and just when we were on presumably the last tack into San Francisco, with a good Saturday's run of 158 miles!

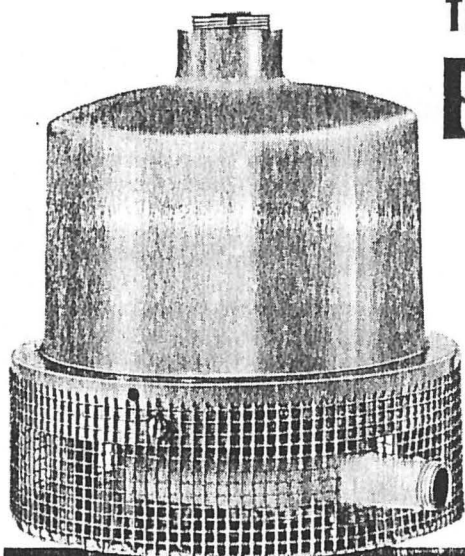
The bright, new masts were mercilessly attacked with knives by those who had heard this would bring it on to blow. Others whistled, until the hard-nosed bos'n informed them that silence, and only silence, would work. Neither plan worked, however, and it was not until modern planning, in the form of the coffee break, was instituted that we got wind. We had not been taking any morning breaks, had been working through until noon, trying to get the ship ready for her new life in San Francisco. But lack of wind is death to a sailing ship and disappointment to the crew, many of whom will be due back on their shore jobs in a day or two; the coffee break was a last resort to unite man and the elements in arbitration. And what ho! it came on to blow!

So the darkness closed in, the wind kept mounting and greenish black spray over the fore-castle head warned the bow lookout that the sea meant business.

The decks were cleared—and taut, now, with everything



Scene from out of the pages of history: Under proper conditions the old girl would log 10 knots with no difficulty.



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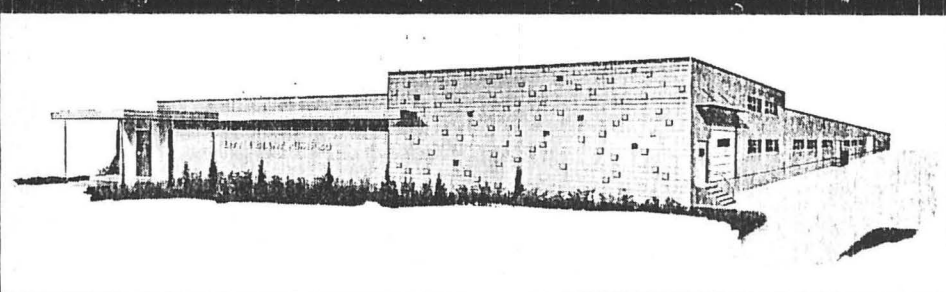
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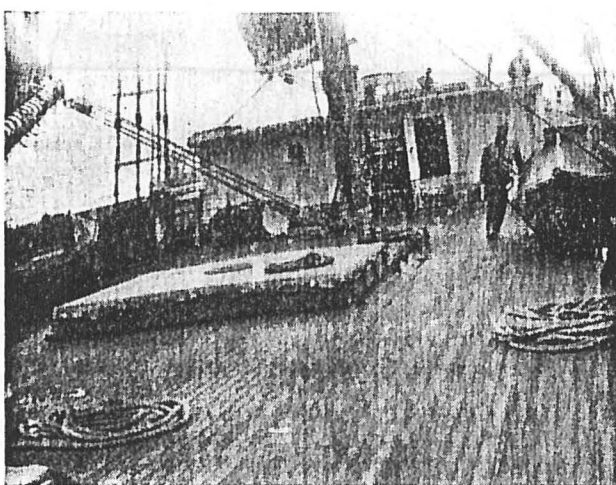
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movable secured to ringbolts along the bulwarks. A strange expectancy showed itself in the movements of the crew—half hope (that we would make a good, but not too rugged, run to the Bay) and half defiance, that said: "Bring it on, we're ready and waiting!"

The cook, Clark Turner, had a job on his hands, keeping pots and pans at-the-ready, yet off the deck. The oven door jumped its hinges as the Thayer nosed into a big green one, but the doctor was quicker and saved the meal. "Get me some coal," he chewed, and a couple of hands descended into the bowels of the dark forecabin, under the deck, to search with flashlights for the remains of black diamonds left from Bering Sea codfishing days. Dinner was a gem, as usual, flavored with typical Turner finesse, but there were some empty seats.



Not until the third day out, in the latitude of Gray's Harbor, did the Thayer find her first good sailing conditions.

A well-fed crew should be a happy crew, but the first mate wasn't exactly overjoyed. The situation was anything but mirth-provoking, for the wind was now making a song in the rigging, and it wasn't no waltz! The ship was in his hands now for it was his watch on deck. He made his rounds, checking for chafe to the running gear, studying sheets and boom tackles and occasionally muttering a word to the helmsman, clothed in dripping oilskins.

The dim light from the salon below illuminated the chronometer and it struck the half hour, quenched partly by the thrash of the sea and the strumming of tautly-belayed spanker halliards. The wheel watch, overly given to the task of steering the charging three-master, forgot to echo the clock's signal.

"Let's give a bell to the watch, huh!" spoke the mate beside him in gruff tones. The helmsman leaned forward and struck the bell on the cabin deck ahead of the wheel. Out of the darkness, 150 feet forward, came the hollow reply of the fore-castle bell and the call "Lights are bright, sir."

"Awright!" bellowed the mate, shouting into the gale driving into us off our starboard bow. We were running close-hauled on an inshore tack now; our previous course had been S by W to gain southing, but at the same time it was taking us too far west. So it was E by N and the old girl is making a good seven.

Captain Raynaud made his after-dinner check on the heaving poop and said we should be coming up with the land early in the morning.

"Have the lookout be extra sharp, mister mate," he cautioned as he descended the companion.

The mate had confidence in his lookout—a veteran of square rig and Cape Horn, who had now retreated into the comparative safety of one of the dories lashed to the boat skids over the forward house. But there was another concern at the moment. Should he shorten down in the darkness or trust that the sails and gear will carry their load until

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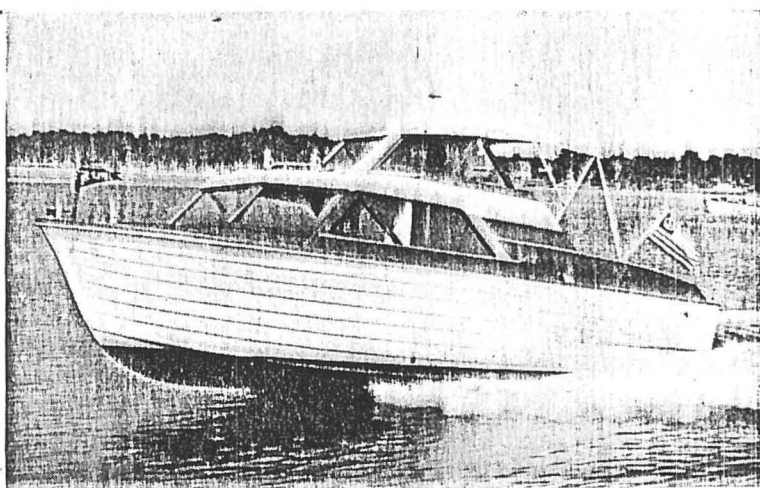
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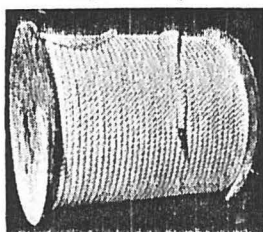
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daylight? More than half the crew is green. A reefing job at night could be suicide in these seas. So the mate, "Smilin' Jack" Dickerhoff, decides to carry on.

The ship carried her load well, though entirely without ballast except for our water in tanks in the hold. She drove ahead, burying her snout time after time, withstanding strong cross seas which hammered her headlong race toward San Francisco. Solid water spewed up out of the hawse pipes, hosing the forward house and finding its way below into the warmth of the forecabin. There was not one dry bunk left that night.

The forecabin was no longer peaceful—as it had been on warm, dry evenings, when all lights were out and the only water was outside the ship. The water was *inside* now and a swinging oil lantern or flashing light would occasionally bob "on," its owner seeking to better adjust himself to the aquatic, pristine nature of his surroundings.

The gale outside steadily increased, the rising tempo felt in the forecabin by a sudden lurch, or an elevator ride high up, or low down. The foremast groaned and squeaked, bending under its heavy canvas tower.

Wet, rain-pelted clothing was just as good as soggy pajamas to the watch turning in at midnight. The tired hands merely lay down on sodden "donkey breakfasts" and were soon steaming like clams.

Thursday, September 26 was but five hours old when the bow lookout sighted it through a sheet of almost horizontal, driving black rain. A flashing white light! It seemed to glimmer laughingly with the magnification of the raindrops; it also seemed quite close aboard! The lookout rang three bells in quick succession and called: "Light off the port bow!" The Thayer seemed for a moment like a helpless moth, drawn through the black of night to its own destruction.

The tempo on board suddenly changes. Those half-asleep in the forecabin can hear quickened footsteps on deck and a note of urgency in the calls of the watch.

To the afterguard, checking a damp chart with a flashlight on the heaving table in the salon, the flashes at first seem to indicate Point Arena—a 19-mile light. How do we get off the point? Do we wear ship or try to tack around? The Thayer could easily come up in irons, skidding about the sea, light as she is. And she's going a good seven (feels more like twelve!)—before we got her under way again we could be hard aground.

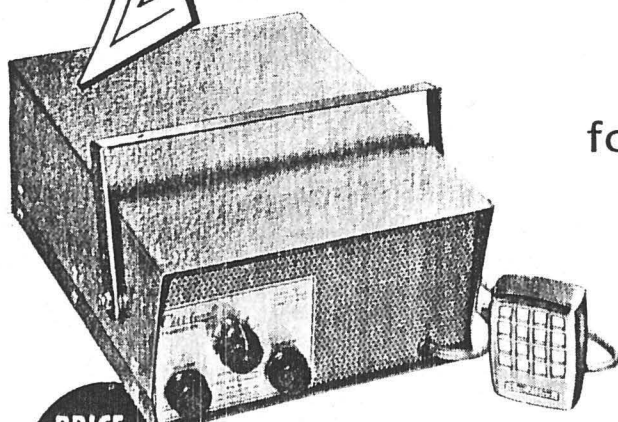
But there's something peculiar about the flashes. What's this? They conform to the 20-second flashes of Point Cabrillo—and that's only a 15-mile light! No telling how close ashore we are in this blackness. "Wear ship!"

The foresail halliards are slacked and as the big gaff-rigged tent descends slowly, the gaff begins to swing wildly. Five hands tail on the gaff downhaul (the heavy manila line affixed to the outboard end of the gaff, the only "controlling" line) and are thrown like peas from a pod across the hatch. The 40-foot stick will not be subdued. The flailing downhaul threatens to ensnare the men. (Continued on next page)

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Mr. Mate gets tired of shoveling sand against the tide and watches for an opening. In a moment he's at the peak halliard pin, slowly slacking off the line, and the outboard end of the gaff comes down across the bulwark rail. "All right! Get a bull rope around it now and then get the jib in! Lively now!!"

With the jib and foresail down, the head slowly swings around on the southeast gale. Then the main and the spanker are lowered and the "jumbo" or fore staysail is on its own to head the ship off the point of land.

Everyone Up for Reefing

The flashing light seems very close aboard but it's bearing ahead. She's coming around!

All hands (for even the sickest are out of their bunks) attack the heavy foresail, attempting to gather it in from the deck of the heaving forward house so that the reef points can be passed. The ship is still swinging and the rolling becomes terrific as we enter the trough of the sea. Reefing that sail on the slippery deck is almost an impossibility but the Danmark man leads the pack. We've got to get her reefed and set again before long or she'll roll her sticks out! Knowing that the chain plates are half-rusted through, this is not a comforting thought.

At least the deck watch could work in the breath-taking wind and driving rain. The cook wasn't so lucky. Already paled with a bad case of mal de mer he still managed, with grim determination, to fetch up a good breakfast of hot oatmeal and coffee while rolling through an arc of 60 degrees.

The spanker is reefed and set. We are now under staysail and reefed spanker and still taking the sea broadside. The mainsail is useless—on deck with numerous rips and tears, and all available hands turn to in sheets of rain to mend it. The after house scuppers no longer "run"; before the runoff leaves the pipe, almost, it is carried off horizontally by the wind.

Gradually, once the reefed foresail is set, the Thayer begins to make easier weather of it, but occasional heavy rolling almost ships seas over the waist. She has managed to claw safely out to sea and, as the tension eases a bit, the mate wisecracks:

"Well, you can write in your diary that you hove to in a full gale—and I mean a *full* gale!"

The wheel is in becketts and the vessel handles herself despite heavy seas. Then again, the unloped for becomes a reality, when Mr. Turner serves up a delicious noontime meal of roast and potatoes. Capt. Raynaud comes forward with a bottle of good Puerto Rican rum and another tradition is observed. "Splice the main brace."

Certainly not the best-looking sail in all saildom, nevertheless the mainsail gradually assumes a state of usefulness as the quiltwork of patches rises in number. It takes forty-two patches of assorted sizes and shapes to make it again "wind resistant." During the sewing operation it is difficult to hold on sometimes, what with the ship rolling so badly in heavy seas and wind estimated at 60 miles. The decks are awash and the large sail traps pools of water, making the job a kind of skin-diving operation.

On Deck for Twelve Hours

In the afternoon the wind slackens and the mainsail is ready for setting. Reefs are shaken out of the fore and spanker and the inner jib is also set. It is about 5:00 p.m. We have been on deck for a straight twelve hours, working as fast and as hard as we can, and at last our schooner is sailing once again, making gradual headway toward her last resting place, the San Francisco Maritime Museum.

It's hard to realize that this tussle off Cape Cabrillo wasn't a hundred years ago; but I recall, during the height of the storm, seeing a northbound steamer plodding on rather unconcernedly half a mile away. And I knew it was September, 1957, and that I was crazy.

TUSSLE OFF CAPE CABRILLO

By GORDON P. JONES

In September 1957 the three-masted schooner C. A. Thayer sailed from Puget Sound bound for 'Frisco. Her mission—delivery of the old craft, after 62 years' hauling lumber, trading in the South Seas, and codfishing in Bering Sea, to her final resting place at the San Francisco Maritime Museum. Baffled by light winds in early stages of the passage, the Thayer encountered a gale off Cape Cabrillo. How she weathered it, by wisely wearing ship as the light on Cabrillo flashed its warning through the murk, is the highlight of this yarn by "Chips" Jones.

It was Wednesday, September 25, about four o'clock in the afternoon. The weather had been changing rapidly in the last few hours. Brisk, rather clear forenoon; graying, determined afternoon, with visibility now about three miles and a heavy blanket of mist on the horizon.

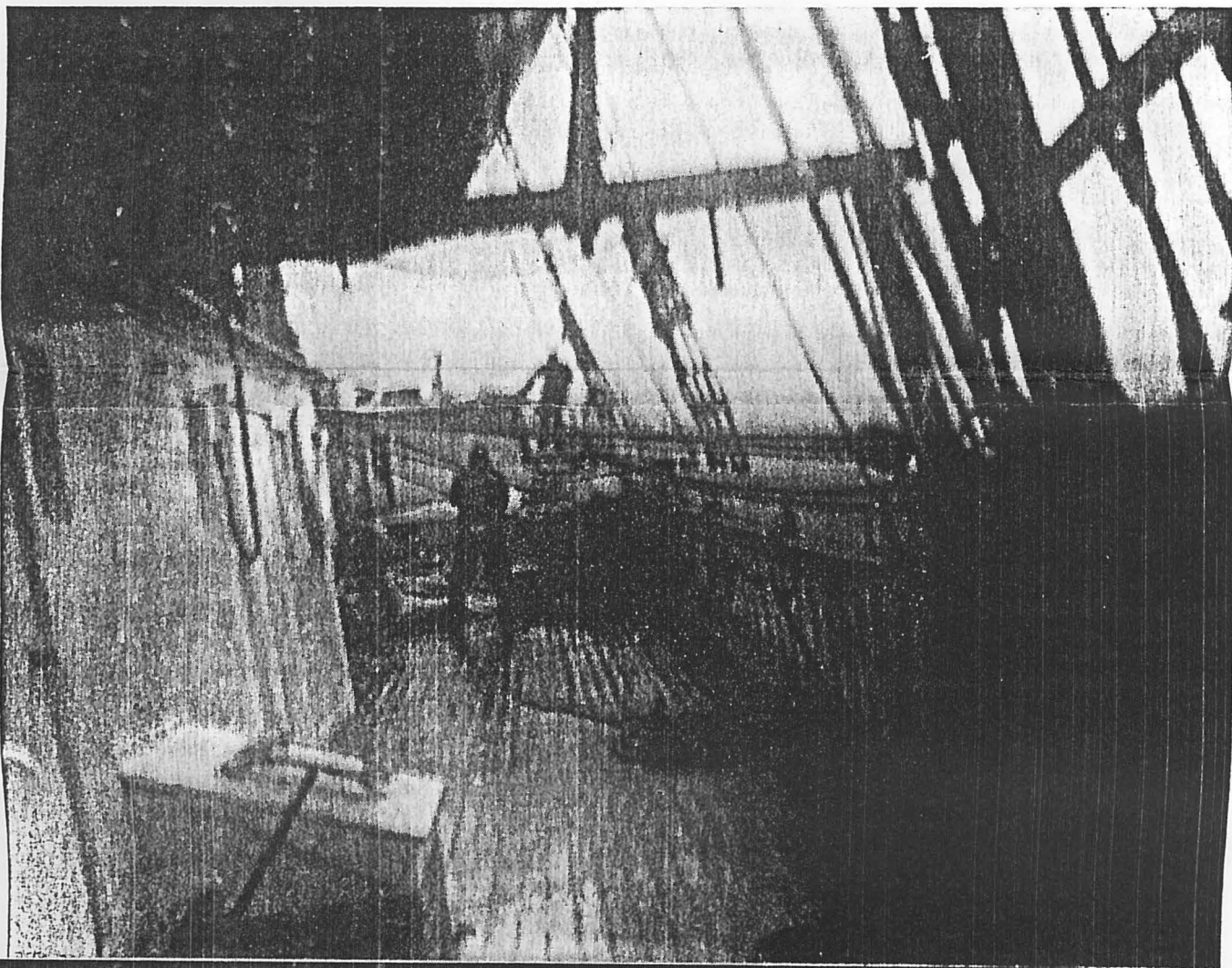
Captain Raynaud was under the poop, in a small unpretentious room with dirty paneling and hand-sawed fretwork rimming the perimeter like a soiled doilie. The radio phone and a set of batteries reposed on the spare bunk—more dead than alive. The transmitter was out, but it was still possible to receive messages.

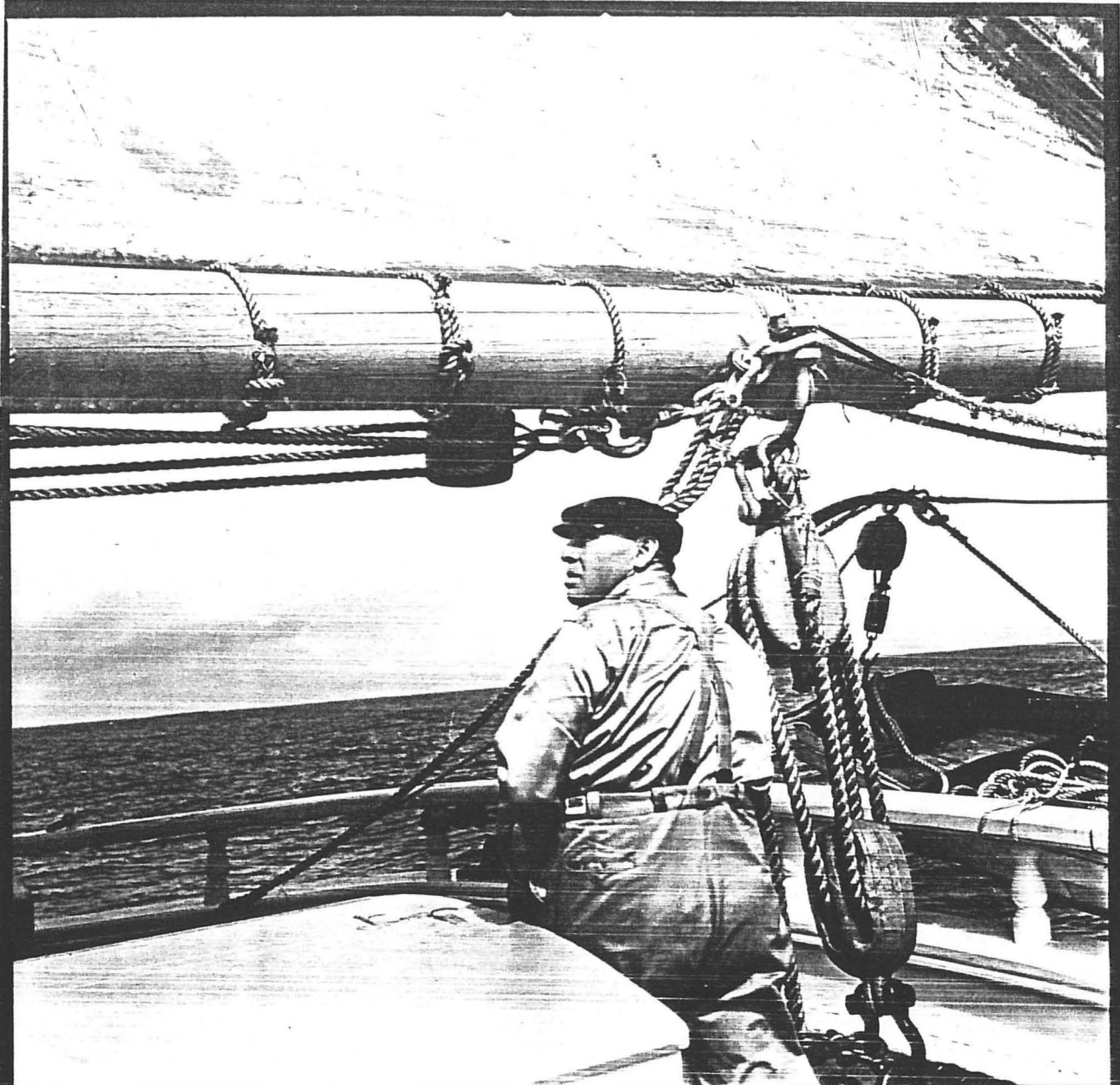
The captain's horny fist was more familiar with palm and needle, but careful tuning scooped in the weather report: "Southeast storm warning, Cape Blanco to Point Arena, winds to 35 miles per hour." The receiver sputtered and died, with the announcer saying something about heavy rains expected.

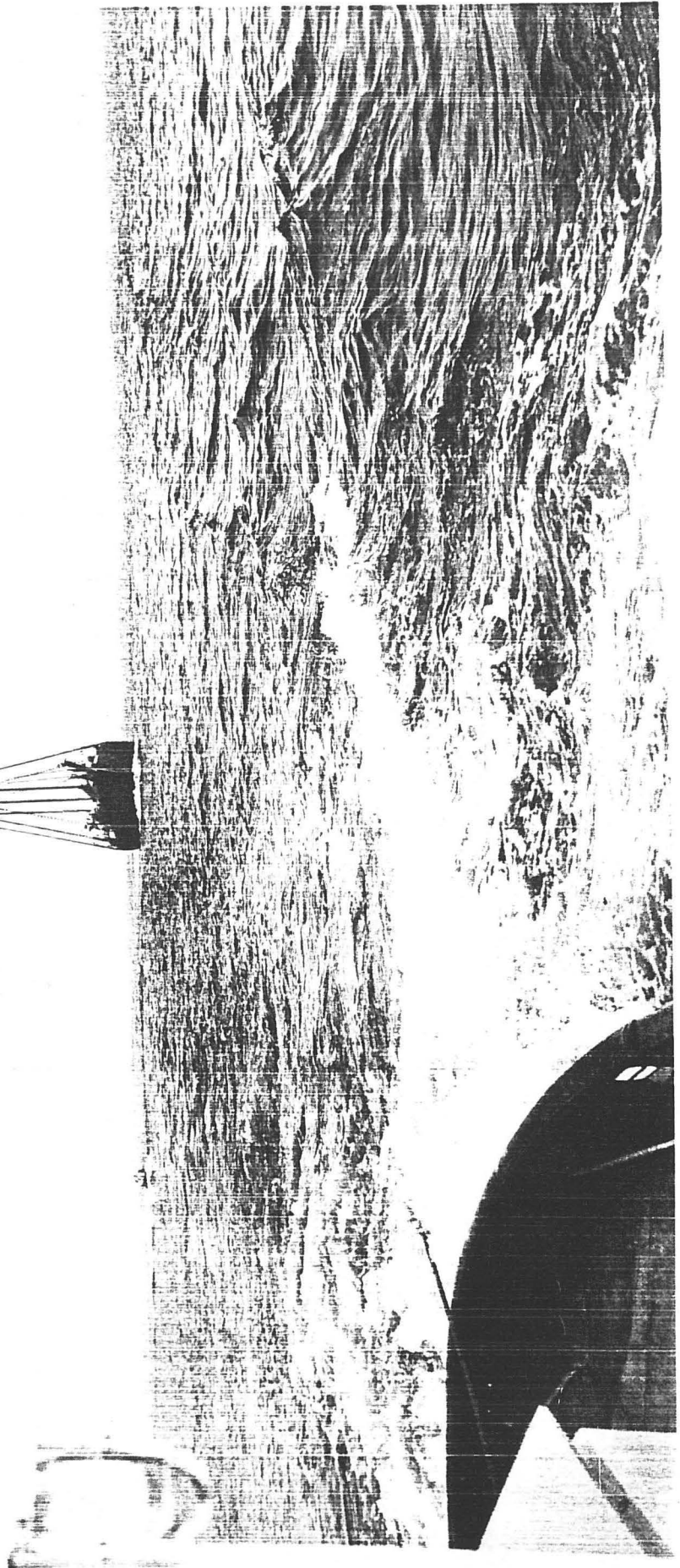
On deck, the watch was busy re-lashing the dories in the waist; they had been freed, and moved, to make way for painting. The carpenter gathered his tools and wood scraps and hurried toward the forward house.

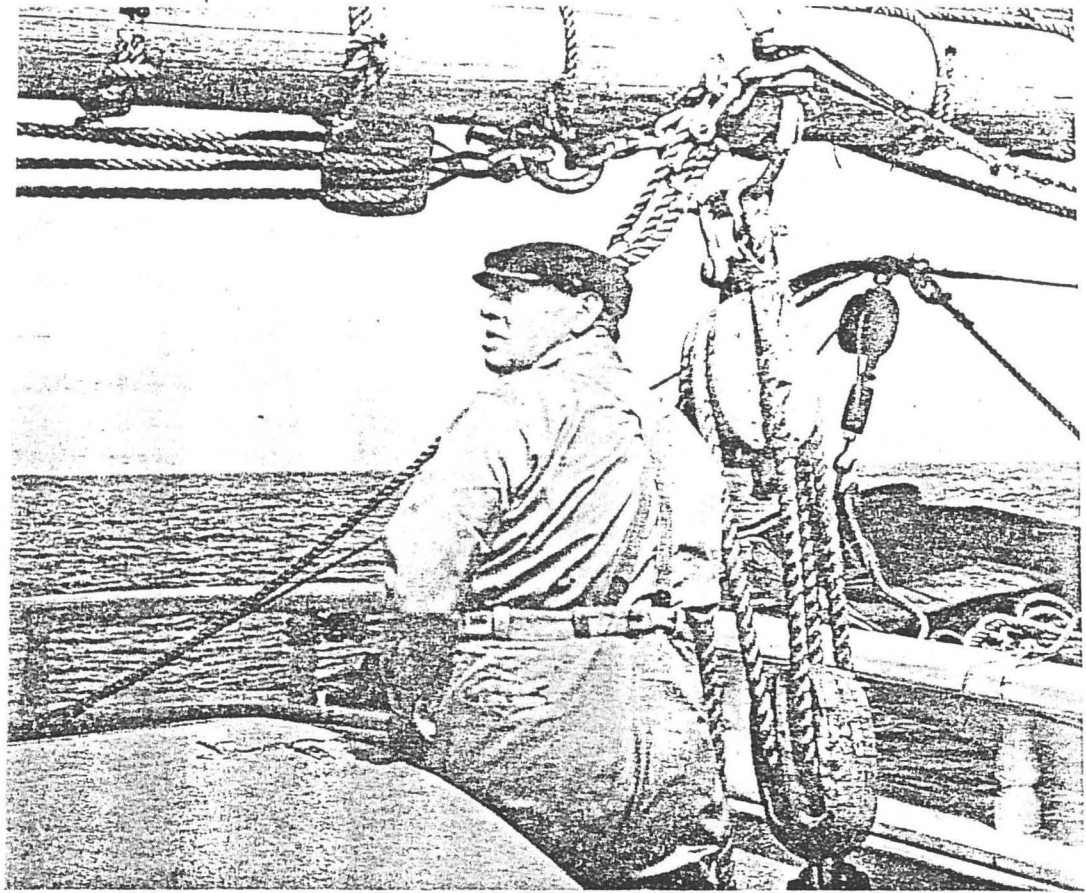
The big main sheet block no longer rose and fell gently on the rosette-like manila pad on the deck, as it did in light winds, with the schooner rolling. Now it was stationary, as if molded into one and only one position. The heavy sheet strained to hold the large main boom, to which was lashed the weatherbeaten main by fiddle-tight foot stops.

The sails aloft appeared like huge, pressed metal forms, motionless in their efforts to contain the mounting wind. The mate, walking the poop, squinted fore and aft from under a battered blue cap, a cap devoid of insignia or braid: What a contrast, he mused. From keel to deck, a 62-year-old windbagger badly showing her age from neglect. But aloft—(and he slowly raised his head, following the run of standing and running gear)—she's brand new. New, straight-grained Douglas Fir masts 108 feet from keel to truck and hardly a knot in 'em; brand

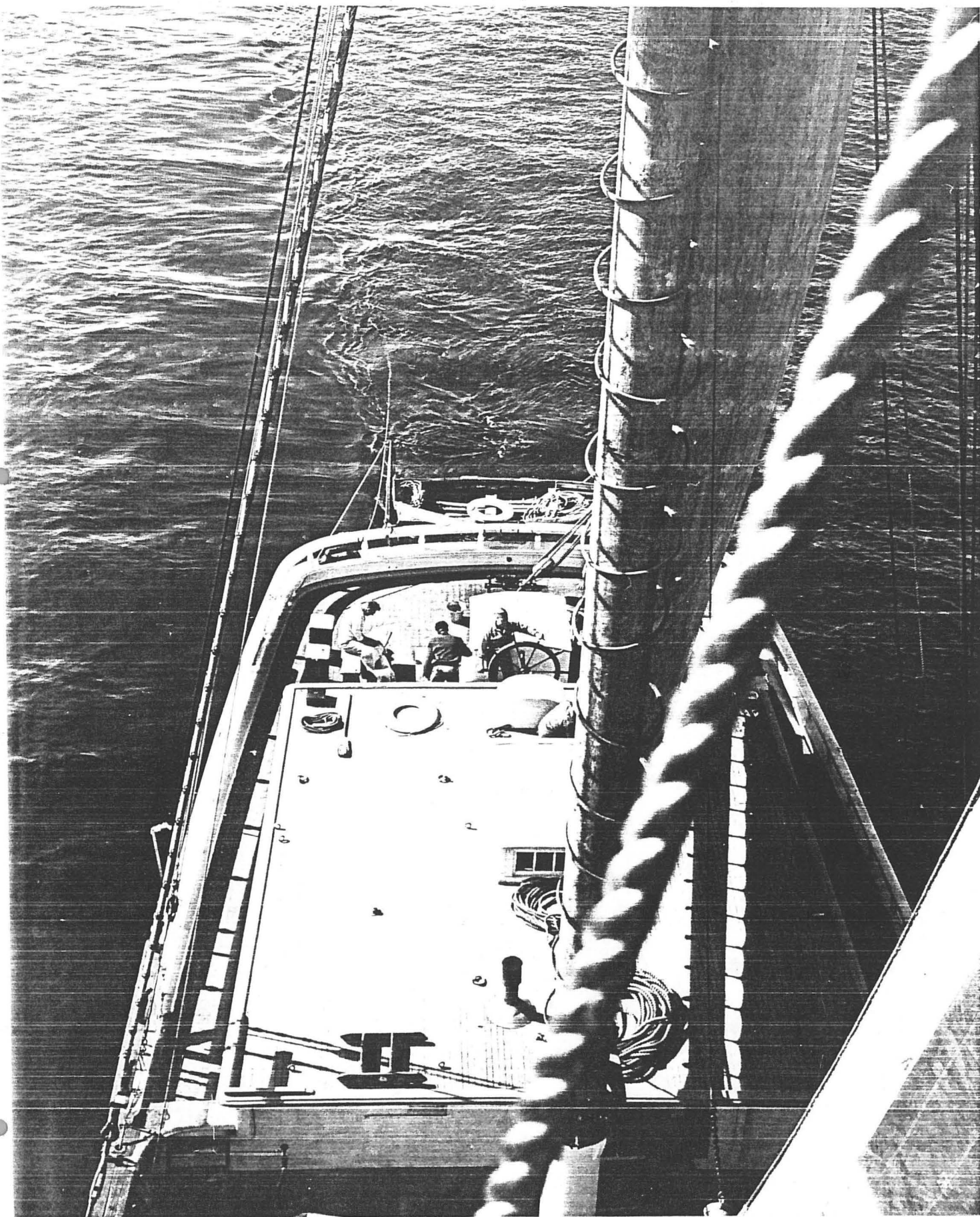


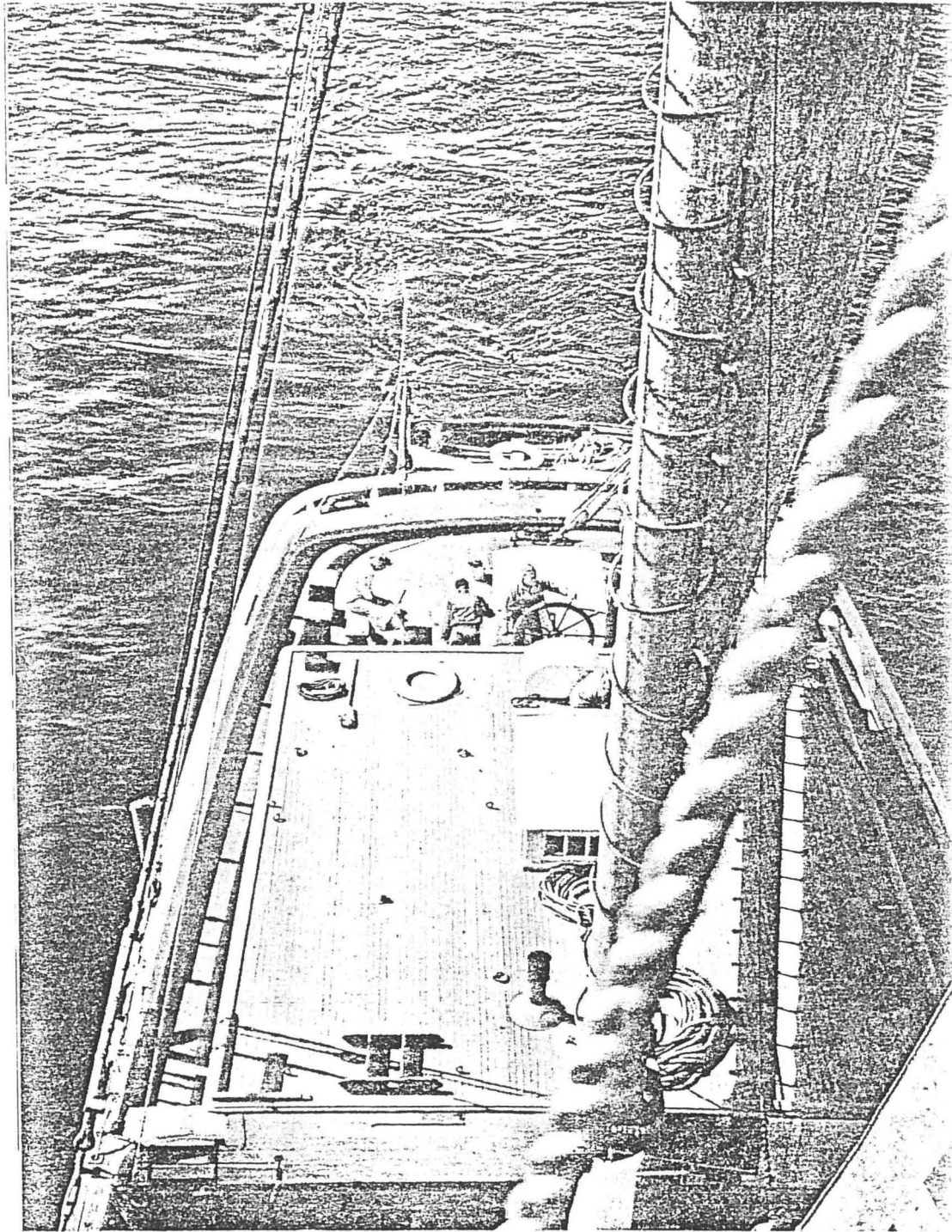




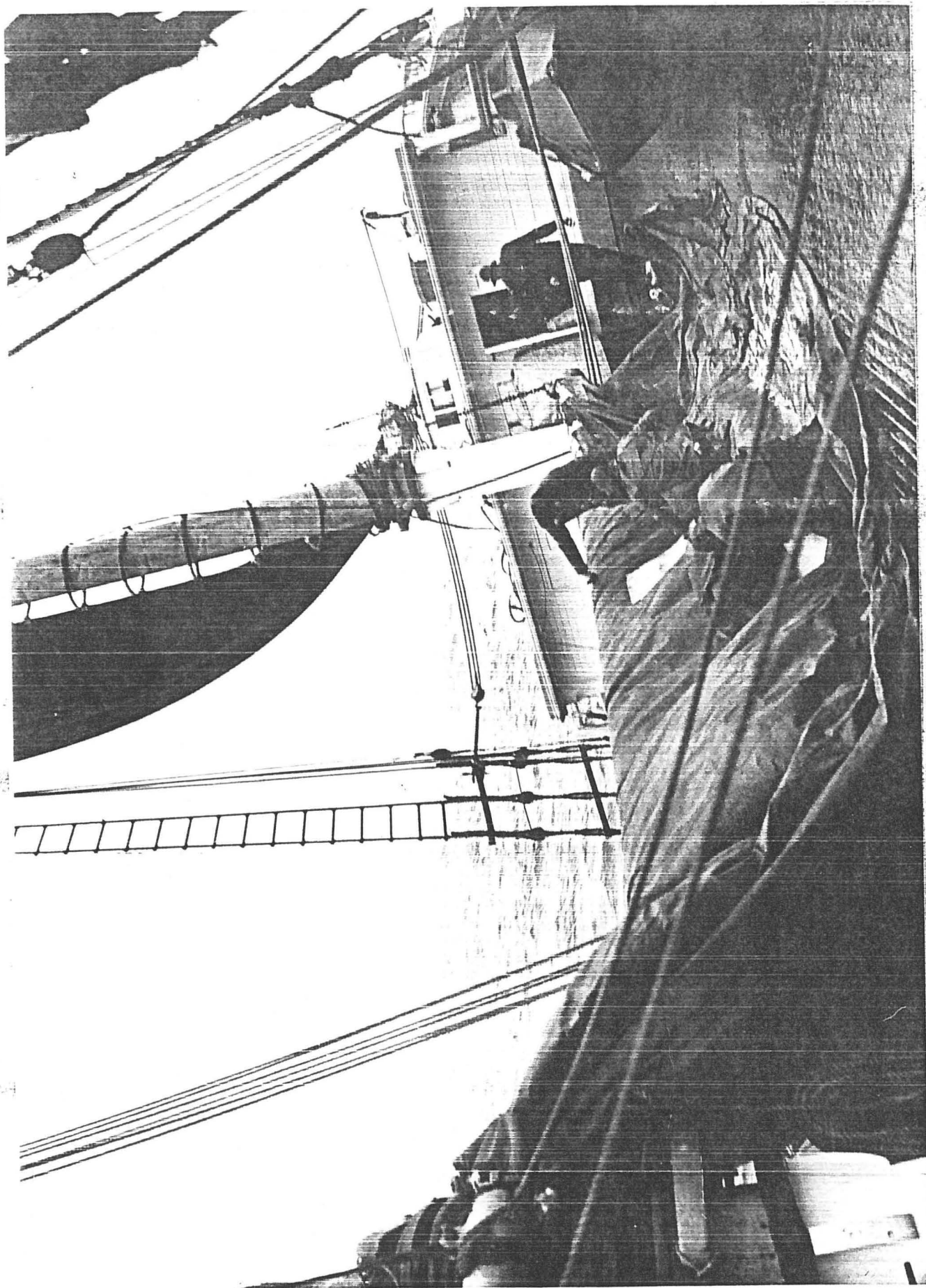


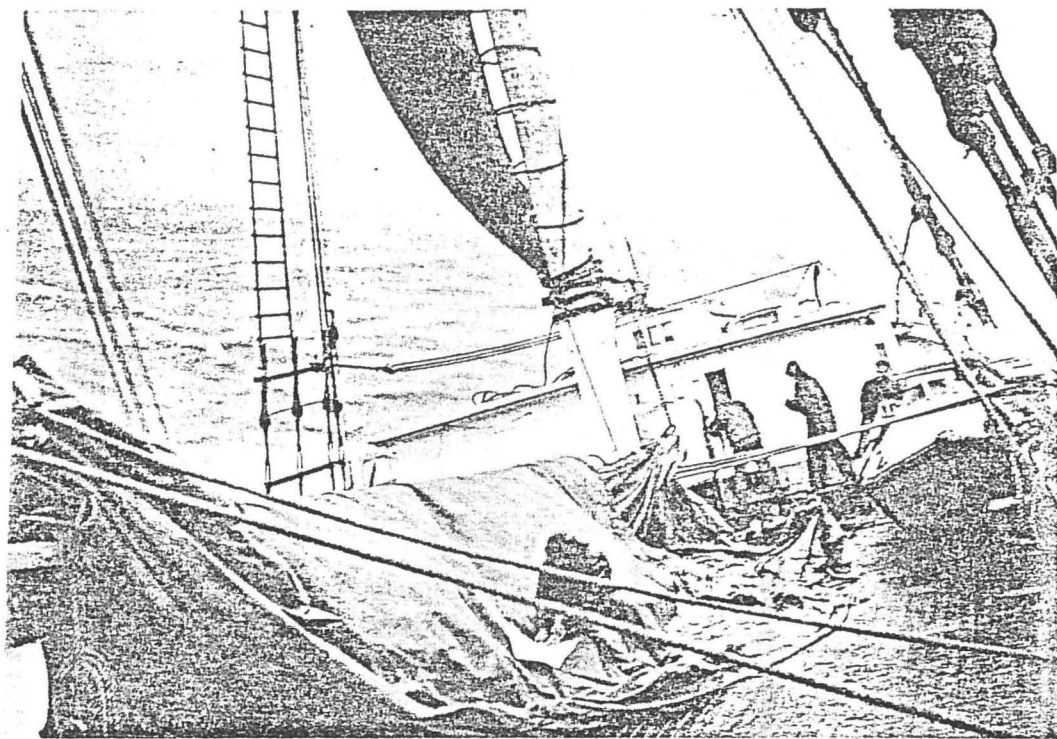
Close-hauled and not much wind . . . "And she still gets along at 3 or 3½." said the mate. "I'd call that the mark of a smart little ship."



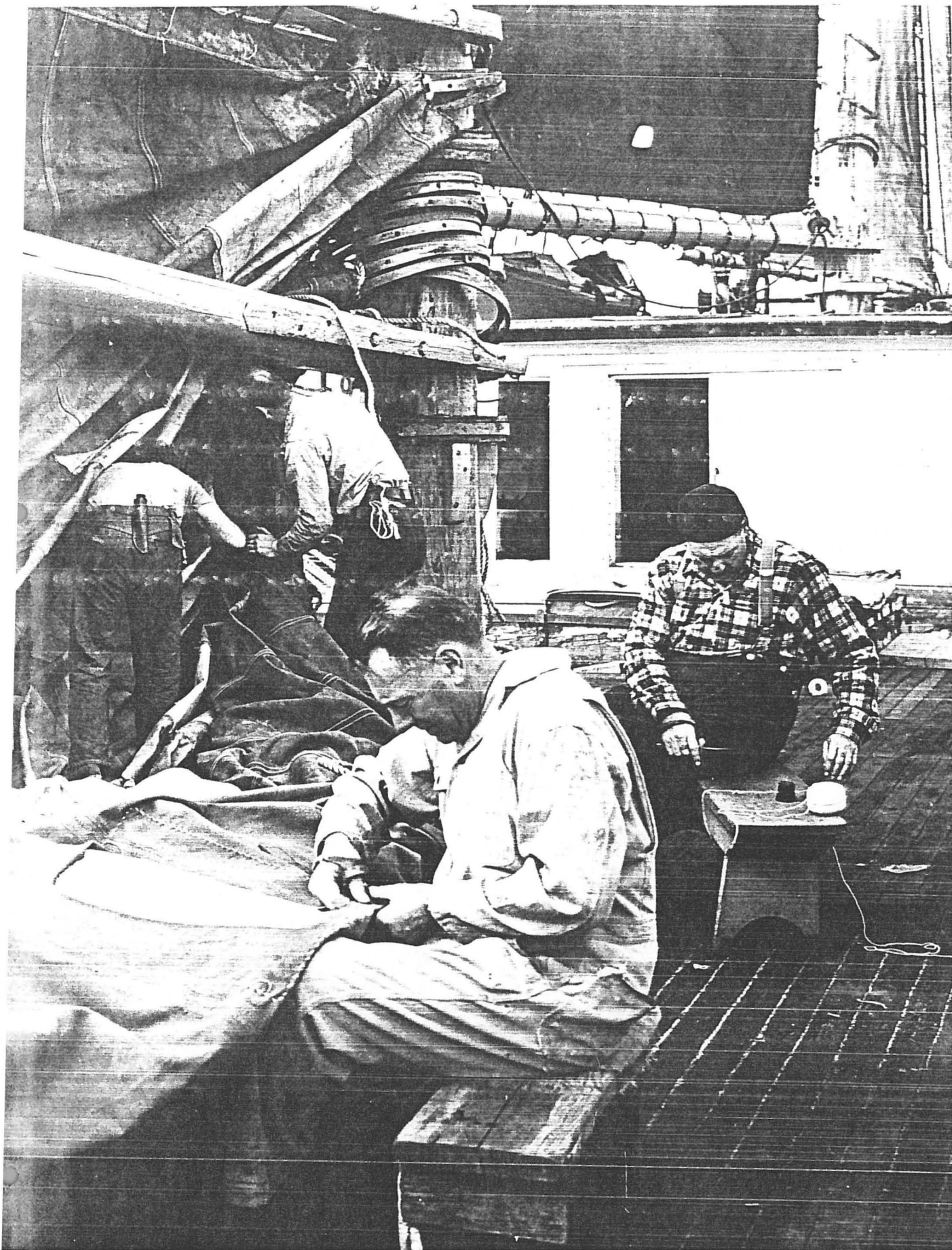


"Crew variously employed" . . . A busy ship is a happy ship.



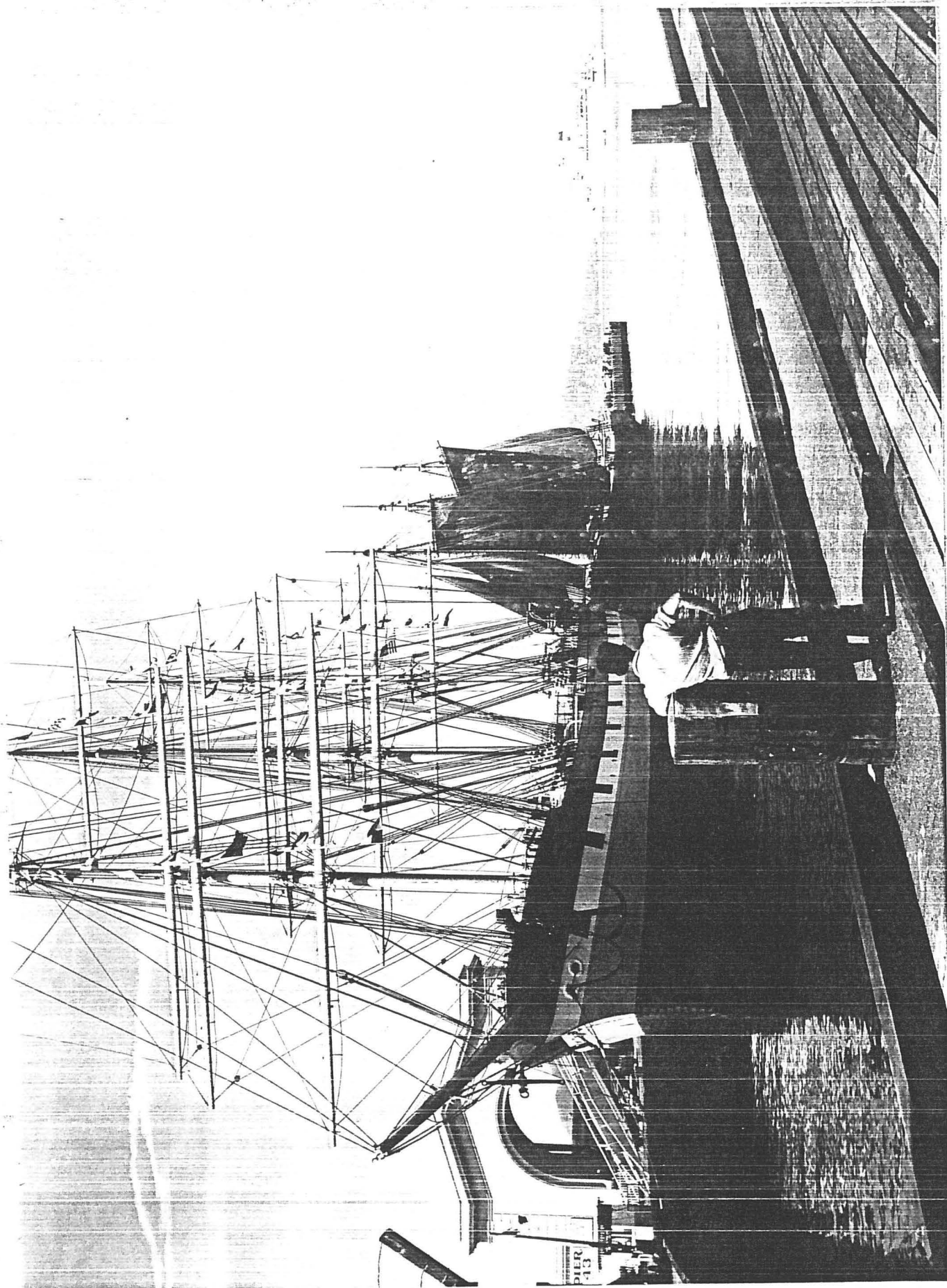


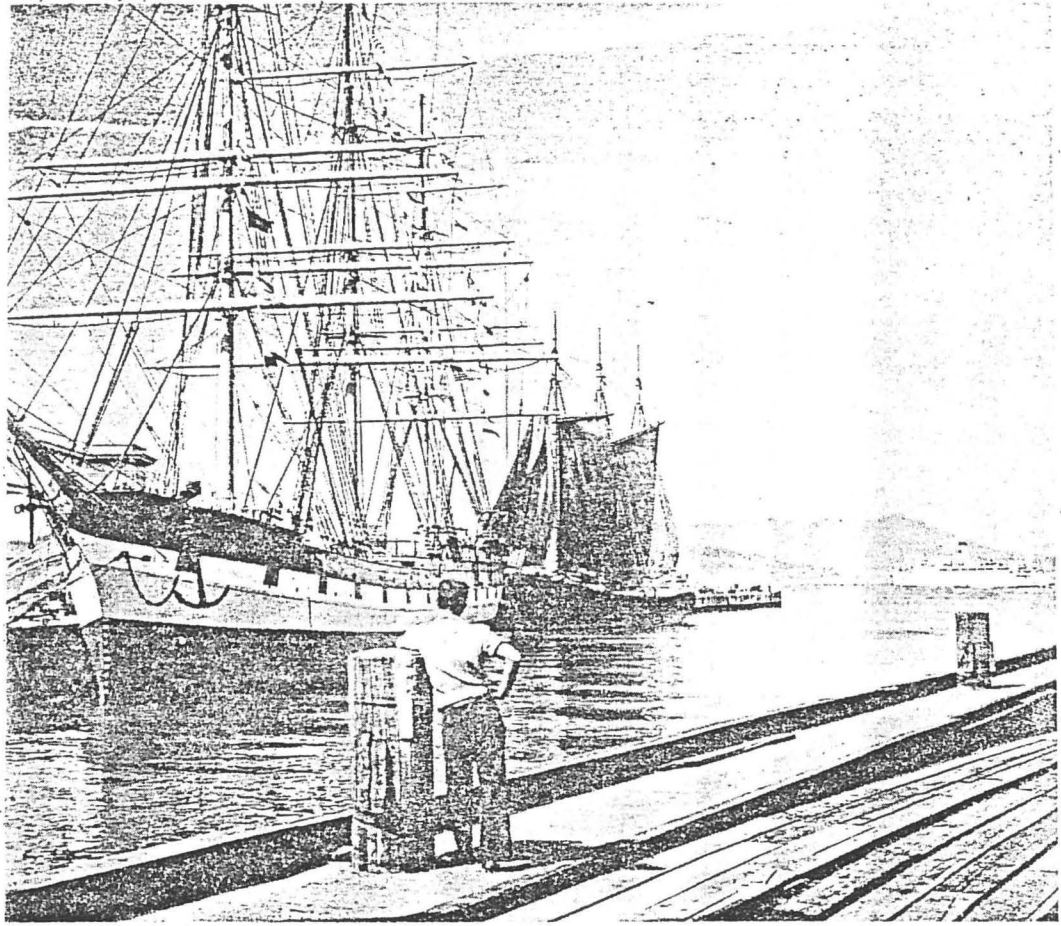
Hove-to in a southeast gale . . . The *C. A. Thayer* struck heavy weather off Cape Cabrillo.





Patching the mains'l . . . Captain Raynaud and chief mate Dickerhoff were expert with palm and needle.





The schooner is home . . . She joins the *Balclutha* to symbolize the past.
In the distance, the newest Matson liner heads out to sea.

By Gordon Jones

In September 1957 the C. A. THAYER sailed from Seattle to San Francisco to assume her new role as museum ship in San Francisco. She was commanded by Seattleite Capt. Adrian Raynaud with Jack Dickerhoff as First Mate, the balance of the crew consisted of ship buffs with experience varying from considerable to nil.

The author signed on as Ship's Carpenter and writes of First Mate Dickerhoff from his observations on that trip.



photo by Karl Kortum

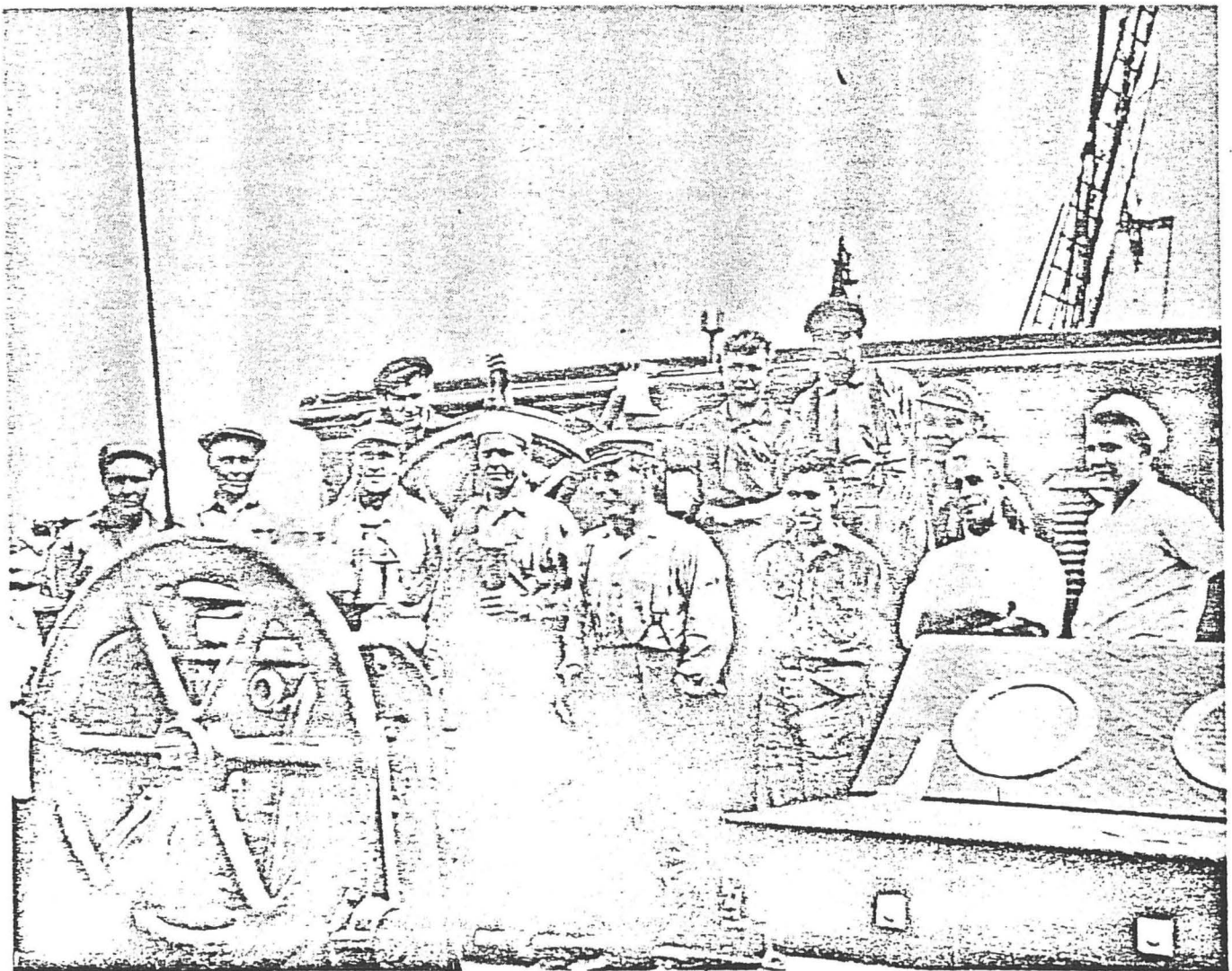
We were in tough shape — a dozen greenhorns booming along in the pitch black of a rainy, windy night in a three-masted ex-lumber — codfishing schooner, somewhere off the coast of northern California. The 60-mile gale carried with it the worst rain storm in 18 years. Our vessel was 62 years old — in fact, had spent the last few years on a beach up in Puget Sound as a “pirate” ship, luring unsuspecting tourists aboard for a fee. No — she would never sail again.

But she did sail again, and “smiling” Jack Dickerhoff held the deck that night, booming out loud and clear, “There’ll be only one man giving the orders here.” First Mate Dickerhoff represented the last remnant of deepwater sail and his foghorn voice could be heard from the poop to the focsle head, typical of the breed of men who coursed the globe under sail in the last century.

Without Jack we might never have cleared the coast that dark night, for the small handful of experienced wind sailors aboard were hard put to wear the ship away from the land and out of danger.

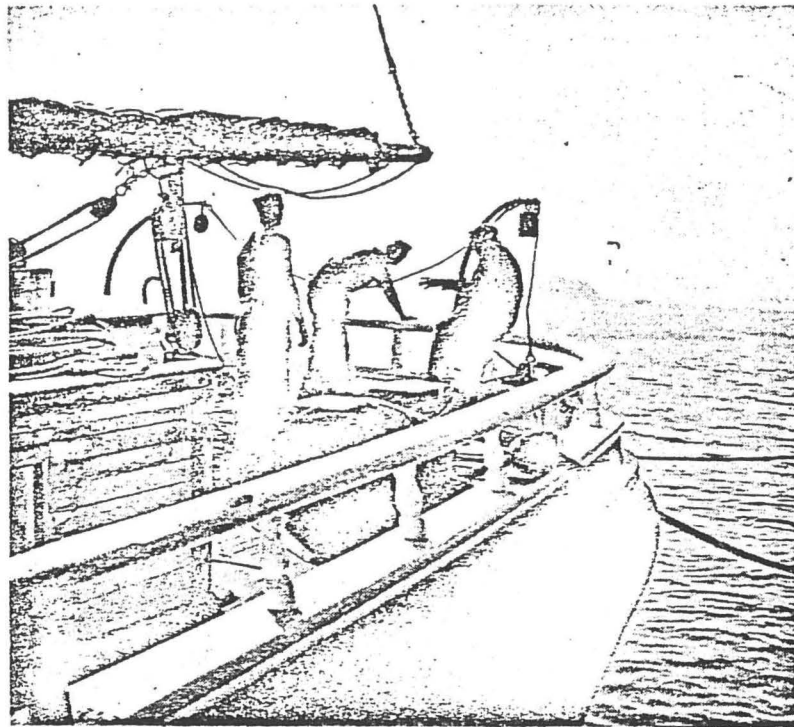
But Dickerhoff had lived the scene before, in years past in other windjammers — MOSHULU, HENRIETTA, MELROSE, LOTTIE BENNET, CAMANO, CENTENNIAL, LIZZIE VANCE and ALERT. And those experiences were ingrained, were, indeed responsible for the crows feet at the eyes, the fearing respect for the sea and its unpredictable moods and its tremendous forces. And they had tempered the man to value thoroughness and pride in one’s work far above speedy but slipshod performance.

Yes, with “smilin’ Jack” in charge of the deck that night, we came through bruised, wet and thoroughly exhausted. But we came through, for he showed us the way.

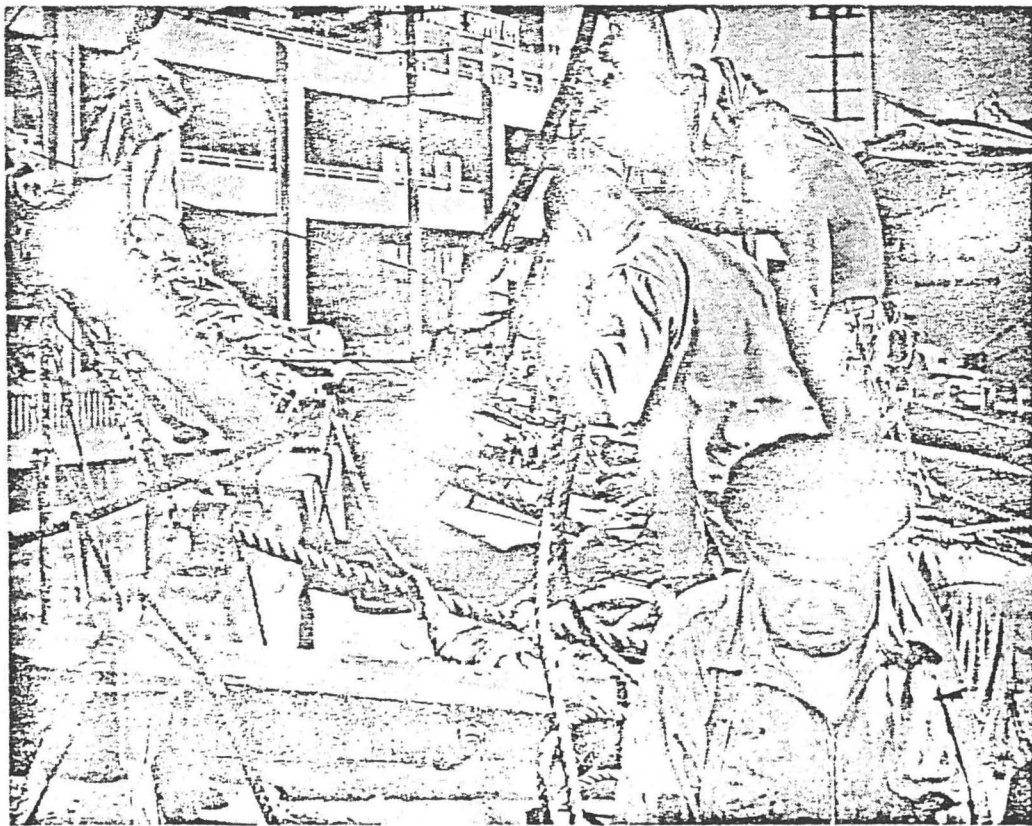


As a young man, Dickerhoff sailed aboard the beautiful four-masted bark MOSHULU. He can be seen in this photo in the back row, far right.

photo courtesy of the author

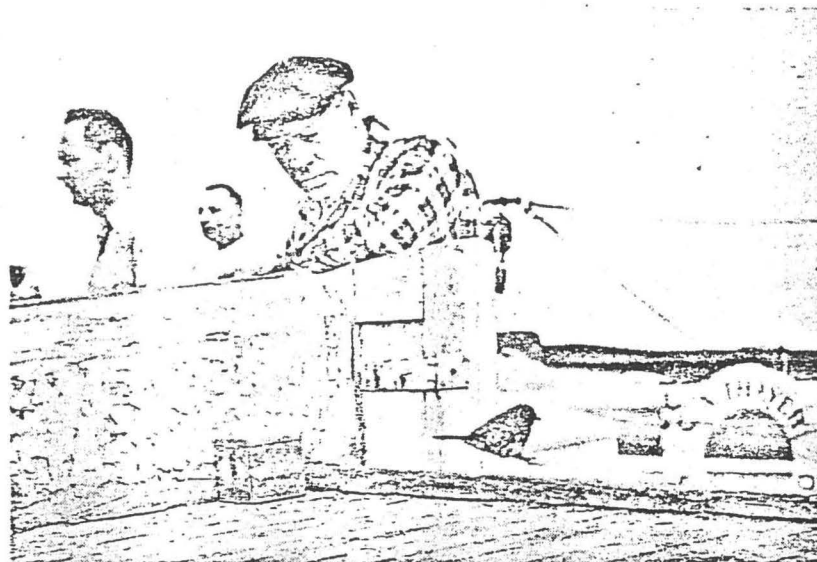


Smilin' Jack explains how he wants the rudder chains secured before leaving Seattle.
photo by S. C. Wilson



Jack Dickerhoff expounds volubly to Harry Dring and John Davies as to the proper running of the gear on the focsl head of the C.A. THAYER.

photo by Gordon Jones



Blown to sea on a migratory flight, a landbird alights on the poop deck under the watchful eye of the mate. This little fellow was just one of many who died exhausted aboard the ship.
photo by S. C. Wilson



The port watch; standing on left is John Davies with Jack Dickerhoff on right. Karl Kortum is seated at left with Gordon Riehl on the right. Riehl and Kortum were bark KAIULANI veterans.
photo by Gordon Jones

And then there was those other nights at sea, when the wind was fair and stars were out in a warm, clear sky. Our vessel almost sailed herself, the huge fore-and-afters drawing quietly and powerfully, pushing us on toward San Francisco. The young second mate had the deck — he was a "DANMARK" veteran — and his flashlight periodically probed the darkness on the rolling deck, checking the running gear. And then all would be darkness again.

It was then that the watch on deck would test its lungs to the strains of the carpenter's ancient accordian. And it was then that Jack's form could just be made out, coming along the deck from back aft, bearing with it (we knew), that unsmiling, gruff countenance. A certain aura of superstition yet lurked on the sea, and a bit more yet on any wind-driven ship. No telling what God's Mr. Dickerhoff might accuse us of disturbing.

But under cover of darkness, smilin' Jack, gruff Jack, very-able-First-Officer Mr. John Dickerhoff garnered the affection of the watch on deck. For his comment was — "Keep it up, sounds good." And he had continued forward thru the shadows and darkness almost before we realized he was there.

For those interested, he would always take time to explain slowly and thoroughly some intricacy in rope work or rigging. And when he had finished, he would affirm rather than ask: "know what I mean?"



Jack (right) listens to "complaint" from shipmate about model-maker Eric Swanson (left) in the Admiral Bar in San Francisco about one month before Eric's death.
photo by Gordon Jones

While life remains very mysterious, regardless of man's progress, Jack perhaps knew it better, loved it better than many men. Though gruff, he remained tolerant; while accomplished, he remained humble.

And on that dark, devilish night at sea, when the wind threatened to impale us dead on Cape Cabrillo, Jack was a pillar of strength. "Don't get excited," he cautioned in girding us for battle. He was unshaven, wore seaboots, oilskins and a sou'wester, and looked equal to any situation.

It may have been disgust, or it may have been very dry humor, but after we had beaten the sea and were arriving safely in San Francisco we were boarded by several newspaper reporters, one of whom asked Mr. Dickerhoff — "you say you are with the Moore Drydock Co? What do you do for them?

"Smilin' Jack," by this time clean shaven and wearing a business suit, answered from within a disgusted frown, "I work for 'em."

Yes, he was a master rigger, but he was also a good sailmaker and carpenter. And he strove for art in anything he did. I knew him only for a short time and am sure there were many facets of his character which will remain unknown to me.

I hope they don't need broad axes in Fiddler's Green: I still have the one Jack gave me.

From the San Francisco Chronicle August 26, 1972

MASTER SHIP RIGGER DIES

Memorial services will be held in Oakland at 11 a.m. today (Saturday) for Jack Dickerhoff the last known master sailing ship rigger in the world.

A native of Alameda, Mr. Dickerhoff died Thursday in Hayward at the age of 65.

A close friend of Karl Kortum, director of the San Francisco Maritime Museum, Mr. Dickerhoff was responsible for restoring the rigging on the sailing ship *Balclutha* in 1955.

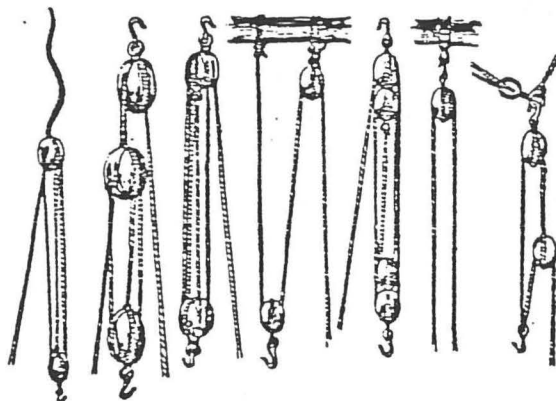
Mr. Dickerhoff, who went to sea as a youngster, "learned the rigging trade at a time when everyone else thought it was dead," Kortum said.

In 1932, he skippered the schooner *Lottie Bennett*, the last ship of her kind, taking her through the Golden Gate under full sail.

During the 1930's Mr. Dickerhoff served as rigging superintendent for the Moore Drydock Co. of Oakland. In 1956, with Kortum aboard, Mr. Dickerhoff served as chief mate aboard the three-masted schooner *C. A. Thayer* taking her down the coast of California.

For the last three years, Kortum said, Mr. Dickerhoff had been working in Honolulu restoring the four masted bark *Falls of Clyde*.

"He came down to her the last ten weeks in a wheelchair, in declining health but determined to finish the task," Kortum recalled.



C O M P L E T E V O Y A G E R E C O R D
O F T H E T H R E E M A S T E D S C H O O N E R

, C. A. T H A Y E R

Covering the period from
July 1895 through January 1903

Compiled from the New York Maritime Record by
Herbert H. Beckwith
1990

To which is added copies of the
Marine Exchange arrival/departure
cards, 1901 to Sept. 30, 1957, which
include voyages until the THAYER
arrived at the San Francisco Maritime
Museum.

NAME C. A. THAYER

YEAR	CAPTAIN	FROM	TO	SAILED	ARRIVED	DAYS	
	Liljequist	New schooner at Hoquiam	July 27 for Suva				
1895	"	Grays Harbor	Suva (and Grays Harb)	Aug. 17	Oct. 11		
		SUVA	Grays Harbor	Oct. 29	Dec. 31		
1896	"	Grays Harbor	San Francisco	Jan. 16	Jan. 29		
1896	"	San Francisco	Grays Harbor	Feb. 10	Feb. 18 (or 17)		paper gives varying arr, dates
1896	"	Grays Harbor	San Francisco	Mar. 14			one report says left GH for SF
		[" ?]	arr. San Pedro		Mar. 28		later says arr. San Pedro not SF
1896	"	San Pedro	Grays Harbor	Apr. 8	Apr. 29		
1896	"	Grays Harbor	San Francisco	May 15	May 24		
1896	"	San Francisco	Grays Harbor	Jun. 5	Jun. 17		
1896	"	Grays Harbor	San Francisco	Jul. 3 or 6	Jul. 9		NYMR reporting error?
1896	"	San Francisco	Grays Harbor	Jul. 21	Aug. 2		
1896	"	Grays Harbor	San Francisco	Aug. 15	Aug. 22		
1896	"	San Francisco	Redfish Bay [& SF]	[Aug. 29 ?]	??		NOTE NYMR reported dates
		Redfish Bay	San Francisco	[Aug. 29 ?]	Oct. 12		must be wrong here
1896	"	San Francisco	Grays Harbor	Oct. 21	??		
		[voyage missing here ??]					
1896	"	San Francisco	Grays Harbor	Dec. 5	???		
1896/7	"	Grays Harbor	San Francisco	Dec. 29	Jan. 11		
1897	"	San Francisco	Grays Harbor	Jan. 20	Jan. 26		
1897	"	Grays Harbor	San Francisco	Feb. 14	???		

NAME

C. A. THAYER

YEAR	CAPTAIN	FROM	TO	SAILED	ARRIVED	DAYS	
1897	Liliequist	San Francisco	Grays Harbor	Mar.3	Mar.13		
1897	"	Grays Harbor	Santa Barbara	Mar.30	Apr.12		
1897	"	Santa Barbara	Grays Harbor	Apr.21	May 7 [for Honolulu]		
1897	"	Grays Harbor	Honolulu	May 28	Jun.20		
1897	"	Honolulu	Grays Harbor	?	Jul.26		[dep. after 6-29?]
1897	"	Grays Harbor	Guaymas	Aug.5	Sep.21		
1897	"	Guaymas	Grays Harbor	Oct.6	Nov.11		
1897	"	San Francisco	New Whatcom	Dec.12	[see next line]		
			arr. Port Townsend		Dec.26		
1898	"	New Whatcom	San Francisco	Jan.24	Feb.8		
1898	"	San Francisco	Grays Harbor	Feb.18	Feb.26	[for Guaymas]	
1898	"	Grays Harbor	Guaymas	Mar.18	Apr.12		
1898	"	Guaymas	Redondo	Jun.12	??		[arr. not given NYMR]
1898	"	Redondo	Grays Harbor	Jun.30	??		[arr. not given NYMR, but at G.H. 7-31 for Guaymas]
1898	"	Grays Harbor	Guaymas	Aug.16	Sep.13		
1898	Lilyquist [sic]	Guaymas	Grays Harbor	Sep.23	Oct.27		
1898	"	Grays Harbor	San Francisco	Nov.12	Nov.20		
1898	"	San Francisco	Grays Harbor	Nov.30	Dec.12		
1898/9	"	Grays Harbor	San Francisco	Dec. 31	Jan.9		
1899	"	San Francisco	Grays Harbor	Jan.28	??		
1899	"	Grays Harbor	San Francisco	Feb.11	Feb.19 [for Gr. Harb. and Suva]		

NAME C. A. THAYER

YEAR	CAPTAIN	FROM	TO	SAILED	ARRIVED	DAYS	
1899	Lilyquist	San Francisco	Grays Harbor & Suva	Mar.1	Mar.9 [for Suva]		
1899	"	Grays Harbor	Suva	Apr.3	May 25		
1899	"	Levuka	Tacoma	Jun.14	Aug.1		
		[Reported at Tacoma for Grays Harbor and Guaymas, NYMR 8-23-99]					
1899	"						
1899	"	Grays Harbor	Guaymas	Aug.28	Sep.25		
1899	"	Guaymas	Grays Harbor	Oct.16	Nov.11 [for Suva]		
1899/00	"	Grays Harbor	Suva	Dec.13	Feb.7		
1900	"	Suva	Grays Harbor	Feb.25	Apr.15		
1900	"	Grays Harbor	Suva	May 9	Jun.29		
1900	"	Suva	Grays Harbor	Jul.14	Sep.2		
1900	"	Grays Harbor	Guaymas	Sep.26	Oct.23		
1900	"	Guaymas	Grays Harbor	Nov.3	??		[arr. not rept'd NYMR]
1901	"	Grays Harbor	San Francisco	Jan.6	Jan.10		
1901	"	San Francisco	Grays Harbor	Jan.30	Feb.14		
1901	Monson	Grays Harbor	San Pedro	Mar.4	Mar.11		
1901	"	San Pedro	Grays Harbor	??	Apr.7		depart. not reptd in NYMR
		Grays Harbor?	Eureka	??	??		not reported in NYMR
	"	Eureka	Suva	Apr.25	Jun.10		
	"	New York Marit. Register also gives depart. port above as Aberdeen, not Eureka					
	Continued next page						

NAME C. A. THAYER

[illegible]

NAME C. A. THAYER

[illegible]

C.ATHAVER SCHR				390 TO NS
CAPT. MINNEN				
DATE	FROM	FOR	LAST REPORTED	
1902 Dec 19	Fairhaven	Honolulu	Aid Jan 23/03	
1903 Feb 4	Honolulu	Gray's Harbor	Aid July 26	
Mar 29	Gray's Harbor	Lewis & C.	Apr 10 May 10	
May 21	Lewis & C.	Gray's Harbor	July 12 A. July 27 Aid Aug 1	
Aug 10	S. F.	Fairhaven	Aid Aug 24	
Sept 11	Fairhaven	Honolulu	Oct 7 to Oct 19	
Dec 12	Gray's Harbor	Island	In to the Bay in working Latest Report Oct	
1904 Jan 24	Fairhaven	S. F.	Fairhaven Aid Jan 9/04	
Feb 12	S. F.	Gray's Harbor	Feb 17 Feb 23 S. F. Aid Mar 10	
Mar 26	S. F.	Fairhaven		
Apr 22	Fairhaven	Honolulu	May 15 to May 28 Aid June 12	
June 26	Gray's Harbor	S. F.	July 2	

1903

Hoquiam Nov 8th wreck ashore on outside beach north of entrance of harbor Saturday night Nov 7th. Both anchors, Rudder, and Rudderpost gone. Leaking lightly, lying in good position for removal. Sandy bottom. Crew saved.

Nov 9th Remains in same position too rough to do any thing

Dec 2^d Has been floated and is now at Gray's Harbor slightly damaged
1904
on S. F. ship 15 - lost 1st and 2nd masts in heavy S. E. gale

C. A. THAYER SCHR (2) 390 TONS				
CAPT. AMELSON PETERSON				
DATE	FROM	FOR	LAST REPORTED	
July 11	S-F	Guays Harbors	July 22	Guays Harbors
Aug 5	Guays Har	Guays mas	Sept 8	Oct 21 and Oct 28
Nov. 14	do	Guays Harbors	Guays Harbors	
1905 Jan 8	do	S-F	Jan 18	
Feb 1	S-F	Guays Harbors	Feb 8	Mar 3
Mar 25	S-F	do	Apr 6	May 17
May 3	S-F	do	May 16	May 26
June 13	S-F	do	June 25	July 7
July 19	S-F	do	Aug 2	Aug 20
Sept 3	S-F	do	Sept 17	Sept 30
Oct 20	S-F	do	Nov 5	Dec 1
1905 Dec 28	San Pedro	Guays Har	Jan 16	Feb 1
1906 Jan 27	S-F	do	Mar 7	Mar 15

C. A. THAYER SCHR (3)		390 TONS	
1906		CAPT. PETERSON	
DATE	FROM	FOR	LAST REPORTED
Apr 8	S. F.	Grays Harbor	S. F. Apr May 4
22	S. F.	Bellingham	S. F. Apr Jun 18
July 3	S. F.	Grays Harbor	S. F. Aug July 30
Aug 11	S. F.	do	S. F. Sep 2
Oct 6	do	do	S. F. Oct 12
Nov 25	do	Grays Harbor	S. F. Nov 16
Dec 21	do	do	S. F. Dec 29
Jan 6	do	do	S. F. Jan 6/07
Apr 22	do	do	S. F. Apr 21
June 6	do	do	S. F. June 20
Aug 6	San Pedro	do	S. F. Aug 28
Oct 16	Honolulu	do	S. F. Oct 16
Dec 29	S. F.	do	S. F. Dec 29

C.A. THAYER SCHR

4

390 TONS

1908

DATE		FROM	FOR	LAST REPORTED
March	8	Honolulu	Gray Harbor	Apr 15 Apr 16 Apr 17 Apr 18 Apr 19 Apr 20 Apr 21 Apr 22 Apr 23 Apr 24 Apr 25 Apr 26 Apr 27 Apr 28 Apr 29 Apr 30 May 1 May 2 May 3 May 4 May 5 May 6 May 7 May 8 May 9 May 10 May 11 May 12 May 13 May 14 May 15 May 16 May 17 May 18 May 19 May 20 May 21 May 22 May 23 May 24 May 25 May 26 May 27 May 28 May 29 May 30 May 31 June 1 June 2 June 3 June 4 June 5 June 6 June 7 June 8 June 9 June 10 June 11 June 12 June 13 June 14 June 15 June 16 June 17 June 18 June 19 June 20 June 21 June 22 June 23 June 24 June 25 June 26 June 27 June 28 June 29 June 30 July 1 July 2 July 3 July 4 July 5 July 6 July 7 July 8 July 9 July 10 July 11 July 12 July 13 July 14 July 15 July 16 July 17 July 18 July 19 July 20 July 21 July 22 July 23 July 24 July 25 July 26 July 27 July 28 July 29 July 30 July 31 Aug 1 Aug 2 Aug 3 Aug 4 Aug 5 Aug 6 Aug 7 Aug 8 Aug 9 Aug 10 Aug 11 Aug 12 Aug 13 Aug 14 Aug 15 Aug 16 Aug 17 Aug 18 Aug 19 Aug 20 Aug 21 Aug 22 Aug 23 Aug 24 Aug 25 Aug 26 Aug 27 Aug 28 Aug 29 Aug 30 Aug 31 Sept 1 Sept 2 Sept 3 Sept 4 Sept 5 Sept 6 Sept 7 Sept 8 Sept 9 Sept 10 Sept 11 Sept 12 Sept 13 Sept 14 Sept 15 Sept 16 Sept 17 Sept 18 Sept 19 Sept 20 Sept 21 Sept 22 Sept 23 Sept 24 Sept 25 Sept 26 Sept 27 Sept 28 Sept 29 Sept 30 Oct 1 Oct 2 Oct 3 Oct 4 Oct 5 Oct 6 Oct 7 Oct 8 Oct 9 Oct 10 Oct 11 Oct 12 Oct 13 Oct 14 Oct 15 Oct 16 Oct 17 Oct 18 Oct 19 Oct 20 Oct 21 Oct 22 Oct 23 Oct 24 Oct 25 Oct 26 Oct 27 Oct 28 Oct 29 Oct 30 Oct 31 Nov 1 Nov 2 Nov 3 Nov 4 Nov 5 Nov 6 Nov 7 Nov 8 Nov 9 Nov 10 Nov 11 Nov 12 Nov 13 Nov 14 Nov 15 Nov 16 Nov 17 Nov 18 Nov 19 Nov 20 Nov 21 Nov 22 Nov 23 Nov 24 Nov 25 Nov 26 Nov 27 Nov 28 Nov 29 Nov 30 Dec 1 Dec 2 Dec 3 Dec 4 Dec 5 Dec 6 Dec 7 Dec 8 Dec 9 Dec 10 Dec 11 Dec 12 Dec 13 Dec 14 Dec 15 Dec 16 Dec 17 Dec 18 Dec 19 Dec 20 Dec 21 Dec 22 Dec 23 Dec 24 Dec 25 Dec 26 Dec 27 Dec 28 Dec 29 Dec 30 Dec 31
May	12	San Pedro	do	June 4 June 17 June 23 June 24 June 25 June 26 June 27 June 28 June 29 June 30 July 1 July 2 July 3 July 4 July 5 July 6 July 7 July 8 July 9 July 10 July 11 July 12 July 13 July 14 July 15 July 16 July 17 July 18 July 19 July 20 July 21 July 22 July 23 July 24 July 25 July 26 July 27 July 28 July 29 July 30 July 31 Aug 1 Aug 2 Aug 3 Aug 4 Aug 5 Aug 6 Aug 7 Aug 8 Aug 9 Aug 10 Aug 11 Aug 12 Aug 13 Aug 14 Aug 15 Aug 16 Aug 17 Aug 18 Aug 19 Aug 20 Aug 21 Aug 22 Aug 23 Aug 24 Aug 25 Aug 26 Aug 27 Aug 28 Aug 29 Aug 30 Aug 31 Sept 1 Sept 2 Sept 3 Sept 4 Sept 5 Sept 6 Sept 7 Sept 8 Sept 9 Sept 10 Sept 11 Sept 12 Sept 13 Sept 14 Sept 15 Sept 16 Sept 17 Sept 18 Sept 19 Sept 20 Sept 21 Sept 22 Sept 23 Sept 24 Sept 25 Sept 26 Sept 27 Sept 28 Sept 29 Sept 30 Oct 1 Oct 2 Oct 3 Oct 4 Oct 5 Oct 6 Oct 7 Oct 8 Oct 9 Oct 10 Oct 11 Oct 12 Oct 13 Oct 14 Oct 15 Oct 16 Oct 17 Oct 18 Oct 19 Oct 20 Oct 21 Oct 22 Oct 23 Oct 24 Oct 25 Oct 26 Oct 27 Oct 28 Oct 29 Oct 30 Oct 31 Nov 1 Nov 2 Nov 3 Nov 4 Nov 5 Nov 6 Nov 7 Nov 8 Nov 9 Nov 10 Nov 11 Nov 12 Nov 13 Nov 14 Nov 15 Nov 16 Nov 17 Nov 18 Nov 19 Nov 20 Nov 21 Nov 22 Nov 23 Nov 24 Nov 25 Nov 26 Nov 27 Nov 28 Nov 29 Nov 30 Dec 1 Dec 2 Dec 3 Dec 4 Dec 5 Dec 6 Dec 7 Dec 8 Dec 9 Dec 10 Dec 11 Dec 12 Dec 13 Dec 14 Dec 15 Dec 16 Dec 17 Dec 18 Dec 19 Dec 20 Dec 21 Dec 22 Dec 23 Dec 24 Dec 25 Dec 26 Dec 27 Dec 28 Dec 29 Dec 30 Dec 31
July	12	S. F.	do	July 26 July 27 July 28 July 29 July 30 Aug 1 Aug 2 Aug 3 Aug 4 Aug 5 Aug 6 Aug 7 Aug 8 Aug 9 Aug 10 Aug 11 Aug 12 Aug 13 Aug 14 Aug 15 Aug 16 Aug 17 Aug 18 Aug 19 Aug 20 Aug 21 Aug 22 Aug 23 Aug 24 Aug 25 Aug 26 Aug 27 Aug 28 Aug 29 Aug 30 Aug 31 Sept 1 Sept 2 Sept 3 Sept 4 Sept 5 Sept 6 Sept 7 Sept 8 Sept 9 Sept 10 Sept 11 Sept 12 Sept 13 Sept 14 Sept 15 Sept 16 Sept 17 Sept 18 Sept 19 Sept 20 Sept 21 Sept 22 Sept 23 Sept 24 Sept 25 Sept 26 Sept 27 Sept 28 Sept 29 Sept 30 Oct 1 Oct 2 Oct 3 Oct 4 Oct 5 Oct 6 Oct 7 Oct 8 Oct 9 Oct 10 Oct 11 Oct 12 Oct 13 Oct 14 Oct 15 Oct 16 Oct 17 Oct 18 Oct 19 Oct 20 Oct 21 Oct 22 Oct 23 Oct 24 Oct 25 Oct 26 Oct 27 Oct 28 Oct 29 Oct 30 Oct 31 Nov 1 Nov 2 Nov 3 Nov 4 Nov 5 Nov 6 Nov 7 Nov 8 Nov 9 Nov 10 Nov 11 Nov 12 Nov 13 Nov 14 Nov 15 Nov 16 Nov 17 Nov 18 Nov 19 Nov 20 Nov 21 Nov 22 Nov 23 Nov 24 Nov 25 Nov 26 Nov 27 Nov 28 Nov 29 Nov 30 Dec 1 Dec 2 Dec 3 Dec 4 Dec 5 Dec 6 Dec 7 Dec 8 Dec 9 Dec 10 Dec 11 Dec 12 Dec 13 Dec 14 Dec 15 Dec 16 Dec 17 Dec 18 Dec 19 Dec 20 Dec 21 Dec 22 Dec 23 Dec 24 Dec 25 Dec 26 Dec 27 Dec 28 Dec 29 Dec 30 Dec 31
Sept	29	Honolulu	do	Oct 18 Oct 19 Oct 20 Oct 21 Oct 22 Oct 23 Oct 24 Oct 25 Oct 26 Oct 27 Oct 28 Oct 29 Oct 30 Oct 31 Nov 1 Nov 2 Nov 3 Nov 4 Nov 5 Nov 6 Nov 7 Nov 8 Nov 9 Nov 10 Nov 11 Nov 12 Nov 13 Nov 14 Nov 15 Nov 16 Nov 17 Nov 18 Nov 19 Nov 20 Nov 21 Nov 22 Nov 23 Nov 24 Nov 25 Nov 26 Nov 27 Nov 28 Nov 29 Nov 30 Dec 1 Dec 2 Dec 3 Dec 4 Dec 5 Dec 6 Dec 7 Dec 8 Dec 9 Dec 10 Dec 11 Dec 12 Dec 13 Dec 14 Dec 15 Dec 16 Dec 17 Dec 18 Dec 19 Dec 20 Dec 21 Dec 22 Dec 23 Dec 24 Dec 25 Dec 26 Dec 27 Dec 28 Dec 29 Dec 30 Dec 31

C. A. THAYER SCHR (2) (5) 390 TONS
 1908 *Ing. 11/11/26*

DATE		FROM	FOR	LAST REPORTED
Dec 24		Honolulu	Guay Harbor	Dec 26 M. July 11 <i>S. F. Aug 23</i>
1909				
Jan 5		S. F.	Guay Harbor	Jan 18 <i>Sept 11 Barberena</i>
Apr 2		Guay Harbor	Honolulu	Apr 26 M. May 11 <i>Guay Harbor</i>
June 18		do	S. F.	June 23
July 1		S. F.	Villapa	July 12 <i>San Pedro</i>
Aug 13		San Pedro	Astoria	Aug 13 <i>San Pedro</i>
Oct 20		do	do	Nov 12 <i>San Pedro</i>
Dec 28		S. F.	Guay Harbor	Dec 28 <i>San Pedro</i>
1910				
Jan 3		S. F.	do	Jan 3 <i>San Pedro</i>
Apr 26		San Pedro	do	May 13 <i>San Pedro</i>
June 18		S. F.	do	July 6 <i>San Pedro</i>
Aug 10		do	do	Aug 29 <i>San Pedro</i>



1 of San Juan
 & also into
 dug Reutter's
 off the 1930 Map

1311
 An Oct 10 - where common was reported of San Juan
 area from large Harbor after also into
 Grand Beach. No account by dug Reutter
 and found to overhang off the 1930 Map
 1912
 San Juan 13: The President report by Reutter that
 road to 20 miles D.W. of Humboldt with pumps
 broken down and used for leaking badly
 North Bay immediately.
 1914 - No problem up until 1912 25 miles off
 road and off 1930 Map
 1915 - short of water 11-12 miles
 30 miles off
 1917 - 13 miles off 1930 Map

part of the bounded and described as follows:
 to-wit:
 Commencing at a point on the Northerly line
 of Union Street distant thereon One Hundred
 and Sixty (160) Feet and Two (2) Inches
 Easterly from the Easterly line of Mason Street
 running thence Easterly and along said North
 easterly line of Union Street Thirty (30) Feet and
 Ten (10) Inches; thence at right angles North
 easterly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) Feet
 and Six (6) Inches; thence at right angle
 Westerly Thirty (30) Feet and Ten (10) Inches
 and thence at right angles Southerly One Hun
 dred and Thirty-seven (137) Feet and Six (6)

DATE	FROM	FOR	LAST REPORTED
1911	16	Attention	San Juan 13: The President report by Reutter that
1912	3	Attention	road to 20 miles D.W. of Humboldt with pumps
1913	9	Attention	broken down and used for leaking badly
1914	18	Attention	North Bay immediately.
1915	28	Attention	1912
1916	5	Attention	1914 - No problem up until 1912 25 miles off
1917	19	Attention	road and off 1930 Map
1918	23	Attention	1915 - short of water 11-12 miles
1919	27	Attention	30 miles off
1920	31	Attention	1917 - 13 miles off 1930 Map
1921	35	Attention	
1922	39	Attention	
1923	43	Attention	
1924	47	Attention	
1925	51	Attention	
1926	55	Attention	
1927	59	Attention	
1928	63	Attention	
1929	67	Attention	
1930	71	Attention	
1931	75	Attention	
1932	79	Attention	
1933	83	Attention	
1934	87	Attention	
1935	91	Attention	
1936	95	Attention	
1937	99	Attention	
1938	103	Attention	
1939	107	Attention	
1940	111	Attention	
1941	115	Attention	
1942	119	Attention	
1943	123	Attention	
1944	127	Attention	
1945	131	Attention	
1946	135	Attention	
1947	139	Attention	
1948	143	Attention	
1949	147	Attention	
1950	151	Attention	
1951	155	Attention	
1952	159	Attention	
1953	163	Attention	
1954	167	Attention	
1955	171	Attention	
1956	175	Attention	
1957	179	Attention	
1958	183	Attention	
1959	187	Attention	
1960	191	Attention	
1961	195	Attention	
1962	199	Attention	
1963	203	Attention	
1964	207	Attention	
1965	211	Attention	
1966	215	Attention	
1967	219	Attention	
1968	223	Attention	
1969	227	Attention	
1970	231	Attention	
1971	235	Attention	
1972	239	Attention	
1973	243	Attention	
1974	247	Attention	
1975	251	Attention	
1976	255	Attention	
1977	259	Attention	
1978	263	Attention	
1979	267	Attention	
1980	271	Attention	
1981	275	Attention	
1982	279	Attention	
1983	283	Attention	
1984	287	Attention	
1985	291	Attention	
1986	295	Attention	
1987	299	Attention	
1988	303	Attention	
1989	307	Attention	
1990	311	Attention	
1991	315	Attention	
1992	319	Attention	
1993	323	Attention	
1994	327	Attention	
1995	331	Attention	
1996	335	Attention	
1997	339	Attention	
1998	343	Attention	
1999	347	Attention	
2000	351	Attention	

C.A. THAYER - SCHR - 687 390 TONS				
1915 ANDERSON JOHN L JACOBSON OSCAR				
DATE		FROM	FOR	LAST REPORTED
Apr 22		S.F.	Bristol Bay	Ugashik Sea Aug 21
Sept 3		Chartered Frigate	Harbo to Newcastle Aus	S.F. via Aug 25
Sept 15		S.F.	Abudom	Low Chubasco
Oct 4		Abudom	aus	Sept 19
1916				Dec 12 1915 Dec 24 1915
May 5		S.F.	Bristol Bay	S.F. via Aug 26
Sept 7		S.F.	Tatol	Sept 14 Tow Hercules
		Tacoma	Tacoma	Sept 15 Aus via Pan Sept 10
30		Los Angeles	Pydney	Dec 8 Tatol Pacific 27?
1917				
Jan 8		Sydney	S.F.	Mich 25 off Pt Leno Sept 8 1917
Apr 28		S.F.	Gratunck	old Aug 7 S.F. via Sept 9
Sept 22		S.F.	Mendocino	Sept 22 for San Francisco
Oct		Mendocino	Mendocino	Rec Dec 22

1917
 Bound into S.F. Mich 25th when off Mile Rock
 was becalmed. Was towed into port
 by the Vanguard.

C A THAYER schr

(8)

390 TONS

1918

JACOBSON - V

~~C. A. Thayer~~

DATE		FROM	FOR	LAST REPORTED
Jan	7	Sydney	D. F.	Apr 25
May	3	D. F.	Bristol Bay	June 13 A. F. and Sept 8
Oct	1	D. F.	Sydney	Dec 16
Depart Dec 30 1919		Sydney	D. F.	Copra
Jan 9 1920	9	do	D. F.	Apr 21
May 3	3	do	Mushagat	June 12 SF Aug 23

C.A. THAYER SUHR

Ernest Ingleton

390 TONS

1920

SEWARD

J. Ingleton

Wells

DATE		FROM	FOR	LAST REPORTED
May 1921	8	S.F.	Bristol Bay	SF Aug 26
May 1922		-	Alaska	May 11 - 43° 53' N Long 146° 19' S. F. Aug 15
Apr 1923	25	O. F.	do	Apr May 29 O. F. Aug Sept 14
May 1923	3	S. F.	do	June 13 O. F. Aug Sept 9
May 1924	10	S. F.	Nushagak	June 11 1/2 all July 11 Aug 2
Mar 1925	1/25	Sold by	P.M. Nelson	to S. F. Nelson Alaska
May 1926	3	S. F.	Seattle	Mar 21 all Apr 176
Apr 1927	5	Seattle	Alaska	Seattle Aug Sept 3
Apr 1928	19	Seattle	Bristol Bay	
Apr 1928	26	do	do	Seattle and -

390

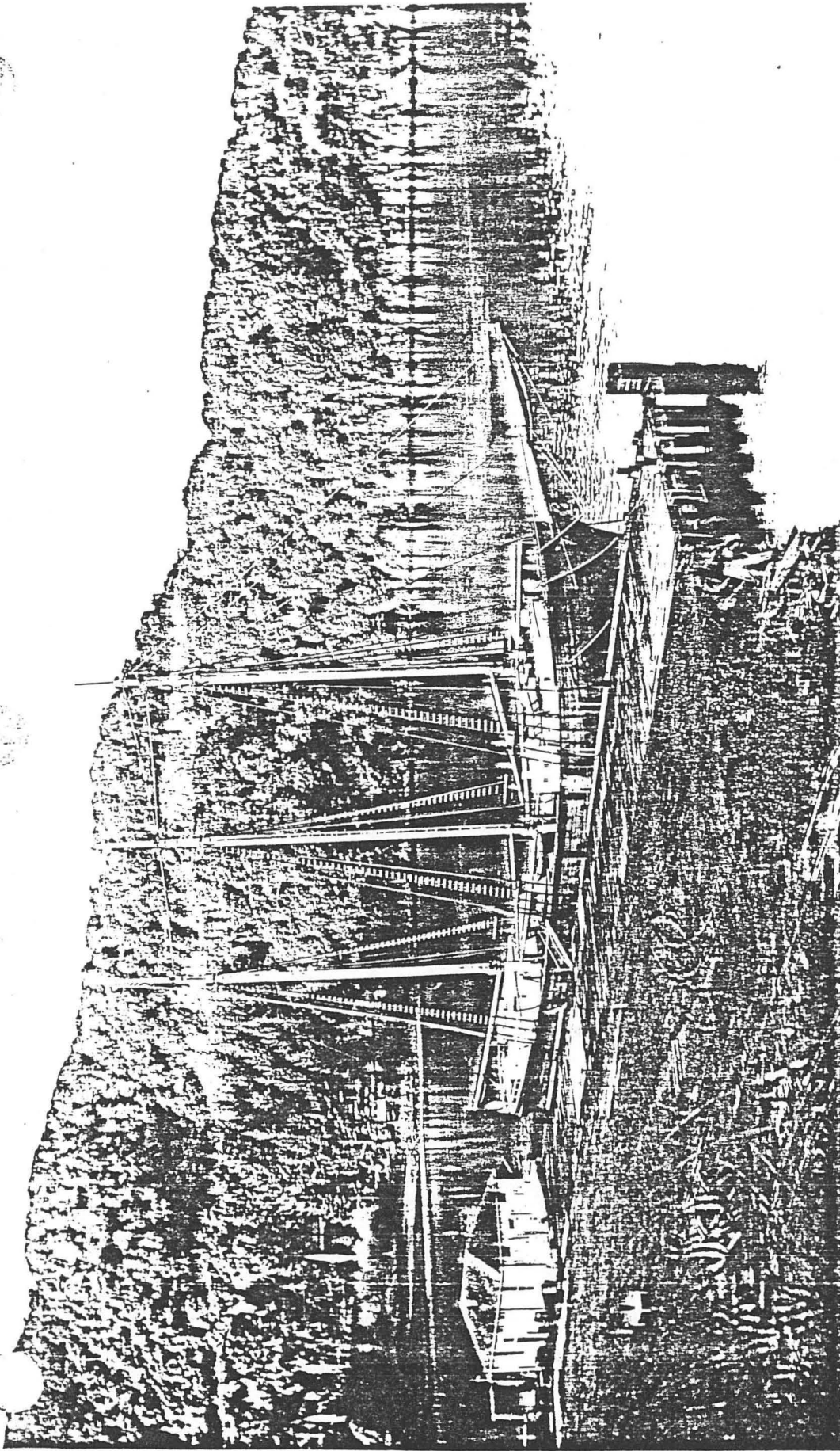
[illegible]

Marine Museum S.F.

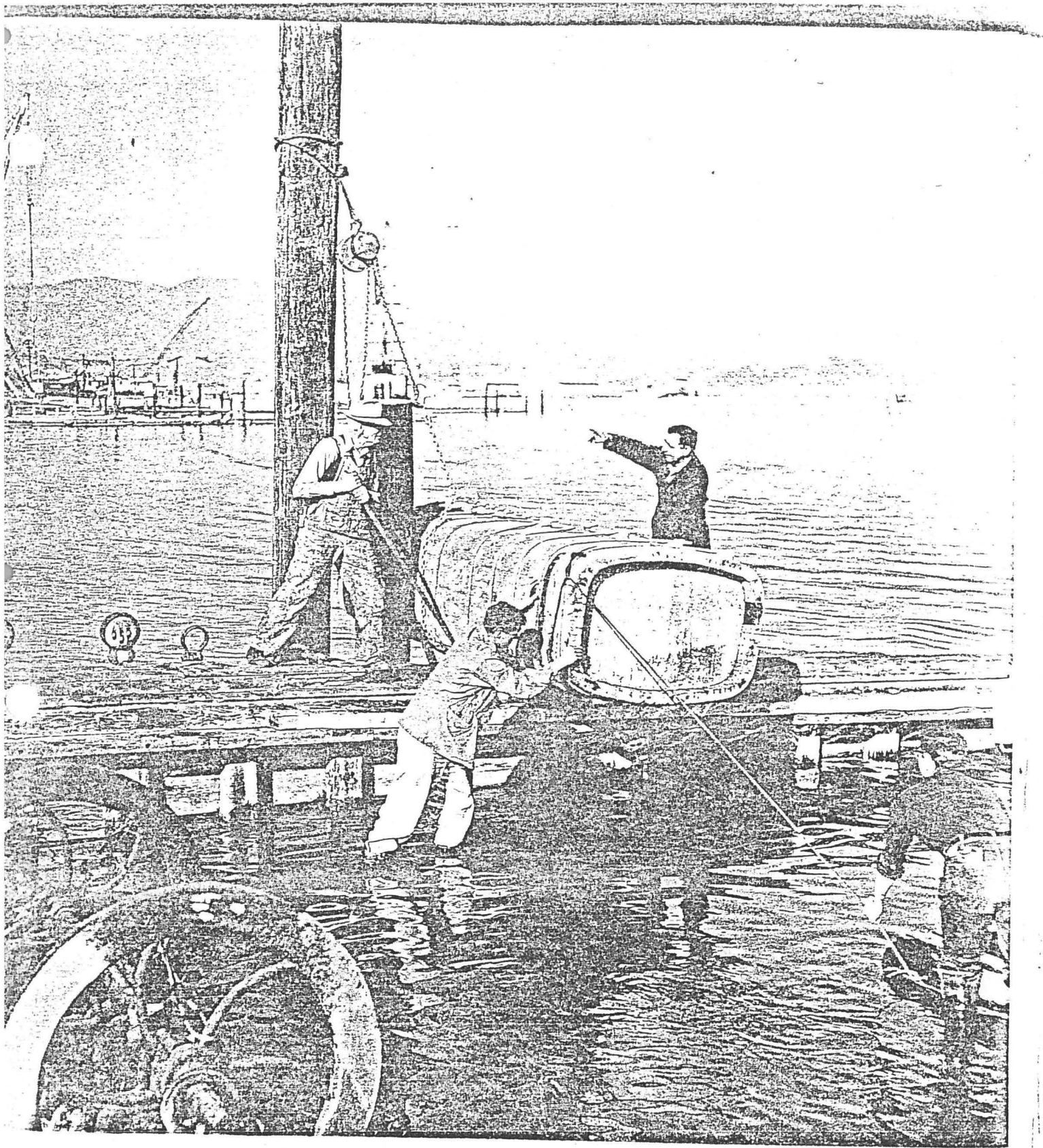
11:45AM-SEPT. 29, 1957- According to S.F. C.G. Rescue Squad Station which is in contact with the C.G. TUG AVOYEL dispatched from EUREKA the following account was given;

LAT. 38.57 N
LONG. 124.16 W
Est. position as of 11:45AM 9/29/57) Just West of
POINT ARENA.
Proceeding at 6 knots under tow.

Tug Avoyel is supposedly largest on West Coast (100 Crew members)
Sept. 30---Passed S.F. Light Ship at 0450, arrived off S.F. Marina
0640-9/30/57...



Laid up at Hospital Cove, Angle Island. Between October 1957 and April 1960



Maritime museum personnel remove an old wooden water tank from the remains of the schooner BEULAH. For further use aboard the C A THAYER.

Restoration of the C. A. Thayer, 1983

By Stephen Hastings

Humboldt Times, July 10, 1895: "The first vessel to be built in two years entered the waters from Bendixsen's shipyard at 2:09 o'clock yesterday afternoon. . . ." Christened the C. A. THAYER by Miss Mabel Scott, the ship bore the name of E. K. Wood Lumber Company's well-to-do secretary and resident of San Rafael, Clarence A. Thayer. Little did the residents of Humboldt County realize on that fine summer day but this ship was destined to live on through two generations — four lifetimes as a ship's usefulness is measured.

The THAYER, larger than many but typical of the lumber schooners which sailed the West Coast, is 219 feet in overall length with a cargo capacity of 575,000 board feet of lumber. She served 17 years in this trade before being sold into the salt salmon industry and finally, in 1925, to the salt cod industry from which she retired in 1950 as the last commercial sailing vessel on the West Coast. Her working days over, she remained under the same ownership for four more years until she was sold in 1954 to be displayed as a "pirate ship" in the village of North Lilliwaup, Washington. Such was not to become the fate of this fine old lady for in 1956 she was purchased by the State of California for restoration and inclusion in its San Francisco Maritime State Historic Park. Restoration began in Seattle where new masts, bowsprit and rigging were fitted out, her stern rebuilt and her seams caulked. Finally on September 15, 1957 a crew of volunteers began the journey which would bring the THAYER back to her home port of San Francisco for restoration and display as a museum ship.

The next five years saw major work completed on the vessel as the State's crew continued the restoration and outfitting. The after quarters and deckhouse were restored to specifications developed through the Museum's research, electrical systems and ladders were installed to accommodate visitors and finally, in October of 1963, she and the other ships in the collection opened to the public at Hyde Street Pier. Three years later, THAYER was designated a National Historic Landmark by Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and, in 1973, as a Na-

tional Environmental Study Area by Secretary of the Interior Rogers C. B. Morton.

The ensuing years were a struggle for both the ship and the State's crew because money and skilled labor were short and the collection — four large wooden ships — was demanding. A cyclic drydocking program was developed for the THAYER with haul outs in 1967, 1970, 1973, 1976 and 1979. It was, as the now retired Conservator of Ships Harry Dring delights in saying, "Where the real work gets done."

Time, age, and continued shortages of funds and staff caught up to THAYER. During the 1981 annual spring mast scraping BALCLUTHA's head rigger, Rocky Harris, noticed a small pocket of rot in her mizzen mast near the hounds. As he continued to test for soundness the "small" pocket of rot was found to be so severe that the welding rod he used as a probe could be pushed through and out the other side. Surveys completed during the following months confirmed that the problem was not confined to the mizzen but was evident in both the fore and main masts as well. The search for new masts began as the mizzen was condemned and removed from the ship.

The winters of 1981 and 1982 took their toll on the ship. 60 knot winds out of the southwest were more than her twenty year old chains could take. Her stern chain was the first to let go and six planks were stove in — fortunately all well above the waterline. The following winter proved no gentler and again a severe souwester blew in parting her bow chains and stoving in eight additional planks amidships. It became clear that this would be more than a routine haul out on her 1983 cycle. The planning began in earnest.

The search for a company capable of producing a spar of the dimension of the THAYER's (107 feet overall length, 24" diameter on the foremast) began in 1981. The contract was cut for the mizzen mast in June of 1982 and amended to reflect the need for three shortly thereafter. The prime contractor, Intermountain Orient of Boise Idaho, learned of a man in Oregon who had a stand of trees suitable for THAYER's masts and a lathe to turn them in.



The trees that will yield the THAYER's new masts.

Over the next three months positive reports continued to come in from Sherwood. The first (mizzen) mast was almost complete and the remaining two should be done soon. By March a decision was made to schedule an inspection visit for Mark and I to meet Fred. It was then we learned that Fred was doing the work with a crew of one (himself), had run into some unexpected complications with the lathe, and was doing it the way they did 50 years ago with careful attention to the masts and little thought to time constraints — the mizzen mast was still in the lathe!

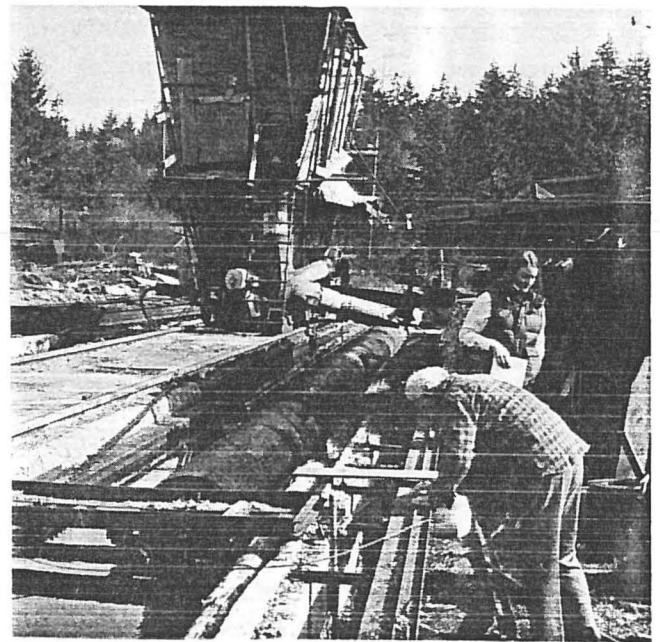
Mark returned to Boise with the bad news for his partners and with a new understanding of Fred. When Fred asked for partial payments to meet his expenses and Mark expressed reluctance because of the incomplete work, Fred simply told him he would have to put the masts on hold and go get a job that would pay. Fred's work continued on the masts, positive progress reports were regularly received, and the truck ordered and canceled twice, before the fateful day of May 25 arrived.

Mark flew into Sherwood the final time to inspect the completed masts. All was in good order, the masts turned to specifications and in excellent condition for wrapping and shipping. The masts were wrapped, the truck arrived, and was loaded and lashed down, but as the drivers readied to pull out Fred asked them to wait a minute while he called a sign painter friend of his. Two hours later a man arrived with a can of spray paint and faithfully inscribed on the masts' wrappings: "SHIP MASTS LOCKYEAR PORTLAND OREGON".

Driving a truck with a 110 foot load is routine for Transport West, Inc., a trucking company from Eugene, Oregon, which specializes in delivering long laminated timbers for the construction industry. Not so for cars passing the rig. According to the driver of the steering trailer, it was not uncommon for children in passing cars to become quite excited and for parents to discount the fuss until they too looked and saw the man riding in his low slung trailer underneath the load!

Finally, on May 27, the masts were delivered to the Pacific Drydock Company's shipyard in Oakland for off loading and storage pending THAYER's arrival.

The National Park Service *Cultural Resources Management Guidelines* define the standards for restoration of historic structures (in this case, ships). In order to preserve the historic integrity of the structure, "... the new material should match the old in composition, design, color, texture, and other visual qualities ..." As is often the case with any major repair to historic structures, finding in-kind materials can be difficult. In the case of wooden sailing ships it is perhaps even more difficult because they were a dying breed well before the end of World War II.



Fred fine tunes his lathe to cut the mizzen mast flare which supports the cross trees and trestle trees at the hounds. Fred's lathe with a bin to hold the wood chips on the top and the trolley-car tacks which it rides on can be seen in the background.

The problem: with the passage of sailing ships whose rigging was set with deadeyes and lanyards — if not the passage of sailing ships themselves — and the advent of synthetic rope, the demand for hemp rope vanished. Calls to maritime museums and local cordage manufacturers produced some leads — Russia, Portugal, Italy, and England all might have hemp; but no, there had been no call for it in years. Companies in the United States were contacted (all 47 in the *Thomas Register*, 1979). Some said yes, but when the samples arrived they were manila (*Musa textilis* or Abaca plant fibers) or of such poor quality hemp they were unacceptable. Finally one company headquartered in Denmark (Randers Ropeworks), which maintains an office in New York, indicated they still had access to hemp fibers and agreed to do a special run.

Finally, after a two month delay because of a strike in the shipyard, the tug WESTERN WARRIOR was made fast alongside THAYER and the trip to Pacific Drydock Yard II in Oakland began. For everyone involved this was a journey the likes of which few have experienced. Even the pilot and tug-boat crew had to watch the ship closely for, as a strain was put on the tow lines, her timbers quivered — she is not as sturdy as the modern steel ships to which they are accustomed. Slowly she started to make way and the trip for a three month overhaul began.

For the shipyard crew, too, it was a rare experience. Being one of the last yards in the Bay area to maintain a shipwright crew and shop, they were perhaps better equipped to complete the repairs than most, yet none of the young people on the crew had on a regular basis handled the size of timbers THAYER demands. For the riggers it was a learning experience none will soon forget. Peak halyards, throat seizings, shrouds, spreaders, lanyards, deadeyes — out came the nautical dictionaries as a historic ship repair began, the likes of which the shipyards of the Bay Area had not seen for many decades.

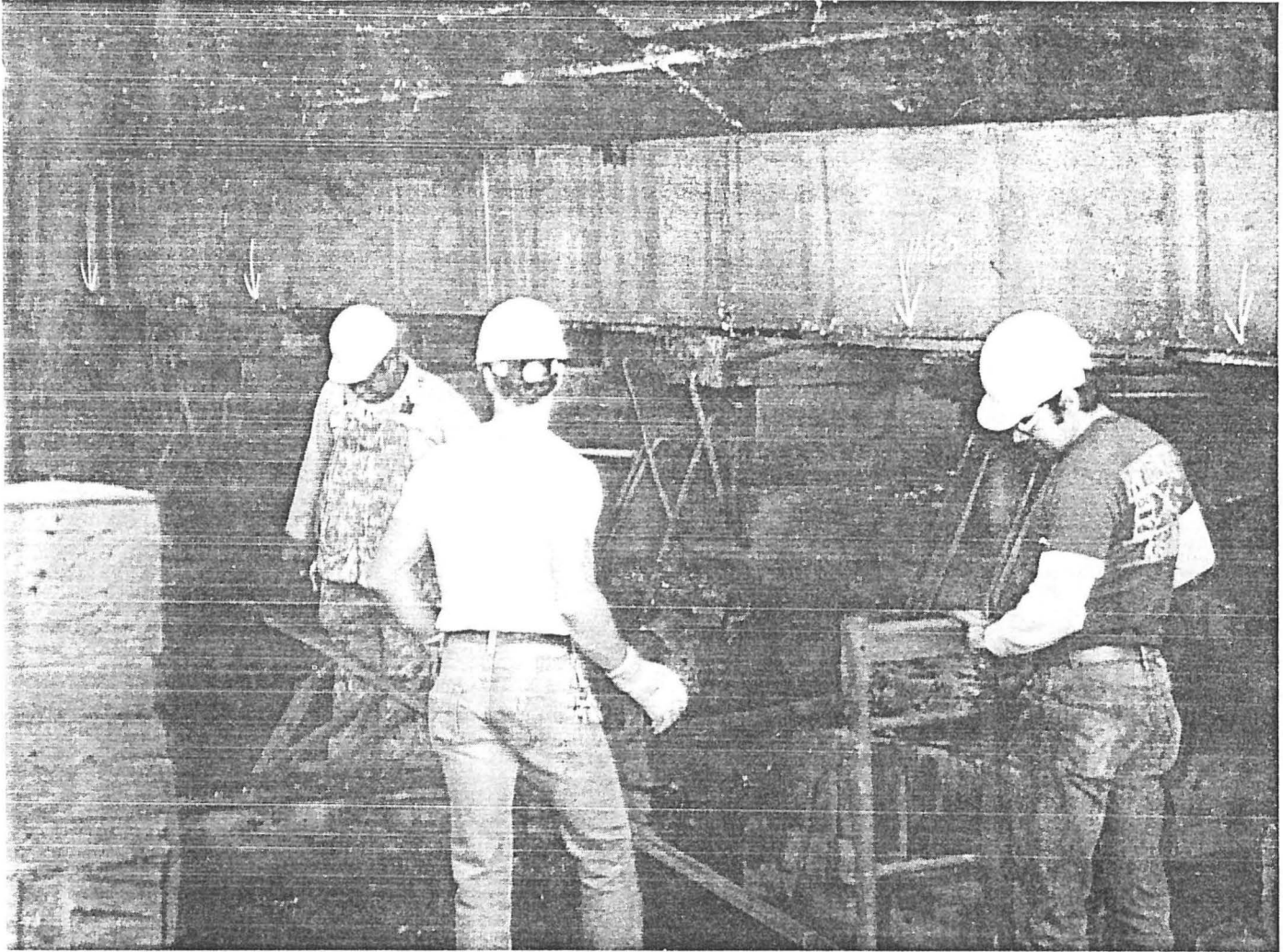
As the riggers began the documentation of where each piece of rigging was made fast and how, the shipwrights turned to tearing out the rotten and damaged wood scheduled for replacement. She was put together in such a manner that she would not be easy to disassemble. First the mast partners (the blocks of wood immediately below the deck which help support the mast) then the planking. The procedure sounds simple: drill a line of holes with a

ship's auger then drive home splitting wedges or a splitting bar and break out the wood. It proved to be back breaking work for the old growth timbers were well seasoned with time and despite the dry rot and wasted fastenings they still came out splinter by splinter.

THAYER was on display as a two masted schooner since her mizzen mast was removed for public safety on October 27, 1982. Now, for the first time since August 12, 1957 she was to be stripped of all of her rig in preparation for her new masts. Pacific Drydock's rigging crew had been carefully studying the problem of removing the masts since THAYER arrived. Chokers (wire rope slings) were sent aloft with a man in a personnel bucket and carefully placed two-thirds of the way up her main mast. When all was ready and everyone was clear of the area, a strain was taken and the mast gently lifted straining the crane to the full extent of its reach. The mast was slowly raised over the bulwark and laid down on the pier where each piece was tagged, removed, and saved for use as a pattern for reinstallation on the new mast.

Later the same day it was time for the foremast. Again all was ready and the skill of both the riggers and the crane operator were put to the test. It was a close call as the mast cleared the top of the deck-houses — the extra 10 feet of life forced the top of her mast to extend above the tip of the crane's boom. Slowly the mast was swung clear of the ship and the butt set on the pier. As the crane backed down and lowered away, the mast groaned in protest until with a crash the top 30 feet broke off, landing with such force a section of pier deck collapsed as a shower of splinters was sent flying for a 20 foot radius. As the crew cleared a space for the mast a second crash was heard. All turned to see that her bowsprit had failed as well. It seems the two were supporting each other and the release of the strain from the rigging was all it took for the weakened wood to relieve itself. Work began immediately to prepare production drawings of the old bowsprit and to find a mill capable of turning it out in the shortest amount of time possible.

With the masts free, and the senior shipwright transferring the precise measurements from the old masts to the new, the remainder of the crew turned to on THAYER's storm damaged and rotten planking. Soon progress had reached the waterline and the time was at hand to haul the ship and inspect her bottom. Divers were sent down while she was still in the water to measure the hog (deflection from a



The Shipwrights and Laborers removed THAYER's protective sheathing as soon as the high pressure wash was completed. The only worm damage discovered was in the sacrificial keel (worm) shoe.

As the last of the storm damaged planks were removed and the sheathing was replaced, the shipwrights turned to scarfing in frames to renew those areas severely affected by rot or damaged when the ship was ground into the pier. With some frames renewed, the bottom three planks were spiled (double sawn) in the shipwright shop, fitted, fastened, and caulked. After a thorough coating with anti-fouling paint, the drydock was once again flooded until THAYER was afloat so she could be checked for leaks. None were found and she was returned to the dock for the remainder of the work.

The next two months in the yard were busy ones for all involved. The masts were stepped, complete with a note from the crew and a commemorative 1983 silver dollar under each, a total of 600 lineal feet four inch thick plank which ranged from four to ten inches wide was spiled, 1.6 miles of manila

rope was reeved through the freshly overhauled blocks and the new bowsprit from Neydermeyer and Martin Company of Portland, Oregon was fitted out. It was a critical period for these projects would affect her long range preservation. By late December we decided to complete some of the preservation work alongside. The ship was needed back at her home port to fulfill a commitment to the 30 teachers, 150 parent volunteers, and 900 children enrolled in the Environmental Living Program.*

Volunteers turned to on January 19, 1984 to dress ship for her return home the following morning. She was open to the public the following afternoon and

*The Environmental Living Program is an environmental education concept where students explore their environment through role playing and study at any site "... where the interaction of man and his environment is evident." On the THAYER, 4th through 6th grade students explore the life of sailors aboard THAYER cod fishing in the Bering Sea c. 1930.

SOURCES

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"The C. A. Thayer Goes Home" by Gordon Jones Ships and the Sea Summer 1958

"Tussle Off Cape Cabrillo" by Gordon Jones Motorboating July 1959

"Restoration of the C. A. Thayer, 1983" by Stephen Hastings, Sea Letter Winter 1984/85

Articles, photographs and other information from the J. Porter Shaw Library of the National Maritime Museum, San Francisco. The original copy of this note book is in the Shaw Library.

For further information see: The Shaw Library in Building E,
3rd Floor, Fort Mason, San Francisco
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